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MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. W. H. HEWITSON.

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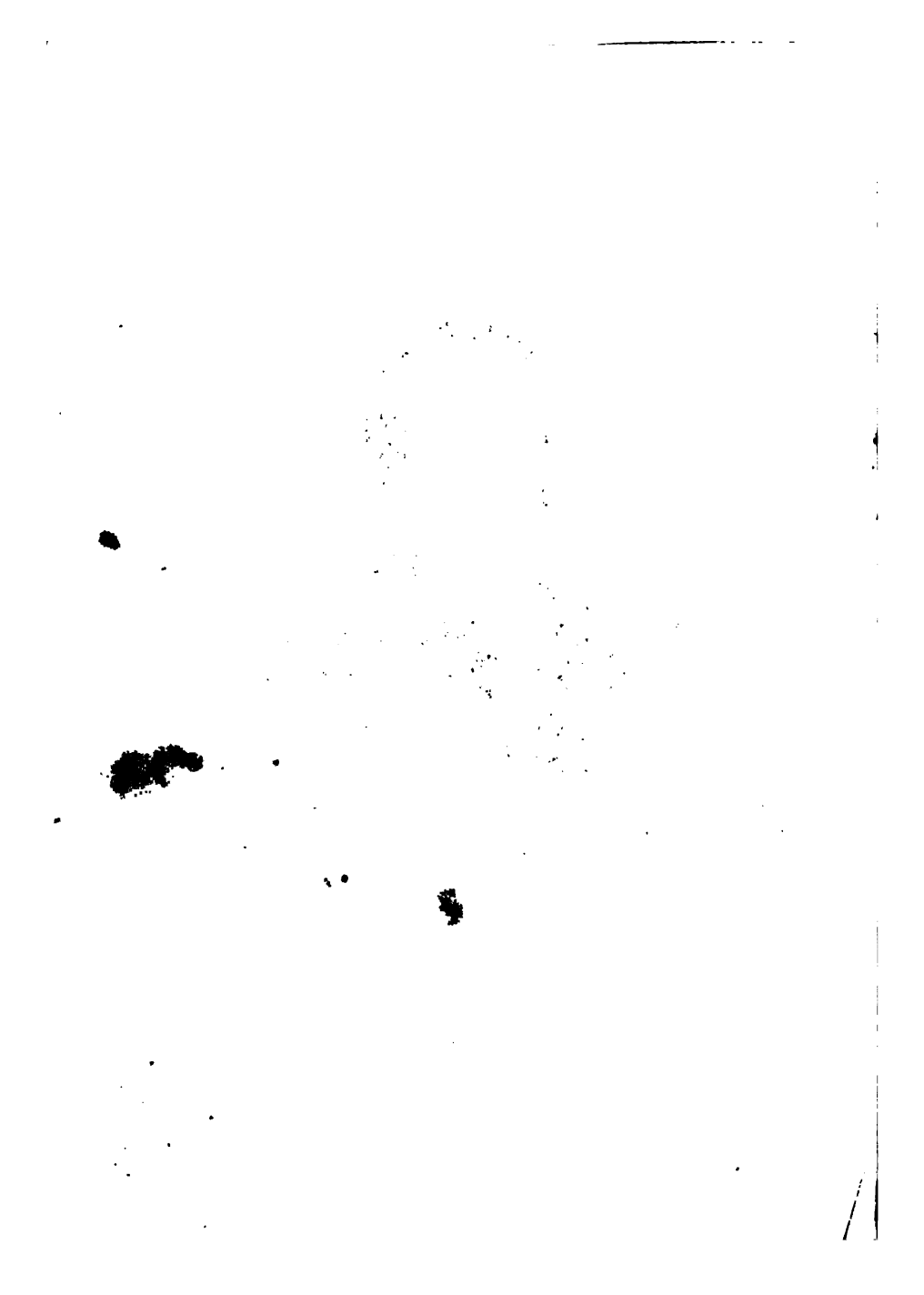
Your affectionate friend
W. H. Harrison

UNIV. OF MICH.



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MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. W. H. HEWITSON,

LATE MINISTER OF THE
FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,
AT DIRLETON.

BY
THE REV. JOHN BAILLIE,
FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, LONDON.

"As a fossil in the rock, or a coin in the mortar of a ruin,
So the symbolled thoughts tell of a departed soul:
The plastic hand hath its witness in a statue, and exactitude of vision in a picture;
And so the mind that was among us, in its writings is embalmed."—*Proverbial Philosophy.*

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PREFACE.

THE following Memoir has been prepared for two reasons: the one, Mr Hewitson's character—the other, his work.

The singular elevation of his Christian walk, so far surpassing what is ordinarily seen in this age of dwarfed spirituality, is fitted to stimulate the people of God to loftier attainments in holiness, and fitted also to arrest and win to Christ those who "have a name that they live, but are dead." It is no mere sentimentalist whose character we portray. Genius and high scholarship, dedicated to the service of Christ, and laid "a living sacrifice" at His feet, is the life sketched in these pages. The reader will discover with how fascinating a charm that element invests the man of God.

The great work in Madeira, in which Mr Hewitson was privileged to bear so large a part, is here exhibited in its inner history, for the first time. That movement was not a mere intellectual revolt from the absurdities of Romish teaching, but a wide-spread and palpable conversion of heart unto God—a living scriptural Church called out of the very midst of Papal darkness—a noble band of confessors willingly forsaking houses, and lands, and country, for Christ's sake. A Papist may be detached intellectually from Romanism, without being attached spiritually to Christ. The converts of

Madeira became, not merely zealous Protestants, but living, earnest Christians.

"We are come," writes Isaac Taylor, "to no easy and gentle mood of the world's history. This is no hour of leisure, and facility, and soft persuasion. Whoever dares not speak explicitly and boldly, had better not speak at all. The adherents of the gospel must either forfeit all chance of a hearing, or act with a correspondent energy and promptitude. Whatever overloads, encumbers, defaces our faith, should be thrown aside. Whoever is loaded with the stuff of this world, whether interests or prejudices, will be chased from the field, or fall there ingloriously." The subject of this Memoir "dared to speak explicitly." He spoke by his holy life. A soldier, unencumbered by "the stuff of this world," here occupies the field; and *he* neither is chased away nor falls ingloriously. His watchword is, "We know that we are of God, and that the whole world lieth in wickedness." The watchword he can use without embarrassment, for he himself *consciously* walks in God's fellowship.

What is it which so often evacuates of spiritual power the most polished and accomplished ministry? "A man may preach," says Boston, "as an angel, and yet be useless. If Christ withdraw His presence, all will be to no purpose. If the Master of the house be away, the household will loathe their food, though it be dropping down about their tent-doors." And how is the Master's presence secured? Not by a sudden transition from the bathos of a carnal, world-conforming walk, to the altitudes of a professional earnestness or the gravity of a pulpit-hour, but by a habitual consecration of the soul to God—by the tender appeals and the affectionate longings of one who abides in the secret place of the Most High.

"Follow me," said the Master, "and I will make you fishers of men." Is the maxim understood? Is it followed? "Meditate on these things," said a disciple who had learned its meaning; "give thyself wholly to them." Paul could say, "Thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by us in every place." And why? Because to him, personally, "to live was Christ."

Mr Hewitson, it will be seen, "followed Christ"—followed him everywhere—followed him as his all. And what was the result? "I have often since felt the influence of that interview," is the testimony of an English minister, after the lapse of five years from the occasion on which they had once incidentally met: "The hallowed pathos with which he uttered his views, and the 'passion for souls' which he evinced, compelled me to think—'Here is one of those godly men, whose holy fervour exceeds the endurance of their bodily frames, whom God permits to shorten their lives, apparently, by ardent desire and action, that a half-worldly and lukewarm Church may get a scriptural idea of zeal for God, through a living example—an epistle known and read of all men.'"

Rebuked, yet stimulated, by the pattern of heavenly-mindedness and devotedness delineated in these pages, the Author humbly commends it to the notice of his brethren, praying that He who fashioned this "vessel of mercy" may stir in many hearts a holy ambition to be cast in the same heavenly mould, and to be filled with the same Divine treasure.

April 29, 1851.

NOTE TO CHEAP EDITION.

THIS Cheap Edition is issued, almost at prime cost, with the view of enabling friends to circulate the *Memoirs* amongst Students, Ministers, Missionaries, and Sunday-school Teachers, as well as amongst Christians generally.

LONDON, *August* 8, 1856.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.—1812–1837.

PAGE

Boyhood—Early Aspirations—College Life 1–12

CHAPTER II.—1837–1840.

The Religionist and the Christian—Setting Out—Twilight Gropings—Literary Tastes—The Unknown God—The Crisis 12–19

CHAPTER III.—1840, 1841.

Self-Dedication—First Fruits—Correspondence—Close of College Course—Evangelistic Zeal—Personal Holiness 19–28

CHAPTER IV.—1841, 1842.

Health giving way—Residence at Grangemuir—Conflicts—Symptoms of Consumption—Diary—Correspondence—Licence 28–38

CHAPTER V.—Summer 1842.

Residence at Bonn—German Society—The Sabbath in Germany—Spiritual Trials—Illness—Return to Dalmellington 38–46

CHAPTER VI.—1842–1844.

Retirement at Dalmellington—Study of Prophecy—the Lord's Second Coming—Rejoicing in Hope—Personal Holiness—Health—Views of the Christian Life—Madeira 46–62

CHAPTER VII.—1844.

Ordination—Leaving Home—Arrival in London—Temporary Destination to Lisbon 62–67

CHAPTER VIII.—1841-1844.

PAGE

State of the Church of Scotland—Impending Crisis—The Convocation—The Disruption—Adherence to Free Church 67-71

CHAPTER IX.—1844, 1845.

Lisbon—Diary—Correspondence—Popery and Infidelity—Divine Training—Snares and Conflicts—The Armour of God—Spiritual Analysis—The Word a Lamp—Way made Plain—Sails for Madeira 72-90

CHAPTER X.—1844.

Madeira—Dr Kalley—His Early Labours—Awakening among Portuguese—Open-Air Meetings—Effects of Reading the Bible—Persecution—Imprisonment of Dr Kalley—Gospel Preached in Jail—Hatred of Bible—Maria Joaquina—Sentence of Death—Assassination Recommended—Serra Prisoners—Singing Praises—Dr Kalley visits Lisbon—Meets Mr Hewitson. 91-98

CHAPTER XI.—1845.

Arrival in Madeira—Meetings with Inquirers—Preaching in Portuguese—Baptisms—The Carpenter—Divine Teaching—Jeronymo—"Things that are not"—Progress of the Work—Zeal of the Converts: Their Sufferings, Faith, Patience—Communions—Opposition of the Priests—Threatened Indictment—Precautions—Imprisonments for Reading the Bible—Exterminating Warfare against the Word—Source of Converts' Joy—Portuguese Imprisonment for Teaching to Read—Growing Thirst for the Gospel—New Attempts to arrest the Work—Communion under cover of Night 98-115

CHAPTER XII.—1845, 1846.

Madeira—Illness—Consolations—Progress of the Work—Training of the Converts—Dangers—Secret Disciples—Theological Class—Arsenio da Silva—His Conversion—Communions—New Conversions—Native Ministry—Threat of Imprisonment—Ordination of Elders—Outrages—Dr Kalley's Escape—Sufferings of Converts—Their Exile 115-131

CHAPTER XIII.—1845, 1846.

Ministry in Madeira—Source of its Power—Preaching of Christ—Pastoral Letter—Daily Walk—Notes of Conversation—Tenderness—Notes by Dr Kalley 131-140

CHAPTER XIV.—1846.

Return Home—Correspondence—Conversation—Tidings from Madeira—Appointment to Trinidad—Arsenio da Silva—Characteristic Incident—Departure for Trinidad 140-153

CHAPTER XV.—1847.

PAGE

Voyage—Madeira—Arrival at Trinidad—Joyful Meeting—State of Portuguese—Their Hardships—Spiritual Condition—Thirst for the Word—Portuguese Hymn-book—His Self-forgetting Zeal—Arrival of Arsenio da Silva—Church Organised—Leaves Trinidad—Death of Da Silva . 153–164

CHAPTER XVI.—1847, 1848.

Voyage Home—Conversion of a Sailor—Death of Dr Chalmers—Labours—Singular Holiness—Correspondence—Call to Dirleton . . . 164–173

CHAPTER XVII.—1848, 1849.

Ministry at Dirleton—Method of Preaching—New Scene of Labour—Expectation of Success—Prayers and Pains—Communions—Specimen of Ministrations—Simplicity of his Faith—Trials and Consolations—Characteristics—Conversation 173–187

CHAPTER XVIII.—1849, 1850.

Tenderness in Visiting the Sick—Conversation in Heaven—Correspondence—Ministerial Work—Church Courts—Visit to Southampton—Growing Meekness—Sermons to Children—Example—Increasing Weakness—Memorial of a Visit to Dirleton—Last Communion Sabbath . . 187–212

CHAPTER XIX.—1850. Last Days.

Patience in Suffering—Public Ministry closed—Rajahgopaul—Conversations—Tenderness in preaching—Watchfulness over his flock—Assurance—Visit—Increasing Weakness—Blessed Hope—Dying Testimony—Calm Peace—Silent Sabbaths—Familiarity with Greek Testament—Moral Gravitation—Prayer—Spiritual Judgment—Expectation of Success—Earnestness—Human Depravity—Divine Sovereignty—Agonising Sufferings—Parting Visits—Calm Triumph—Concern for his People—Death—Funeral Sermon—Reflections 212–228

frame—so delicate as to have often occasioned to his parents no small anxiety as they looked upon his pale countenance, he never had any taste for those boyish frolics in which the young tinker of Elstow so delighted. But a spirit was in him which, though it was not to be developed in the form of any glaring enormity, was yet as essentially set on earth, and on earth's things, as ever was Bunyan's in its darkest days. The form which the boy's earthliness took was ambition—love of praise. That fire which afterwards threatened to consume him, body and soul at once, was even now, at the age of five or six, sending forth its scintillations. He used to say, in his boyish simplicity, he "would either be a minister or a king;" and he would often ask how long time it would take to be a king, and how long to be a minister. At times he would mount a chair, and, with one of his little sisters for precentor, and the rest for audience, would strain his every effort, and often not without success, to move to tears by his words. "I remember," he has been heard to say long afterwards, "what a wicked little creature I was; I got Jane to weep at what I said; I felt pleasure at seeing the effect of my eloquence."

In 1825, after an absence in England of five or six years, chiefly in the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the boy returned to Ayrshire, his father having been appointed parochial teacher of DALMELLINGTON. "Yon hill to the north," is his own pencilling of that scene of so many of his after-struggles, "which terminates so abruptly at its eastern extremity, runs, you observe, westward in an undulating course, studded here and there with farm-onsteads, and capt, at its highest point, with clouds. Its bold rocky front, which first catches the rays of the rising sun, was once gladdened with the sun-light of righteousness; for in the clefts of that rock lay once concealed some of the old saints of the Covenant. That ridge of hills, along with this other to the south which runs in a parallel direction, forms the basin of the river Doon. Running eastward, the hills tumble over one another in large and irregular masses, screaming with curlew and lapwing, and bubbling with brooks which have in all directions scooped for themselves channels in the rocky declivities. One of these brooks hurries down its tiny waters till it reaches the village of Dalmellington,—then, slackening its speed gradually, it is scarcely seen to move through the level country to its place of confluence with the Doon. Hence does the village derive its name; for Dalmellington is a Gaelic compound, signifying, the town of the valley of still waters." In

this "town of the valley of still waters" was now fixed that "parental roof, which my heart," as he himself writes in 1832, on one of the earliest occasions of absence from it, "tells me possesses, above every other, the interest and attractions of home."

"Who is able," asks Goethe, in his Autobiography, "to speak worthily of the fulness of childhood? Growth is not always merely development; the child is not always father of the man. And yet it is easy afterwards to mark what has pointed to a future." Hewitson's now known future, as a natural man, has been detected in the child. In the boy, the same future manifested itself in that appetite for desultory reading which, so often mistaken for idleness, is really but the instinctive, though untutored, gropings of an inquisitive soul for the food which it craves, just as the pent-up plant forces its way through every open crevice in quest of that light whereon it so largely lives. About 1825, however, his readings took a more systematic form. Stimulated in part by a natural love of learning, and in part by the prospect of University honours, which even thus early began to loom indistinctly before him,—and sustained by that consciousness of power which, when kept within due restraint, is the God-implanted spring of effort,—he now devoted his whole youthful energies to a course of self-instruction, which, to such as only know the stimulus of private tutorship or of a public school, might seem almost incredible.

"We first met," writes one who knew him then (Rev. James M'Clymont, Free Church, Denholm), "in 1825, when I returned to Dalmellington, previous to going to Ayr Academy that year. Immediately I was much interested in the boy. There was something very pleasing in his countenance and manners, and his English accent had great attractions for me. There was altogether a frankness and a gentlemanly bearing about him which at once drew me to him. He was always much given to books. Some of my other companions used to laugh at him as a book-worm, and considered him very pedantic. In 1826–7 I attended Glasgow College, and on my return to Dalmellington during the summer of 1827 his inquiries were innumerable, in our walks, about the whole system of college education—the books we had read in Latin and Greek—the examinations, translations, verses, &c. All this was just in order to apply vigorously and indefatigably, in private, to a course of study preparatory to going to college himself. Whatever assistance he might at first receive from his father, he was

a person of such an independent spirit, that he would be indebted to no one for his acquirements. All he wanted to know was, that such and such things should be done; and he set himself in right earnest to do them, scorning all extraneous aid."

His progress was quite remarkable. In 1828 we find him engaged with Homer, Cicero, Horace, and Virgil. And in the following year, in a letter dated "Kal. Jan.," he writes to his early friend:—"I have commenced learning the Hebrew language, and am at present translating some of the Psalms. I am reading Herodotus, Livy, the History of Charles XII. in French, Porteous' Lectures, the History of Greece, Rollin's Ancient History, and I have also begun to scale the huge column erected by Hume and Smollett, the History of England." No difficulties could damp his ardour in these his self-imposed studies. "During 1828–9," our informant continues, "he translated difficult Latin and Greek authors into good English, laid them past, and after a time re-translated them into the original. Alone and unaided, he attained to greater knowledge and skill in languages than most boys do in the best academies, with all the help of tutors and teachers of first-rate accomplishments. There the foundation was laid of his future eminence as a scholar, and as a thinker for himself."

"Earnestly and anxiously I wish," wrote Mr Hewitson some years afterwards to a lagging fellow-student, "that you would disentangle yourself from all impediments which lie in the way of your studies, and that you would, by vigorous exertion, prepare yourself, while it is still the time for preparation, for making a distinguished appearance when you enter upon the practice of your profession. Before exertion, there must be energy, and before you can be stirred to energy, it is necessary for you to 'wake the strong divinity of soul' which overcomes all the temptations to present ease and indulgence. If you have the *velle* (will), I am assured you have the *posse* (power). It is easy to intend and to form resolutions—the difficulty is to carry them into fulfilment; and it is this difficulty which puts into requisition the mind's strongest nerve, and gives discipline to the brave and pure energies of reason." Those words reflect, as in a mirror, the writer's own inner life, during this whole season of nature's wrestlings. That "strong divinity of soul" was, in him, thoroughly awaked. True, it was little better, when viewed in God's own light, than a mere noble ruin, rearing, like some Baalbec-column, amidst surrounding desolation its lofty and imposing shaft, at once the remembrancer

and the wreck of a former glory. Still the "divinity of soul" was there. In him, nature was to know at once her power and her impotence—her power to discipline the "brave energies of reason," but her utter and hopeless impotence to render a God-alienated soul happy.

A parallel here presents itself, to which we shall have occasion more than once to advert—the brief but brilliant career of Henry Kirke White. The same consuming ambition, coupled with a like devotedness to learning for its own sake, animated the two boys, and carried them through difficulties, in their earlier course, by which ordinary minds would have been crushed. Hewitson, indeed, had made attainments in classics, previous to entering the University, compared with which White's were trivial. But both hastened forward to the scene of expected triumphs, not doubting that the shadow they were pursuing would fill their vacant hearts.

The parallel of Kirke White suggests another marked characteristic of young Hewitson, which we must notice ere we leave these his boyish days. Both alike shrank with the intensest sensitiveness from even the semblance of untruthfulness, and that not merely in speech, but in action. Their whole life was one undimmed transparency. And in one special feature the parallelism was most striking. Kirke White, though, like Hewitson, with the ministry in prospect from his earliest years, used to declare that he never would enter it unless he should previously be *converted*,—such was his thorough natural loathing of hypocrisy, for beyond this mere natural feeling he was at the time incapable of penetrating. "Even in his walks with me as a boy," writes Hewitson's early friend, "he shewed the loftiness and purity of his aims, in declaring to me that he never would be a minister unless he were first a Christian; and by 'a Christian' he meant, thus early, not professing religion, but being a converted man—'a new creature in Christ Jesus.' He scorned the mockery of setting up to preach what he did not thoroughly believe, and feel, and live upon, himself. Of everything that had the shadow of untruthfulness he had the most perfect abhorrence. Everything must be reality with him, without and within. You saw just what he was."

The youthful aspirant now entered college. Detained in his distant retreat year after year by feeble health, but at length so much invigorated as to have been able, during the six or eight months immediately preceding, to fill a temporary vacancy in the assistant-mastership of a commercial academy in Castle-Douglas,

he reached the scene of his long-cherished ambition only in November 1833, when he became a student in the University of Edinburgh.

In its Senior Humanity Class, there commonly meet, in competition for the gold medal annually awarded to the best Latin scholar by the Society of Writers to the Signet, all the more distinguished pupils of the two great Edinburgh schools, as well as many from other quarters both in Scotland and in England. As it is usual for these to remain two years, there thus assemble each year on the field of conflict two successive arrays of tested scholarship. On this trying arena the rustic youth appeared. So new was the whole scene to him, and so untried were his weapons, that only the urgent representations of the Professor, guided by the result of a brief examination, dissuaded him from his previously formed resolution of joining the junior class. But scarcely had he entered the lists when it speedily became apparent that the self-taught country lad would have few compeers. The competition, begun with a selection of five candidates by the votes of the class, is conducted by written examinations. On the vote being taken in the class, towards the close of the session, he was placed, by a poll of 139, at the top of the list of competitors—the second being a highly accomplished English student, Mr Charles Morrison, son of James Morrison, Esq., M.P., of Fonthill Abbey, who had already attended the class for no fewer than three sessions. The examination now proceeded. Betwixt these two—for all the rest, though including several duxes of the public schools, were left far in the rear—there was an intense struggle. "The first examination," writes his early associate, who that year lodged in the same rooms with him, "passed over, and they were pronounced equal—the professor could not decide betwixt them. A second examination was instituted. William came home from it to our room in anxiety. During the evening, his mind had been going over all the exercises, and he suddenly exclaimed that he had made a mistake and lost the prize. But though he gave it up at once, he said the professor should know, before he entered the class to announce his rival's victory, that he knew his only mistake as well as the professor himself. He wrote a note correcting the blunder, but acknowledging that it was now too late. The professor's announcement of the decision was accompanied by the note; and, though the medal was lost that year, the students themselves made it up by a subscription to purchase the 'Attic Orators' for him, which

equalled in value the lost prize." The next session he again, at the professor's solicitation, engaged in the contest, and came off *facile princeps*. And on the morning of the 31st March 1835, as the gold medal was hung round his neck in the presence of the assembled students, he was, with an enthusiasm almost unparalleled, hailed the first man of his year. Nor was it only in classics that he thus easily bore off the palm. In the Logic class, the same session, he no less easily conquered, on a field of forty competitors.

"Were I to paint," said Kirke White to an intimate friend, after a similar triumph at Cambridge, "a picture of Fame crowning a distinguished undergraduate after the senate-house examination, I would represent her as concealing a death's-head under a mask of beauty." The Cambridge wrangler had come to the scene of his conflict with the seeds of death already sown in him through protracted hours of study,* and had found (writes his biographer), in the place to which he had so long looked forward with hope, "only a hot-bed to ripen them." That light, which had shone so brightly, went out in sudden darkness. The honours won by Hewitson had nearly proved as fatal. The studies of those two winters laid the foundation of a disease which ultimately cut him off. "His study," says his college associate, "was intensely eager —his application prodigious. Night could scarcely stop him above a very few hours. He seldom, I believe, retired to rest before three or four o'clock in the morning, and rose again by seven or eight. Remonstrance with him was vain. He evidently injured his health the very first winter. I remember well the feeling of anxiety I had about him, as he came in from his classes, pale and exhausted, laying his hand upon his breast, and drawing a long breath with evident pain." Such was the fruit he had of those things whereof he was soon to be ashamed.

Prize-men are often barren, stunted, mechanical. The mind, instead of being trained into that vigorous tone which shall fit it for future conquests, is rendered feeble and ineffective. This is not education, but that twisting of the sapling in the soil, of which

"The scarr'd and crooked oak will tell for centuries to come."

* He would study till one, two, or three in the morning, and then be awoke by an alarum at five. In the well-known *jeu-d'esprit*, entitled the "Dance of Death," there is given, among other scenes of the Destroyer's triumphs, one representing *a student with his midnight-lamp*, and behind him the hideous shape grinning complacently over his victim.

Hewitson was a prize-man of another stamp. He was a thinker, not a mere plodding drudge. And the result was a precision—a mental self-reliance—a steady reflectiveness, which enabled him to grasp every theme he handled, dealing with it, not as a child, but as a man.

Even in his Classics, his great aim was to "reap the wisdom of books." His essays on the poetry of Horace, Pindar, and Æschylus—the last written in Greek—indicate a mind wealthy, not in words, but in thoughts, and these no common thoughts. For metaphysical speculation also, he early imbibed a taste retained by him to the last. "It exhibits," was the judgment pronounced upon one of his essays by the late Dr Welsh, than whom few men were more competent to speak authoritatively on such a subject, or more cautious in awarding praise, "as continuous and striking a train of self-thinking as I ever have come into contact with." His mind was characterised, perhaps, by fineness—subtle acumen—rather than by colossal strength. But in correct discrimination of mental states and habitudes, and generally in an exact appreciation of the precise value of the various elements in any complex question, he possessed a rare skill. A specimen is given below.*

* IMAGINATION: (*a*) What is it?—The mind's energy in discovering in one object of thought the image of another,—in external things and processes, the images or types of mental energies and operations,—in all earthly things, material or spiritual, the images or shadows of heavenly things,—in all the truths of physical and intellectual science, a reflection of the features of God's character. (*b*) How does imagination promote the studies of the philosopher?—By suggesting hypotheses from analogy—that is, arising from the discovery of an image of things known in things uncertain—which hypotheses, being subjected to observational and experimental test, are verified, or, being proved false, repudiated. (*c*) How does imagination avail for the production of poetic ecstasies?—By exhibiting the family likenesses, as it were, which pervade all the objects of the universe—by sounding in the soul's fine ear the synchronism or harmony of all the silent melodies of things. Imagination finds in the combinations of materialism images of thought and feeling, and thus gives vividness and animation to nature's forms, and converts them into objects of human sympathy: it finds in the dark struggling of emotion, and the dark intricacies of thought, the clear bright images of outward things, and thus enlightens and illustrates what is dark, gives form and colour to what is fugitive and evanescent, in the shining spirit—and, by opening up to us clear visions of a friendly soul, quickens and invigorates our social sympathies and loves. (*d*) Why does an idea of imagination afford pleasure?—Because the image in which it consists is either beautiful or sublime. The beautiful is the shadow of God's loveliness; the sublime is the shadow of God's majesty. But what is God's loveliness?—Either, generally the harmonious union and agency of all his attributes, or, particularly, the harmony of each of his creative conceptions, and of his universal creative plan. (*e*) What is God's majesty?—The greatness, exceeding thought, of any one of his attributes, viewed apart from the rest; or, the greatness, exceeding thought, of his

Nor was he without that "eye in fine frenzy rolling" which, had it been educated steadily, might have made him no mean poetic interpreter of nature. His papers discover not a few projected efforts in this direction—among others, the partly-executed framework of an epic poem. But his desire was, that none of those poetical productions should see the light; and that desire we hold sacred.

One culminating effort of the ambitious student remains to be noticed. After having completed, in April 1837, his University course of Arts, he, instead of immediately entering the Divinity Hall, went with a family, in the capacity of private tutor, to Leamington, where he spent the winter. That winter was a momentous era in his life. It witnessed at once the ascending smoke of the most grateful incense which self had yet offered at Fame's golden altar, and the rude dashing by a gracious God of the censer from the offerer's hand. There had been proposed, in the preceding spring, a University prize, open to all students, for an essay "On the Nature, Causes, and Effects of National Character." This had stirred once more his old ambition. He wrote the essay; and on 27th December 1837, the Senatus Academicus adjudged to him the prize. In the following January, the essay was read in presence of the whole professors and students.

"I well remember," writes the Rev. James Dodds (Free Church, Dunbar), "the first two occasions on which I saw one who afterwards became my dear and intimate friend. When Mr Hewitson received that distinguished honour, the gold medal in the Humanity

whole character and being, considered as an indivisible whole. Imagination pleases by discovering a secret harmony, or ravishes by bodying forth an idea of greatness. (*f*) Is the imaginative energy, then, in metaphysical truth, creative?—By no means; its object and its act is the discovery of a harmony established by him who alone is Creator. (*g*) Why is man endowed with imagination—why made susceptible of poetic rapture?—That he may discover God in all things—God's image in his own soul—God's image in the hosts of heaven—God's image in the creations of earth—God's greatness in all that is great—God's loveliness in all that is lovely—God's glory in all that is glorious. That poetry is most worthy of the name, because most true to nature, in which imagination has fulfilled its destiny."

"Philosophy, as distinguished from poetry, discovers the various orders of God's creatures, and generalises God's modes of action, whether in the astronomy of the heavens, or the physics of earthly materialism, or the psychology of spiritual being. Poetry, as distinguished from philosophy, discovers in one object the reflection of another, and in every object alone, and all objects as a whole, the reflection of God. The philosopher coolly reduces his generalities to system; the poet, with 'eye in fine frenzy rolling,' beholds harmonies over which his heart burns with rapture, and pours forth the flood of song."

class, I was present in the class-room as an interested and admiring spectator. Though I had heard not a little of his scholarship, it was only then that I saw him for the first time. I was struck with the delicacy and severe application to study indicated by his slender and slightly-bent form, by his pale and somewhat wasted countenance, and by the fine but ominous brilliancy of his eye. His character among his fellow-students for talent and acquirements, for energy of mind, and a certain severe dignity of deportment, stood very high; and, by general consent, he was set down as the most promising student of his year. The next time I saw him was when he read in public his essay on 'National Character,' which gained the prize open to all the students of the University. Along with all present, I listened with pleasure and admiration to a production which, for acuteness of analysis, power of generalisation, force and precision of language, and, above all, for a lofty tone of moral sentiment, struck me as far superior to the ordinary run of prize-essays. The applause bestowed upon it was ample and well deserved, more than sufficient to feed and inflame the literary ambition of a less aspiring mind than that of Mr Hewitson. A friend and fellow-student sitting next me, whom I may name—Mr James Hamilton, now Dr Hamilton of Regent Square Church, London, at that time unacquainted with Mr Hewitson, but afterwards his loved and valued friend—exclaimed, when the reading of the essay was finished, 'What a fine sense he has of the sublime!'"

The essay was a noble production, embodying in one masterly work the accumulated resources of his entire past studies. Professor Wilson, among others, urged its publication; and not long ago, no proposal could have been more grateful. But now—ALL IS CHANGED!

"I obtained my highest wishes," writes Henry Martyn, on being crowned with the academic laurel, "but was surprised to find that I had grasped a shadow." Not less, but even more withering, was the experience of William Hewitson. He had grasped, not a shadow, but a stinging serpent. "Ambition," we find him writing, "is a devil—and public praise is a syren, which soothes while it destroys." Hitherto that devil—that syren—had been leading him captive at its will. "I was burning," are his words, as, in October 1840, from the refuge into which he had by this time fled, he looks back on his "first academic campaign,"—"I was burning to enter the arena of learned competition, and thought

life without fame not worth the having. For a while the demon of ambition was lord of the ascendant; and it was working so effectively the ruin of my soul, that Satan ceased to harass me with fears, as he had done for years before; and now he deemed it his most subtle policy to lay to my soul a flattering unction, and, with the bland flapping of a vampire's wings, to lull me into perfect security. He succeeded in the stratagem for a time; and but for the interposition of a gracious Providence, he had accomplished my final destruction."

"The autumnal leaves," he again writes—and it is on the very scene of desolation—"are now sere and sallow; they tell, with prophetic significancy, of the blight and shrunkenness of youthful hopes;—the wind is now passing with fitful and melancholy howl; so, too, there is a stir and a rush, as it were, of winds in the atmosphere of my soul, sighings around the casement and doorways of my heart."

No words can tell the misery of that now vacant and aching heart. "The stricken warrior," it has been said, "is glad that his wounds are salved with glory." Not so this stricken warrior. The glory he has won on the academical arena is not a salve, but

"A centaur's maddening tunic."

A pang more appalling than mere felt emptiness now rends him. The pang is twofold.

His own personal eternity trembles in the balance. "The darkening of the understanding"—he writes at this period to his early associate—"the influx of unholy thoughts that come uncalled, and fill the soul with horror—the difficulty of realising ideas of God's presence and holy character—the agitation of doubts, and fears, and darkness, and of a heart that seems to grieve for sin but yet is so hard that its grief looks not like the grief of repentance! and then the prayer of that hard heart—the unprofitable prayer—and the grief that it has been unprofitable! Can you form any idea of that condition? Such a state resembles a state of madness or of demoniacal possession."

And now, scarcely less intense is his soul's agony, as another question arises, demanding solution. "Since the third year of my life," he writes in the same letter, "my thoughts have been directed through the darkness of futurity in the same straight and unchanging channel, invariably to the attainment of that object of noblest ambition, the ministry of the gospel. That is the grand

object of my existence—the motive of all my exertions—identified with all my hopes and fears—the centre of my very soul. If *it* be not gained, a dark cloud will settle all round my path—a blighting chill will benumb all my faculties, and will make me useless to myself and others." And what is it that now creates the alarm? "If IT," he adds, "be not gained! So far as the attainment of it is a matter of secular interest, I should have no cause to despair. But so far—and this is the great consideration—so far as the success of my ambition is connected with God and heavenly things, I cannot say that I look on the achievement of it without frequent despondency. To become a minister of Christ! that presupposes the having become a disciple of Christ, and like Him in the holiness of a regenerated heart and sanctified imagination. God alone can give the spirit of discipleship and resemblance to Christ; and He will give it to those only who believe."

The twofold pang is almost more than he can bear. "How miserable a state of mind," he exclaims, out of the depth of his harrowed bosom, "is that in which sorrow, like a heavy load, weighs and weighs upon the heart, and tries to find relief in tears, but cannot find it! How miserable, above all that is most miserable, to wish that the heart were full of love towards its God and Saviour, and, after all, to feel that it is as cold as ice, and as hard as adamant!"

Such, Nature! is thy blank helplessness in meeting the wants of a human soul. Like another Marius sitting among the ruins of Carthage, thy votary is left by thee a poverty-stricken castaway, even on the very scene of his most splendid triumphs!

But Nature's castaway the gracious Lord is now to take up. The "prodigal," "come to himself," is to be welcomed home.

CHAPTER II.

1837–1840.

The Religionist and the Christian—Setting Out—Twilight Gropings—Literary Tastes—The Unknown God—The Crisis.

THE Christian and the religionist, so often confounded, are separated by a great gulf. Each revolves round his own centre. The

religionist's centre is self; hence his cheerless gloom. The Christian's centre is Christ; hence his light and his genial warmth. In these two circles Mr Hewitson successively moved.

"The Christian Pilgrim," says Coleridge, "sets out in the morning twilight, while yet the truth (*νόμος τέλειος ὁ τῆς ἐλευθερίας**) is below the horizon." It was at the commencement of the epoch embraced in this chapter that our pilgrim set out.

The most trivial incidents often decide the life. One day, Bunyan, on a visit to Bedford in pursuit of his calling as a tinker, marked three poor women on a doorway, engaged in earnest converse. Slackening his pace as he neared them, he overheard a discourse which arrested his whole soul. The discourse was on the new birth, the hidden life, the heart's awful depravity, the amazing grace of God; and withal there was written on the pilgrims' countenances a calm, chastened gladness, which told the formalist that there was a secret in the Christian life which he did not yet know. To that trivial incident Bunyan owed his all. An incident in itself not less trivial presented to Mr Hewitson the "living epistle" which was to startle him into the pilgrim-path.

"At Leamington, in the month of November 1837," he writes six years afterwards, narrating the incident, "I happened one day to turn up to the mineral spring. A young man entered the building, whose appearance at once attracted my observation. His coarse linen frock contrasted strangely with the gay apparel of the groups before me. He was emaciated, and walked forward with a feeble step. After drinking of the water out of a vessel of earthenware, which was placed beside a number of tumblers, he, without having apparently observed any one, again slowly withdrew. After a little, I began to descend the hill, in the middle of which the spring was situated, and found the young man sitting at one of the bends of the winding path which slopes gently down the declivity. I spoke to him. His diffident tone of voice and his modesty of manner at once enlisted my sympathies. During several weeks afterwards, I frequently visited his father's lowly cottage. My intercourse with the young man soon gave me ground to conclude, that, if my theoretic knowledge of gospel-truths was greater than his, he, unlike myself, had experienced their sanctifying power. Truly his was the better portion. When he spoke of the Saviour's love to sinners, and of His obedience unto death for their redemption, he at times gave vent to his gratitude in tears of joy. Pointing to

* "The perfect law of liberty."

his clothes on one occasion, he said, addressing his father, 'These will be no more needed: I wish you to sell them; the price of them will be enough to pay for my coffin.' He seemed like one who had obtained 'everlasting consolation and good hope through grace'—to have not a shadow of doubt or anxiety on his soul as to the prospect of eternal glory. One evening, about sunset, he fell asleep."

The student was stricken by the arrow of God. That peasant, he felt, had been taught in a school to whose lessons he was as yet himself a stranger. The question flashed on him, "Could *I* thus calmly pass into the immediate presence of the holy and just Jehovah? Am *I*, like him, sheltered from 'the wrath to come?'" The question, too plain to be evaded, and too urgent to be postponed, constrained the earnest inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?" The sentences quoted at the close of the preceding chapter reveal the misery of his now agitated spirit. Their date is 23d November 1837.

The twilight-gropings were not soon ended. "There is a weather of the soul," we find him writing to Mr M'Clymont, from Malvern, on 14th September 1838, "diversified as variously in its phenomena, as is the external atmosphere by meteorological changes; and there are states of mind incident to my character, which, being accompanied with irrepressible melancholy and a feeling of wretchedness, utterly disqualify me for any other sort of exertion than that which a sense of duty renders indispensable. In such states of feeling, I never can, without the greatest difficulty, prevail on myself to write a letter, even though there be urgent occasion. At such seasons I doubt of my being ever capable of undertaking the ministrations of the gospel; but God dispose of me for time and for eternity so as most to shew forth His glory: if it be His dispensation that I am to be a minister of Christ, blessed be His name! if He dispose of me otherwise, His will be done!"

And a month later—[*To J. Loftus Marsden, Esq., M.D.*]—"The period of my sojourn in England is past; and now, released from every kind of engagement, I am once more occupying a place in the family circle of Dalmellington. Having left Malvern early on Monday morning of last week, I reached Worcester before eight o'clock. I strained my eyes in the direction of Kempsey, if perchance I might discover some object in it round which I might assemble the recollections of happy hours spent with your family, as well as the valedictory feelings of the moment; but, like

the scenes of untried futurity, all was buried in haze and darkness. By the stage-coach I reached Liverpool, sailed from that to Glasgow, and reached Dalmellington on Friday. I have three or four weeks to spend at home. I now resume my own studies at Edinburgh."

Accordingly, in November he entered the Divinity Hall, then presided over by Dr Chalmers, and commenced his theological course.

"It was towards the close of 1838," writes Mr Dodds, "that I first became acquainted with Mr Hewitson. We were first introduced to each other at a meeting of a 'preaching society,' of which we were both members. I had been a member for some years; he had just entered. When called upon to give his opinion of the discourse which had been delivered, he rose, and, with some hesitation of manner, yet with real confidence in his powers, uttered a criticism distinguished for great felicity of language, and a rare acquaintance with the Scriptures. I saw at once that his scholarship had already been largely exercised in the study of the Greek Testament, and that the Word of God, by that time, had become the subject of his earnest and assiduous examination. I was struck also with his uncommon command of elegant and classic language, which a slight hesitancy of utterance did not perceptibly impede. In the course of a long walk and conversation which we had together afterwards, I got a view of his mind and character which won my affection and admiration. I could easily see that he had a strong consciousness of mental power, a decisiveness in the formation and expression of his opinions, and a lofty scorn of what was low-toned in feeling or in conduct, which might well wear an aspect of pride and austerity to the eye of those who did not know all the elements of his character. But I was charmed and carried away with his genuine warmth of feeling and nobleness of sentiment, which, though conjoined in him, as often in others, with considerable impetuosity of temper, shewed him formed for the highest style of friendship. Well do I remember the nights I spent in his lodgings in 1839, when, conversing on metaphysics and classical literature, we were often startled by the midnight clock, as we discussed the doctrines of Butler, or expatiated on the genius of Aristotle. But studies of a higher kind now began to occupy his energies, and to give a new impress to his character."

At the close of the college-session, he went to reside for the summer in the family of General Sir David Foulis, at Cairnie

Lodge, Fifeshire. "My classes," we find him writing to Mr Dodds on the 16th October, "open on the 6th proximo, but I shall not leave Cairnie till the 12th or 13th. A fortnight since, I compeared before the Presbytery of Cupar, to undergo examination, and was examined before the whole body on the subject of last session's prelections. I enjoy the intellectual gladiatorship of such a questioning, particularly when the onslaught is made by five or six well-appointed examinators. I shall regret my leaving the home of one who has done towards me the office of a friend, by telling me, *suaviter in modo*, when and wherein I have been in fault. The remembrance of her, I hope, will bless me, and be to me itself a friend and monitor. This is the season of the faded leaf and melancholy fancy—rife in parables written on the trees, and read aloud by the passing wind; it is a season of sad delight—of beauty in decay."

Reverting to the momentous question of his personal reconciliation to God, we find him continuing, month after month, under the power of guilty unbelief. "I cried," he writes, about a year afterwards, concerning this sad season, "I cried to *the unknown God* with my voice [the italics are his own], and often cried in despair. The cry seemed never to reach His ears, and then I was so 'troubled that I could not speak.' At such a time would I pour forth to God such lines as these:—

"'Oh wherefore hast Thou left me now
In desp'rate struggle all alone?
What tempest hides Thine awful brow?
What horror girds Thy gracious throne?

"'Thou art my Father—deign to look
Upon the anguish throbbing here,
And not regard with stern rebuke
The scorching agony of this tear.'"

Mere *religiousness* never can have any other issue. "I lived," are his own emphatic words in the same letter, explaining the now detected cause of his misery, "not among things without, so much as among things within." Dwelling amidst the dark recesses of his own heart, he had left unexplored "the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." And not knowing God—not understanding His heart towards him, he had not dared to "come nigh."

But the spring of 1840 brought the burdened pilgrim to the Cross. The *νόμος τέλειος ὁ τῆς ἐλευθερίας* at length rose above his horizon, and illumined his hitherto shadowed path.

Faith is the soul's outward, not inward, look. The object on which faith fixes its eye is, not the heart's ever-varying frames, but the never-varying CHRIST. Beholding, in Christ crucified, God's manifested love, and believing that love undoubtingly, the sinner is thrilled by that "perfect love" which "casteth out fear." This simple yet all-important secret of peace and joy Mr Hewitson was now to learn, and to learn at the lips, not of a human teacher, but of that Saviour at whose feet he was to find repose.

An affecting episode intervened. It was the final struggle of self-righteousness. Having in the early part of the winter visited Dundee, where the Lord was working so marvellously in the congregation of the late Mr M'Cheyne, he had returned to Edinburgh, stirred into new earnestness. The earnestness found expression thus:—

"Lord Jesus Christ, shed abroad the love of God in my heart by Thy Spirit given unto me this week, and I shall dedicate myself this week to Thy service, entering into covenant with Thee, my strength and Redeemer. I shall seek to crucify my flesh with its affections and lusts,—to subdue the motions of pride, vanity, revenge, worldly-mindedness,—and to glorify Thee in my heart and life. That I may keep this covenant inviolate, give me, O Lord! the spirit of grace and supplication, of purity and watchfulness; and to Thee, at the end of this week, if Thou preserve me till then, I shall ascribe all the praise. Amen.

"*Sabbath-day, December* 29, 1839."

There are works which the Scriptures designate "dead works," because the doer of them is not himself accepted with God, or not realising his acceptance. Such a work, notwithstanding its deceptive guise, was this "Covenant." For in what state had it left the man subscribing it? "I look back often," he writes to Dr Marsden (Jan 30, 1840), "on the past with regret, and forward into the future with despondency. Another winter after this one, and my college course is finished. What shall I do then? The responsibilities of the ministry are awful; and, unless I be changed much for the better (though I am not *outwardly* wicked), I shall not dare to approach the sacred office."

At last, however, a new scene opens. "My mind is composing itself," he writes to the same friend, on May 4, "under the solemnising influence of one vast, overwhelming, all-absorbing idea—that of the responsibilities belonging to the ministry of reconciliation. When I wrote you last (January 30), that idea

was oppressive—it sank me into despondency. *For two months past*, however, I have been all but settled in the determination to go forward in the strength of the Lord as a labourer into His vineyard; and so much are my feelings changed, that, whereas I was before afraid to intrude myself into the work of the gospel-ministry, I am beginning to be afraid to hesitate or to draw back. 'If any man draw back, saith the Lord, my soul shall have no pleasure in him,'"

These words announce the crisis of his personal history. The sunshine is reached. The burden is henceforth gone—not, indeed, the burden of corruption, but the burden of unforgiven sin. His heart rests on Christ's person, and his conscience rests on Christ's finished work. "There is now no condemnation."

The reconciled man thus describes the course of his Christian liberty:—"I am now convinced," says he, writing to his father, "that, after hearing it preached a thousand times over, we still remain ignorant of the gospel, unless we see clearly, and feel joyfully, that Christ is offered to us, wretched, lost sinners, in all His fulness, as the free gift of God. I am sure of this, that for a long, long time I have been deceiving myself, and making myself miserable every day, through ignorance of the free, glorious gospel, while I imagined that I clearly understood its gracious character. For long the painful feeling still preyed upon my mind, that I must do some good works myself, or God would not accept me in Christ Jesus; and my misery was, that, while Satan thus blinded my eyes, I found myself unable to do the good works that I would. Now I see that the gospel is quite different—that it is free, and full, and wholly of grace."

And does he well to rejoice? There is a counterfeit joy into which Satan cheats the soul. That joy eschews the tear, and the inward warring, and the hill Difficulty, and the Apollyon conflict, as only the beggarly elements of bondage. Not so the joy now vouchsafed to Mr Hewitson. His joy—ending the fear which hath torment, and ending it through simple believing—melts him into a hitherto unknown tenderness, and nerves him with a hitherto unknown strength.

"You wrote," are his words to another, "that sometimes, when you look at the sin which still lives in your flesh, you can hardly imagine that Christ dwells in you; but, in the first place, though sin still lives in your flesh, you do not now live in sin; in the second place, though sin still lives in your flesh, you do not

now recognise its sovereignty; it lives in your flesh as a messenger of Satan, and cleaves to you as a body of death; but you hate it—flee from it—pray against it. It is your enemy, not your sovereign. My prayer for you, my dear friend, is, that your comforts in the Lord may always be greater than your distresses in the flesh, and that through Divine grace you may be able, in the darkest hour, to say, 'What time I am afraid, I will trust in God: in God I have put my trust; I will not fear what flesh can do unto me'—'I am persuaded that NOTHING can separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus my Lord.'"

"Apprehended of Christ Jesus," and relieved by Him of his burden, he now takes his place in the "course," to "press toward the mark for the prize."

CHAPTER III.

1840, 1841.

Self-Dedication—First Fruits—Correspondence—Close of College Course—Evangelistic Zeal—Personal Holiness.

DOES the reader remember the "picture" in the Interpreter's private room? "It had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in its hand, the law of truth was written upon its lips, and the world was behind its back; it stood as if it pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over its head!" Mr Hewitson might have sat for that picture.

"Don't you think," he asks, "that, in the case of many Christians, regeneration is followed by a considerable period of—not darkness, but—obscurity (such as that of the understanding in childhood), unfitting the soul to take in *a whole Christ*, and consequently to enjoy a *perfect* peace? Such Christians live far below their privileges, as accredited children of adoption born to an inheritance not in themselves, but in Christ." In Mr Hewitson himself, the childhood is seen only in his single-hearted sincerity; in understanding, he is already a man.

Dr Payson has supposed the various classes of Christians to be ranged in different concentric circles round Christ as their common centre. Some value the presence of their Saviour so highly, that they cannot bear to be at any remove from Him. Even their work they will bring up, and do it in the light of His countenance, and, while engaged in it, will be seen constantly raising their eyes to Him, as if fearful of losing one beam of His light. Others, who, to be sure, would not be content to live out of His presence, are yet less wholly absorbed by it than these, and may be seen a little further off, engaged here and there in their various callings, their eyes generally upon their work, but often looking up for the light which they love. A third class, beyond these, but yet within the light-giving rays, includes a doubtful multitude, many of whom are so much engaged in their worldly schemes, that they may be seen standing sideways to Christ, looking mostly the other way, and only now and then turning their faces towards the light. In the innermost concentric circle Mr Hewitson now took his stand. "From the time," writes his earliest friend, "that he was brought clearly to see Christ as his 'all in all,' his soul was filled with His glory, as a present Saviour and ever-living Friend; his communion with Him became more like that of one friend with another, who are personally near, than of a distant correspondence." His holy ambition now was to "follow the Lord fully." "A blessing it is beyond every other," are his own expressive words at this period, "to have an ear deaf to the world's music, but all awake to the voice of Him who is 'the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.'"

In May he returned to Dalmellington for the summer. His relatives at once marked the great change. The very night he arrived, he spoke to all the family most solemnly on the concerns of eternity. And the whole village soon saw that he was another man. He had been known hitherto as the great scholar, and the exemplary divinity-student; but now they "took knowledge of him, that he had been with Jesus."

"That," said he, one day soon after his return, laying his hand upon the open Bible,—"that shall henceforth be my daily study; I desire to converse through it daily with God." The purpose was not unaccomplished. The Bible may be said to have thenceforth become his library. No longer regarding it as a mere hieroglyphic to be curiously examined by the eye of the scholar, he came to it with the heart of a child to listen to the voice of his Father. And

out of it he learned that living and fresh divinity which impregnated with its savour his whole future conversation, and correspondence, and ministry.

The man in the picture "stood as if he pleaded with men." Ere Mr Hewitson left Edinburgh, his "pleading" had been instrumental in the conversion of a soul. The case was remarkable. It was an aged formalist on her deathbed. With a tender urgency he had preached to her Christ, and he had preached in faith and expectation. The woman's heart had been opened. Not long after, she had died "in the Lord." And now, in his native village, a still more striking case occurred. It was a woman above eighty, also on her deathbed. Awakened within a week of her decease, she welcomed the tidings which he brought to her of "free grace to the chief of sinners." Her distress gave place to a deep, calm peace.

Were not these two earliest sheaves of his coming harvest cases of so marked a type, that the labourer might learn to expect great things, and never to limit the Holy One of Israel? Did they not furnish, besides, an instructive commentary on his own two years of unbelief? Knowing now that that long interval of groping had in no way qualified him for coming to the Lord, but that at its close he had come not pleading the two years of anxiety but simply as a sinner, he never sanctioned, in his dealings with others, a day's or an hour's delay in coming to Christ, but demanded, in his Master's name, immediate and undoubting faith in his message, and held out, as the result, immediate and perfect peace. The success here vouchsafed to such dealing was to him an *experimentum crucis*—a crucible-test, proving what was the Lord's way in the conversion of the sinner.

Everything now wore a new aspect to him. "Yesterday," we find him writing from Dalmellington to a friend in Edinburgh, on June 15 (1840), "I heard two sermons, as dry, and general, and unedifying as might be. They were preached away from, and not to, the congregation. An abstract, and what I should call an impersonal, sermon has a chilling and deadening effect upon the soul. It seems strange that the Word of God, which is quick and powerful, should, in the hands of different preachers, produce effects so different—but so it is: the same waters of life (for the sermons I heard yesterday were evangelical), passing through one channel, quicken and refresh the hearer, and, passing through another channel, deaden and petrify. The evangelical is 'of the

heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter—whose praise is not of man, but of God.' If Christ dwell in us, the evidences of His gracious presence are not indistinct and illegible. The faith which quickens, enlightens likewise, for faith is just the grace of an indwelling Saviour; now the Saviour is life, 'and the life is the light of men.'"

"My visit to Irvine," he writes a month later to the same friend, "I enjoyed exceedingly: it was a pleasant episode in my pilgrimage. Don't you sometimes experience the effect which the sight and the conversation of Christian friends have in adding to the interest which you feel in their well-being, and to the fervency with which you pray on their behalf? In Scripture there is frequent allusion made to this influence of face-to-face communion. Paul, writing to the Roman converts, says, 'I long to see you, that I may be comforted together with you by the mutual faith both of you and me.' And, in concluding his letter to 'the elect lady,' John says, 'I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face, that our joy may be full.' 'Tis well that, since in this world Christians have to walk 'by faith and not by sight' as regards their Lord, they have frequent opportunities afforded them by Him of walking by sight and not by faith as regards one another. Who does not appreciate and sympathise with the feelings of Paul, when, on his way—a prisoner—to Rome, he was met by some of 'the brethren' at Appii Forum and at the Three Taverns, and when, as he 'saw them, he thanked God and took courage?' In proportion to the degree of comfort and encouragement which that meeting afforded him, must have been the bitterness and forlornness of that hour when, first at the tribunal of Cæsar, he saw many around him, but no brother—no Christian—no, not one. 'At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me.'

"Yesterday," he continues, "I again communicated in a neighbouring parish, and it was to me, blessed be the Lord! a comfortable communion. Experience has taught me, however, that in my journey heavenward I must pass through much tribulation. On Saturday night I was hard beset by Satan; I was afflicted, so that I durst not pray; 'I found trouble and sorrow;' I went to bed, despairing of relief, almost resolved not to communicate. I awoke, in like manner, desponding and irresolute; but, God be thanked! I was encouraged to say to the 'principalities and powers' that sought my destruction, 'If the Lord ever will be

able and willing to save me, He is able and willing now — yes, this very day.' Then did I feel that I was running the risk of denying Christ before these very devils whom He had vanquished on the cross, and of giving them occasion for temporary triumph; therefore I resolved to present myself before the Lord, and to confess Him in the presence of both men and devils. Satan bears a grudge to the commemorative ordinance of the Supper; for it is commemorative of his overthrow, as well as of the Redeemer's triumph."

Again, on 26th September, we find him addressing the same correspondent thus:—"Since I wrote my last letter to you, I have been ten days or so absent in Galloway, on a round of visits among relations and friends. A day and night I spent pleasantly with a friend in Dalry, which is, by the good people of thereabouts, called 'The Clachan;' or, in consequence of a tradition that the Beloved Disciple himself instructed its rude occupants of the first century in the doctrine of Jesus, 'St John's Clachan.' The finger of credulity still points to the stone bench on which the apostle sat with his dear barbarians around him. My friend carried me to an eminence overlooking the village, and commanding an extensive view of 'mosses, moors, and fells;' 'of mountain, valley, and resplendent river.' He shewed me the spot where the persecution commenced under the auspices of the Jeroboam of our country—the perjured, rollicking, reckless Charles II. Beginning with Kenmure Castle, he pointed out on every side, both near and in the distance, houses, not few nor far between, where dwelt saints of the Second Reformation. Almost every house is a martyr's monument."

"How sensitively afraid of being selfish you are!" he adds. "Self-love is from heaven, heavenly; it is 'an ingredient in the compound *man*, infused at the creation of the kind.' It is not selfishness. Selfishness belongs to devils, but self-love to the angels of light. In evincing due self-regard, you will not be guilty of selfishness any more than Timothy, in drinking 'a little wine for his stomach's sake and his often infirmities,' was chargeable with intemperance. Some virtues very much, in the face, resemble their correspondent vices."

And, on 8th October:—"I have been enjoying an almost uninterrupted serenity of mind; my peace has been greater than usual, not because I imagined I was increasing in holiness, but because my view of the all-sufficiency and freeness of Christ's righteousness

has been, by the grace of God, more enlarged and consolatory. The moon was an hour ago shining beautifully in a dark blue sky; ever and anon would a cloud come between, and each cloud as it came seemed to be the last; but scarcely had the moon peered from behind it, when the vapour, before scarcely visible, condensing into another cloud, floated on, and of a sudden dimmed her light again. Of like kind are the phenomena by which 'the light of the knowledge of God in the face of Christ' is now brightened and now obscured in the soul. The clouds which hide the moon rise from the earth, and, in like manner, that spiritual darkness which seems to rise from the withdrawal of the light of God's countenance, has its origin in the state of our own souls."

He devoted himself that summer to his preparatory studies, with an ardour which the feebleness of his already shattered frame could with difficulty restrain within due limits. "In the course of my walkings to-day," we find him playfully writing to a friend on 22d June, "I have been informed that I am studying twenty hours a day; and I may expect reasonably ere long to be informed that I am very ill in consequence of my hard study. Oh that this indolent *me* were able to study hard!" And, at the end of August, he writes:—"I am not troubled now either by 'the indolence of genius' or the genius of indolence. I was out of bed this morning by four o'clock, and 'tis not yet time for breakfast. I wish I could keep 'Minshull' hours regularly: I daresay such hours were kept by Adam and Eve in Eden, when they were wont to close their eyes in faith, and to open them in prayer."

A few days later, writing to Mr Dodds, he says:—"I devote three hours a day to the reading of the Hebrew Psalter, and have reached, I think, the 75th Psalm. The delights of classic and vernacular poetry are forgotten amidst those of the loftier than Mæonian strains of Judah. Though I have a presentiment that my sphere of duty may be assigned to me within the bounds of Scotland, I am nevertheless desirous of mastering the Hebrew tongue, as that would enable me, in some measure, if requisite, to declare the 'glad tidings' to some or another portion of God's ancient people; and as, at all events, an acquaintance with the original language of the Bible is the best and most to be relied on commentary on our English version."

And on returning to Edinburgh in November, "for the last time in the capacity of a student," the same indomitable energy characterised him as in his earliest student-days. With his college

studies that winter, he combined the regular visitation, twice a-week, of a district in a very destitute part of the city, followed up by a not less regular Sabbath-evening service. He likewise discharged the weekly duties of the chair of the University Missionary Association, from which he delivered several addresses, at once adorned by classic elegance and imbued with a heavenly fervour. His academic course was finished in March 1841.* The illustrious man whose pupil he had been, never ceased to regard him with affectionate esteem, as one of the most scholar-like and accomplished students who had ever passed out of his Hall.

"We want public souls—we want them," are the words of Bishop Hacket, enshrined by Coleridge in his Aphorisms; "I speak it with compassion; there is no sin and abuse in the world that affects my thoughts so much. *Omnes quæ sua quærunt*—all seek their own." Never had there entered a college one more set on self—never had there left it one more truly "a public soul." "I shall now," he writes, "be careless that my name pass away from the earth along with this mortal body, if only it be written in the Lamb's book of life in heaven. God will not suffer me to be ambitious now." "We knew him," is the testimony of an Indian missionary,† "in the heyday of his intellectual vigour, and remember well how he read his prize-essay, in the Edinburgh University, to the admiring assembly of his fellow-students. We knew him also, after the love of Christ had touched his heart and given a purer and more divine direction to all his powers. His fine genius was turned to the cross, and he became a little child." ‡

A little incident strikingly illustrates his intense self-consecration. The gold medal—once the idol of his heart—he forwarded from Dalmellington to a friend in Edinburgh (William Dickson, Esq.), to be sold, and the proceeds put into the Lord's treasury. His friend, deeming the idol harmless, laid a plan for sparing it: he sent him a cheque for its full money value, and craved leave to retain the medal itself as an *in memoriam*. "My mind is made up," was Mr Hewitson's characteristic reply, "as to devoting it to the object which I mentioned. This may weigh with you in counterbalance to the feelings which have influenced your—shall

* Mr Hewitson did not take any degree at college. Little value was then attached to it. The standard of examination has since been raised. He passed his trials for licence before the Presbytery of Ayr, on 24th January 1841.

† The Rev. John Braidwood of Madras.

‡ *Madras Native Herald*, Oct. 1850.

I call it?—condemnation of the act. It was only natural that, at first, my reluctance to parting with an object which I once regarded as a trophy of praiseworthy ambition, and round which many once pleasing associations were gathered, should be almost unconquerable; but, by the grace of God, I have got the victory over my natural feelings of reluctance, and most grievous it would be to find them again rising to the ascendant. If the gaining of the prize was a trophy of nature, the parting with it will be, in some measure, a trophy of grace. Your own feelings in the matter will enable you to appreciate the force of what I say. In the meantime, while you keep the medal *in retentis*, it will be my part to keep *in retentis* the cheque which you so kindly transmitted. The medal is to you not of the slightest intrinsic value; it is only the *pretium affectionis* which it can have in your eyes. I shall be glad to learn by your next that your difficulties have given way, and that you have succeeded in effecting the sale."

Some may not sympathise with this *iconoclasm*. But whatever may be thought of the act, the motive is like the man. "Behold this self-same thing," writes Paul, "that ye sorrowed after a godly sort, what carefulness it wrought in you, yea, what clearing of yourselves, yea what indignation, yea, what revenge!" Words like these betoken a zeal against idols, with which another than the convicted and pardoned idolator may not intermeddle. When Mr Cecil broke the strings of his once-loved violin, and cast away his brush and palette, he felt that not only must the heart be dissevered from the idol, but the idol itself must be put out of sight. It is the Lord's own way. "I will take away the names of Baalim out of her mouth, and they shall no more be remembered by name."

"When I look back upon the past eight years," we find Mr Hewitson writing at this period, "I see them as if they were a waste howling desert, in respect of my own barrenness." And how shall the desert be now clothed with verdure? How shall that Saviour—who is now, not "alter ego" simply, his other self, but "unicus ego," his one and only self—receive the homage of his life?

Felix Neff, describing his feelings, as, from the lofty summit of Monte Viso, he caught his first glimpse of the mighty country stretched out at his feet, thus wrote—"How little did I think at that moment of the Cæsars, the Brutuses, and the Virgils of ancient times! One consideration absorbed all my thoughts,

spreading, as it were, a dark veil over this otherwise smiling Italy. I was now surveying the dark empire of the Beast! 'O Jesus! thou Divine Sun!' I exclaimed, 'wilt thou never again enlighten this unhappy people!'" With such a heart Mr Hewitson now contemplates, not a dying Italy, but a dying world. "You will see them—old and young, rich and poor, lettered and ignorant," is his appeal to a little band of fellow-students,—"perishing through lack of knowledge—given up to delusion, to believe a lie —living in bondage to the powers of darkness—yielding themselves as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin—and hurrying onward, one by one, without God and without hope, to the valley of the shadow of death, to the place of the undying worm and the unquenchable fire. Oh! what can ye do, ere their doom be sealed, to pluck them like brands from the burning? Will ye not spend days of anxious toil, and nights of watching unto prayer, if, peradventure, one of them at least may be saved from ruin?"

For is not he in possession of the inestimable secret—that secret "hidden from the wise and prudent, but revealed unto babes"—whereby the dying may have life? "Necessity," he feels, "is laid upon him; yea, woe is unto him if he preach not the gospel;" and that, be it marked, not because he is professionally a minister, but because he is personally a Christian. "Such is the expansive energy of Christian love," are his words from the chair of the College Missionary Association, "that, wherever it sees a brow like that which was mocked with a crown of thorns, it will not be satisfied till on that brow there be engraven the name of Jesus. 'I am a missionary,' is a thought which we should frequently—every day that passes—entertain in our minds: whenever a new phase of circumstances presents itself—whenever a change in our position occurs,—we should ever be ready to put the question, 'What, as a missionary, ought I now to do?' As to Peter, so to every Christian," he continued, "is the question put by Jesus, 'Lovest thou me?' As on Peter, so on every Christian is the commandment laid by Jesus, 'Feed my sheep.' Were we—were all believers—in point of spirituality of mind, and in point of zealous co-operation with Jesus in His missionary work, what it behoves them to be—were they to give the men of the world occasion to say, not only, 'See how these Christians love one another!' but likewise, 'See how these Christians work for their Lord!'—then, by good token, the time were not far distant when the gospel should be preached literally to every soul under heaven."

His eye, besides, is on the stealthy movements of that canker-worm which so often blights into impotence an orthodox and even active ministry—a world-conforming walk. "How the sinews of evangelistic labour," he went on to say on the same occasion, "are relaxed by a want of habitual prayerfulness, and by occasional relapses into secularity! So universally diffused and so contagious is the element of worldliness, that, owing to our want of guardedness, it often steals upon us imperceptibly, and, diffusing its *virus* through our souls, prostrates for a time our spiritual energies. When we descend into and inhale that element, we are immediately paralysed, and rendered unabled to co-operate with God, till again we have been elevated by His hand into the region and element of spirit."

And his own holy walk is to prove impressively that not in vain has he gotten insight into this most momentous of all "furnishings" of the "man of God"—a single-hearted, self-denying life.

What then? Shall he now enter the vineyard as one of the Master's commissioned labourers? Man would have pronounced him duly "furnished." But He who conducted Paul into Arabia to complete his preparation for the ministry, takes aside Mr Hewitson for farther training.

CHAPTER IV.

1841, 1842.

Health giving way—Residence at Grangemuir—Conflicts—Symptoms of Consumption—Diary—Correspondence—Licence.

"I now am beginning to feel that relaxation for both mind and body is imperatively requisite. I have been jaded beyond my powers of endurance, and long for a season of rest—of bodily as well as mental quiet—as much as ever poor mariner longed for his expected haven."

So wrote Mr Hewitson on 24th March 1841. Friends had been warning him, for months, of the danger and sin of persisting in his protracted hours of study. Several times that spring he had fainted away. He was evidently sinking into a state of debility

and emaciation, which, unless arrested, must speedily hasten his days to a premature close. On a careful examination, his chest had been ascertained to be as yet unaffected; but his nervous system was so thoroughly enfeebled, that only a season of entire rest opened any prospect of its repair. And, accordingly, he agreed to become for eight months tutor to a family in Fife, hoping thereafter to be able to preach the gospel.

"With characteristic energy and decision," says Mr Dodds, alluding to this Fifeshire residence, "he carried out his new views and convictions, even in his familiar letters. No more letters did he write merely as the friend or scholar. Every production of his pen shewed the Christian. Not that he gave up the graces of classic allusion, or never indulged in the playfulness of friendship; but he mingled with all he wrote that salt and savour of Christianity, that scriptural illustration and experimental feeling, which gave such a distinctive character to his future life."

"The verses you sent," we find him writing to Mr Dickson, "embody, in language singularly appropriate and poetical, a truth on which my mind has often dwelt, both in the crowd and in the closet:

> 'We are spirits, clad in veils;
> Man by man was never seen:
> All our deep communion fails
> To remove the shadowy screen.'

Often, when I have been expatiating in the wide world of thought and feeling, which lay outstretched before—I should rather say in—my own mind, it has occurred to me that there was in the mind of every other human being a similar world of thought and feeling, in which they also freely expatiated,—but a world between which and my world there was an impassable gulf fixed; into the world of no other man's spirit can I enter, and there think as he thinks, or feel as he feels; and into the world of my spirit no other man can enter, and here live the very life of thought and feeling that I live:

> 'Man by man was never seen.'

But, blessed be God, my dear friend, there is an element which all Christians alike can breathe—a spirit, even the spirit of Christ, in which all Christians, mingling and blending, become 'one spirit.' So long as we are in the flesh, there is a barrier that cannot be overpassed, whether by means of poetry, painting, or music, be-

tween our souls and the souls of our neighbours, brethren, and friends:

'All our deep communion fails'

to remove the covering that the flesh has cast over our intellectual being. But in Christ two souls are no longer twain, but one spirit —they are no longer two selves, but one self—they are two hearts, in which one and the same chord vibrates—two minds, in which one and the same Divine nature thinks and feels. 'Like the stars far apart though seeming near, in our light we scattered lie' till Christ, 'the Sun of love,' the Day-star, has arisen in our hearts: then our star-light is not quenched—it is absorbed in Christ's sun-light—a light in which we all mingle and melt into one. How dear Christians should be to one another—they are all so dear to Christ, and Christ is so dear to them all—they are all so alike united to Christ; and Christ's Spirit, the bond, not of union merely, but of unity, is so richly given to them all! Oh that the world was one body and one spirit, as it yet will be, in Christ Jesus!

"The few evenings," he adds, "which you and I spent together in my lodgings were so delightful, that I feel them to have been too few. I hope we shall yet meet often face to face; at all events, we shall often meet heart to heart before God in Christ, and, though far distant, still live together."

And to another (May 19, 1841):—"To breathe in the atmosphere of the world, is one thing; to breathe it, is a thing quite different. Breathe in that element I must, else I should not be in the world; but breathe it, O that I never may! else I should be of the world. Be it my spirit, and be it the spirit of all my friends, to live ever content *with* the present lot, but content *in* it never—at the same time never to live either content with or content in the unholiness whether of our own hearts or of the hearts of those that are around us. As to the church-bells, why should you think that your Father in heaven should be angry with you when, standing on your hill Mizar, you wept at the thought of His holy temple? Was He angry when His people by the rivers of Babylon sat down, yea, and wept when they remembered Zion? God has too much of a father's heart to be angry when His dear children weep, without repining, under the rod. O yes! conscience does not bid you weep; but when sanctified nature weeps, conscience cannot frown.

"God is glorified," he adds, "when we are strong in faith. Christ triumphs in our hearts, and reigns, when our circumstances

are desperate but our souls full of hope; against hope to believe in hope, is Christ's best victory and Satan's worst discomfiture. Peter is on the stormy sea: his eye fixed on Jesus, he walks as if on the pavement of Capernaum; he turns his eye away from Jesus, and looks on the boisterous storm—straightway he begins to sink, and cries out, 'Save me, I perish!' Yes, my dear friend, our hope never turns on our circumstances or on our frames, but always and solely on Christ's righteousness, atonement, and intercession. Our salvation depends, not on the question—'What are my sins and my backslidings?' but on the question—'What are Christ's merits and the Father's promises?' The Lord fill the lamps of you all—the whole household—with oil, and light them!"

Like Bunyan's Pilgrim, he was taken into the "Valley of Humiliation." "With regard to my own health for some time past," he writes on 26th July, "that of my soul has been so afflicted that I have not much thought or care to speak about the health of my body, in comparison. The Lord's dealings with me have been in faithfulness; and from what I have seen of His ways as a God of judgment, I ought, like the Psalmist (Ps. cxix. 120), to tremble and be afraid. Never was I more able to say of myself than now, 'The Lord hath filled me with bitterness; he hath made me drunken with wormwood.'"

And to another correspondent:—"I may say of my sufferings under the faithful chastisement of the Lord, who *is* 'terrible out of his holy places,' that 'I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of his wrath.' It seems to me that, while the ministers of the Church and elders have committed to them the keys of discipline for the correction of open and outward delinquencies, the great Head of the Church Himself administers, directly and immediately, discipline, in the way of suspending from, not the outward use, but the inward enjoyment, of gospel ordinances, and thus, in dreadful reality, inflicting the sentence of excommunication for a season, in the case of those who may have incurred the unseen guilt of hardness of heart, stiffness of neck, murmuring, and other inward spiritual offences. Did not the Psalmist feel that it had been so with him, when he said, 'My flesh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgments'? But the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

"Now, I do indeed see this doctrine in the Bible," said Merle D'Aubigné one day to Robert Haldane, when, for the first time, the corruption of human nature came home to his understanding

as a Bible truth. "Yes," was Haldane's reply, "but do you see it in your heart?" Hewitson was now learning, with new emphasis almost daily, not the doctrine of the heart's corruption merely, but the fact. "The longer I live," he writes on 28th July, "the more I am convinced that our hearts are most fearfully at enmity with God; and if we do not feel the conviction that they are so, it is just because we are walking in darkness, and are not yet children of the light. Oh, it is most true, however disagreeable the truth, that all in us which is amiable is of God, and that, in ourselves, and as God finds us, we are children of the devil,—all carnal and devilish in the spirit of our minds. That it is so with my natural heart, I believe and know assuredly. The natural understanding is darkness, till it has passed by regeneration out of the womb of midnight into the marvellous light of the kingdom. We need the gift, not only of the Son, but likewise of the Spirit; we need not only the sun-light, but likewise the atmospheric medium, through which the light may pass into our souls."

The sympathies of the heavenly family were now welling up in his heart. "The first affection," he writes, "which has ever warmed my heart towards you is based on the rock Christ; and—Christ give me grace—that affection will not be overthrown by time or accident. How narrow-souled is the friendship of the world! it cannot brook rivalry. But friendship formed in Christ is large-hearted,—it can admit a whole church— I'll not say of rivals, but of brethren—into the circle of its intimacy. The time is coming, I think, when Christian friendships will be more intensely Christian, and turn more directly on the centre, Christ, than hitherto."

A new affliction came upon him. "Thanks to God in the name of Christ, I am recovering," he writes to Mr Dickson from Grangemuir, on September 23 (1841). "I am able to sit up a while to-day. During the fever I had the presence of Jesus—the blessed, precious Jesus! and there was none upon earth that I desired besides Him. But, oh, how He has shewn me fearful things in my own soul! Since my beginning to recover, I have been in the state well described in the Psalm of to-day. I have seen great and sore troubles, but, blessed be God! they came not on me till the fever was gone off. 'The Lord hath chastened me sore, but He hath not given me over unto death.'"

And, a week later, he writes to the same friend:—"I am alone, but not lonely. Many a time, when my soul, like a silly dove too

long wandering abroad, too long on the wing over the flood of Divine wrath, has found its way back again to the ark of safety, Jesus has, with sweet consolations and notices of His blessed presence, kept me from wearying. I have been dealt with by the Lord in tender mercy, and it has been good for me to be afflicted. The Lord has taught me that to lie patiently on the bed of languishing is as acceptable with Him as to work zealously in His vineyard. He has taught me more than I knew before of the grace of God the Father. He has taught me more of Paul's meaning in the words—'The love of Christ constraineth me.' He has taught me more of the impossibility of serving God aright and with joyfulness, except from a motive of love to God. He has taught me more of the impossibility of my loving God, except under a conviction and firm belief of the definite reality of God's love to me. He has taught me more of the holiness—more of the freeness—more of the fulness—more of the trustworthiness of the gospel—more of the necessity of serving God with fear, and of rejoicing with trembling. He has enabled me to look up to God with more confidence as to a Father. 'I have sat under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit has been sweet to my taste.' He has shewn me more clearly the evidences, in my state of mind, of a self-righteous spirit, and shewn me more clearly, likewise, that He is all in all."

The fever gave place to a complaint more alarming. "I am still weak," he writes on 23d October; "every new day convinces me that my almost shattered frame needs a longer season than I anticipated of repose. To gather strength for the work of the ministry must be for a while my chief object in living, next to the all-important object of learning to 'die daily.' During the summer, I have not studied for myself, except by way of preparing my presbyterial discourses; and still I am resolved to abstain entirely from all avoidable study—I should rather say, I am compelled by necessity to abstain. The doctor tells me that, in my present state, some other disease may easily, without my taking care, come in upon me, and perhaps prove fatal. Behold, we count them happy which endure."

The "other" disease did appear. "Lord W—— and I, according to his proposal," he wrote to his father on November 8, "went over to Edinburgh last week, and the doctors (Drs Henderson and Moir) ascertained that there was disease beginning in the lungs, though at present not in an active state. I am forbidden

to study, or do anything requiring effort for the space of a year."

And to a college friend, whose health had begun to give way under a similar complaint, he wrote:—"Both of us will do well to use the beautiful language of the Psalmist, in the 39th Psalm. How tenderly, in verses 4, 5, and 6, are the weakness and vanity of our earthly being brought home to our feelings, to our experiences! The Lord give us grace to look beyond this speck of space and time, saying, as in verse 7, 'Now, Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in thee.' 'Tis pleasant to us, immortal spirits, when we can say to our Lord, even to Him who sits on the throne of eternity with a human heart—a heart whose blood was shed to atone for our guilt, a heart which is now as full of fresh, living, human sympathies as it was on the day when 'Jesus wept'—a heart which is as open to you, dear friend, and to me, as it was once to Mary and Martha,—pleasant it is when we can look up to Him as an Elder Brother, and say, 'All my hope is in thee—my expectation is from the Lord—my heart is fixed—I shall not be afraid of evil tidings.'

"Do you recollect," he adds, "the converse we often had together at ——? I was too ambitious then of human honour, too fond of the world, to seek anything else in Jesus than a deliverer from the guilt of sin. I did not hate sin itself—I did not seek Jesus that I might be delivered from the power and dominion of sin—I did not lay to heart those words of His, 'How can ye believe, who receive honour one of another, and seek not the honour that cometh from God only?'—I did not know what those words meant, 'My yoke is easy, and my burden is light.' Now, I understand that if we only be willing to give up all for Christ, He is willing to give us more happiness, ten thousand-fold, than we give up for His sake. To bear the cross is a burden only if we be unwilling to bear it;—if we be willing, it is a well-spring of perennial comfort, nay, even of joy and exultation, so that the kingdom of Christ in the soul is scripturally defined to be 'righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.'"

Not, as before, in "the spirit of bondage," but in the spirit of adoption and of liberty, we find him anew consecrating himself to the Lord:—"*Saturday, December* 4, 1841.—On this day I have solemnly, at the throne of grace, subscribed the everlasting covenant of grace which was entered into before the foundation of the world between the Father and Son, persons of the Holy Trinity. I have solemnly engaged, by the grace of God, to receive Christ

as my wisdom, my righteousness, my sanctification, and my redemption. My prayer has been that the Father will set the seal of the covenant, even the seal of the Holy Spirit, upon my heart. As a memorial of this engagement, I have chosen the following Scripture, which may the Lord my Saviour hide in my heart, and make the motto of my future life: 'I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me' (Galatians ii. 20)—W. H. HEWITSON."

During the winter he was "shut up in the house." "As yet," he writes to Mr Dodds, December 11, "I am not an evangelist; and, till my health be in some measure re-established, it may be a duty to remain unlicensed. I had been asked to become M'Cheyne's assistant, and glad would I have been to labour in the vineyard alongside of one so eminent for zeal and godliness; but the medical veto put an insurmountable barrier in the way." He had been looking forward to the beginning of 1842 as the time when he should be associated with this true yoke-fellow. Again and again Mr M'Cheyne had applied to him in the hope of securing him as his assistant; but Mr Hewitson still was detained under the preparatory training.

But his own vineyard was jealously tended. "My dear parents," he writes, on December 16, "when I look back on my past life, I find numberless stains of guilt, all shewing the dreadful corruption of my nature; and among these I find many, many stains of guilt contracted by disobedience to the fifth commandment, 'Honour thy father and thy mother.' How often, from my childhood upward, I have done contrary to the will and wishes of you both! How often I have, instead of honouring you according to God's commandment, spoken towards you both in a manner in which I ought not to have spoken! I confess with sorrow and deep regret the undutifulness which, if I had been a child fearing God and honouring His commandments, I never would have shewn towards my dear father and mother. 'Truly the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.' None but God's Spirit can make it clean. May He cleanse our hearts! My dear parents, when I was a child, and was hungry, and asked bread, you did not give me a stone, but with affectionate tenderness you gave me bread: how much more will our Heavenly Father give us, if we cry aloud to Him for it, the Holy Spirit!"

In a note-book of this period he writes: — "1841. *Saturday, Dec.* 25.—Detected spirit of self-righteousness — Satan, in form of an angel of light, calumniating God. Resolved to oppose such a spirit henceforth in God's strength. *Sabbath, Dec.* 26.—Communicated at Pittenweem; during part of the services, enjoyed sweet communion with Jesus; during part, harassed with temptations to unbelief; in the evening, strange and painful hardness of heart. 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.' *Monday, Dec.* 27. — Hardness of heart still continued; occasionally in prayer obtained relief, but all day long tormented with unbelieving thoughts,—the cause of them evidently an inordinate desire of enjoying sensible comfort. *Tuesday, Dec.* 28.—The day brightened now and then with cheering glimpses of God in Christ Jesus; the struggle with temptation to doubt still to be maintained; sore apprehensions lest in a day of hot trial I should fall away: God forbid! *Wednesday, Dec.* 29.—Enjoyed more peace in believing; reflected that it was as sinful to doubt God's willingness to save me as to doubt His existence (Ezek. xxxiii. 11). How good is the Lord, who has become partaker of my nature, that I might be made partaker of His divine nature!"

And writing to Mr Dodds, Jan. 26, he says: — "Imagination degrades us, and dishonours our Lord, when it works as the handmaid of slavish fear; but when it waits upon hope, and scatters along her path the amaranthine flowers of Bible-truth, it gives to the Lord the glory due to His faithfulness, and elevates our souls to that tone of high spiritual feeling which ought to characterise the children of God. Those whose imaginations are not lively and ever astir, know little, experienced though they be in the hardships and adversities of spiritual life, what a sum of peculiar sufferings an imaginative temperament entails on its possessor. Bunyan knew; Cowper knew likewise; nor was Milton ignorant of these peculiar sufferings. Shakspeare, had he been a converted man, would have known them; if he was at length a converted man, he did know them: the deep philosophising pathos of his mind, impressed on many pages of his works, and forming the most deeply marked lineament of his genius, shews that he endured much solitary suffering, and that often in his moods of most boisterous merriment. Laughter, indeed, and sorrow, are near akin. It is mighty, that power of grace which gives to such as are of imaginative temper much joy and peace in believing; but such Christians are perhaps most frequently shadowed over with

clouds — not clouds of despondency, but clouds of sorrow for an absent Lord. All have imagination in some measure, and it is well if it be subordinate to faith in Christ's faithfulness. 'We are saved by hope;' and when hope seems to be madness, we should constantly hope still, thus approving ourselves the children of faithful Abraham, and giving proof that, even when the Lord seems to have averted His countenance, we can trust in His word of promise, and rely on the constancy of His kindness."

Referring to a scene of so-called harmless amusement into which he had accidentally been thrown, he writes: — "*January* 28, 1842.—Immediately afterwards I made my escape with pleasure. No amusement is innocent which takes away the soul from Jesus, or does what it can to take it away." "*February* 9, 1842.—How often have I fallen by little—apparently very little—sins! These very little sins have often bound my soul in affliction and iron; they have grown up often into awful bulk before the eye of conscience, and covered all the coming eternity with their shadow of death. After such a season of terror, amazing seems the long-suffering of God, when at last the rising Sun of Righteousness scatters the darkness, and effuses from His wings healing into the wounded spirit. Never did any one so try the forbearance of God as I have done. Oh, if He would henceforth ever keep me from falling!"

Whither shall he now be led? "Lord W—— wishes me to accompany him to Bonn," he writes to his physician, March 14, "and to stay there from the beginning of June till the month of October. Now, dear sir, do you think that my staying at home for the purpose of doing work in the Lord's vineyard (were He to give opportunity) would be a safe and justifiable course in my present state of health? A residence of four months in Germany would be attended with some advantages, one of which would be the acquisition of the German language—a language which, if ever I should think of becoming a missionary to the Jews, it would be important to have in some measure acquired."

He decided to go to Bonn. "My medical advisers in Edinburgh," he wrote, April 13, "tell me that the affection in my lungs has made no progress during winter (for which God be thanked!)—but that in my present state of health, I could not engage in the regular work of preaching, without completely shattering my already debilitated system, till at least a year more has elapsed. Glad I'll be to submit to the burden thus laid upon me by God,—if so be I may

be enabled at length to enter with recruited energy on the gospel-field of labour." On the 4th of May, he was licensed by the Presbytery of Ayr to preach the gospel. And, after preaching on the two succeeding Sabbaths at Dalmellington and at Troon, he set out for Germany, painfully feeling that "at present his strength was quite unequal to the work of preaching frequently;" but not less trustfully hoping that, "by the grace of God, he might be laying up in heaven by prayer, and in his own heart by reading of the Word and meditation, the elements of future ministration in the pulpit."

CHAPTER V.

SUMMER 1842.

Residence at Bonn—German Society—The Sabbath in Germany—Spiritual Trials—Illness—Return to Dalmellington.

"I SAW Mr Hewitson on his way to Germany the other day," wrote Dr Chalmers on the 11th June 1842, "and was much pleased with the unction of spirituality that savoured his whole conversation." On 6th June he reached London—his "health better, by God's mercy, than when he had been in Edinburgh;" and on the 9th he sailed for the Rhine.

"My journey to London," he writes from Bonn, on June 27, "was pleasant. The passage to Rotterdam was not stormy, but not so pleasant owing to a head-wind which blew against us all the time we were in the open sea. At Rotterdam I spent Thursday night; on Friday night I slept at Emmerich, about one hundred and eleven miles up the Rhine, and on Saturday evening reached Düsseldorf, where, with my young friends, I stayed till Monday morning. We attended Divine service in a Lutheran chapel at Düsseldorf, where a Welsh clergyman officiated—one who, I suppose, happened to be for a short time on a visit to that town. On Monday afternoon we reached Bonn. We succeeded in arranging to go as boarders into the family of Professor Brandis, one of the distinguished philosophers of Germany.

"You have no idea," he continues, "how much reason we have to be thankful for the privileges and the blessings which belong to

us as Britons, and especially as Scotchmen. Scotland is, indeed, as compared with this country, a highly favoured land—a land of valleys, and well-springs, and fountains of water. This is a very Catholic country; and the Protestant population, though considerable, seems to be deeply tinctured with an evil spirit of conformity to prevailing customs. The Sabbath-day is not to be found here, or identified, except by a small round of circumstances—the suspension of some kinds of common day-work—the going to church once in the day; but scarcely anything besides that speaks of Sabbatic sacredness. The Roman Catholics, who greatly preponderate in number, have their shops all open as usual; and I am afraid that not only with Roman Catholics, but likewise with most of the Protestant population, the Sabbath is made a day of physical recreation and festive enjoyment. Even among the reputedly religious Protestants, there is, so far as my opportunities of observation go, a prevalence of lax notions, not only with regard to the observance of the Sabbath, but likewise with regard to the evil of general conformity to the world. Mrs ——, who, with her husband, belongs to the class of religious professors, makes a practice of sewing on the Sabbath evening; and this practice, I fear, is generally prevalent, of occupying that time in secular employment which it is an inestimable privilege to have set apart by God for the purpose of religious exercise, and of preparation for the Sabbath-day of eternity.

"To read of such things at a distance," he adds, "does not bring them close to our minds as living realities, and impress us, through force of contrast, with sentiments of profound gratitude to God, who has, according to the eternal purpose of His grace, made our own land to differ so widely from such lands as this. To see the difference—to observe the tyrant power of custom actually working, and carrying adrift from Bible-practices the mass of a population—to hear this and that other departure from living godliness vindicated on the plea of custom—general custom,—that gives feeling and life to our apprehensions of an order of things to which, happily, by the goodness of God, we ourselves are not subject. My remarks apply only to the narrow circle of my observations and hearsays. I ought, therefore, in all fairness, to make them with a *caveat* against the receiving of them as a description of the general aspect of German society in this neighbourhood. They may, however—there is some reason to believe that they do—apply to a far wider range than that of my actual observation, for the mildew of Rationalism has been long on the religion of Germany."

The new scene he felt to be testing to his own soul. Under the pressure of its carnalities, the needle is seen trembling aside; but steadily does it tremble back again to its attracting pole. "There is a line," he goes on to write, "in one of the classic poets, to the purport, that 'he who passes into a distant land undergoeth a change, not of feeling, of character, but only of climate.' Here, as in Scotland, my enemies are keeping up against me their old warfare, and continuing to teach me the lesson that the way of life is truly narrow, and that it is a difficult achievement to be a Christian—to follow in the footsteps of the holy Jesus. Amidst the things which we see, it is not easy to look away with steadfast eyes to the things unseen of eternity. Amidst so many little ends and aims which we must have while we are in the body, it is no easy work to shoot over, and in all things beyond, these, at the great end and aim of every work—God himself. To rest in God without ever leaving that home, without ever venturing out of doors, and away from under the roof of God's covenant-love—to have our hearts balanced on God as their centre, and so balanced that, under the ruder touches of temptation, they may be moved to and fro, like the nicely-poised stones of the Druids, but, like these stones, always return again to their rest,—that is to be blessed indeed—to be blessed, like the Psalmist, who said, after some rough onset of Satan, 'I shall not be greatly moved.' When we have in some measure yielded to the impulse of carnal feelings coming in upon us suddenly like a flood, or imperceptibly like the stealthy fall of dew,—and when the good Spirit of the Lord has lifted up His banner, calling us to come back under the shadow of its protection, and when we have hastened back at His call, humbled and sorrowful, and when, taking courage to look up into the face of our heavenly Father, we see, not the frown that would rebuke us away, but the smile that bids us welcome;—oh! then we find, by sweet experience, how blessed a thing it is to have God for our habitation to which we may continually resort, and to be able to address our souls in the language of the Psalmist, 'Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee; for thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.'"

The Christianity of the closet, and the Christianity of busy life, are not, as is often fancied, conflicting things. The man who has fellowship with Jesus in his solitude, knows how to carry the savour of the fellowship even into the most common affairs.

"There is need," continues Mr Hewitson in the same letter, "of prayer in this matter. For, though we be convinced, and heartily acknowledge, that there is but one thing needful, we are easily led away, like Martha, to busy and trouble ourselves about 'many things.' Many things we must needs do and care about, while we are in the flesh; but the work to which Christ calls us, is to do and care about these things in such a spirit as to make them part and parcel of our great work—the work of keeping close to Jesus, and of following Him whithersoever He goeth. It requires much grace to take at once a necessary interest in these things, and to retain the closeness, the ferveney, of our first love to Jesus."

The invalid's enervated frame slowly recruited its strength. "I had the pleasure," writes Mr T. Constable to Dr Moir, on 24th June, "of seeing our friend, Mr Hewitson, in Bonn, about ten days ago. He considers his health much improved, but still looks very delicate." And on 12th July, he himself writes:—"The heat has not been greater than it is in the south of England. Some days the weather is very mild, and sometimes it is even coldish. I agree apparently well with the climate, and hope that my stay here may have a beneficial effect on my system.

"Religion," he continues, giving the result of further observations and experience of the scene around him, "seems to be here, even among the best Protestants, in a very backward and dull condition. Not only do they desecrate the Lord's-day in their practice, but they likewise attempt to defend the desecration of it on the plea of Scripture—Scripture, of course, being wrested into an accordance with their own lives and liking. Altogether, if parents, who are acquainted with the irreligious character of German society, send their children from Britain to be educated here, without employing all possible means of guarding their children's minds against the evil influences that are at work, they take the best way of destroying the souls which should be as dear to them as the apple of the eye."

To a beloved brother, he again, in the confidence of spiritual fellowship, lifts the veil which concealed from other eyes his trials and triumphs of faith. "You have been present to my thoughts daily, at the throne of grace," he writes on 18th July, to Mr Dickson; "the Lord grant you the blessings of salvation and life which I ask from Him on your behalf. Since I left you, my dear friend, I have had sharp conflicts in the inner man—sore burning in the furnace of spiritual trial. The Lord's goings are in the

dark, and hidden from those who have no pleasure in searching them out: but His secret is with those who fear Him—to His people He gives wisdom and spiritual understanding. He has shewn to me—blessed be His name!—the reason why He smote me and gave me up for a while to the buffetings of Satan. He has also shewn me that it is good to suffer affliction, and to bear the yoke. During my journey, many circumstances combined to prevent my regular approaches to the throne of grace; and for a fortnight I had, I may say, no savour of heavenly things, —leanness came into my soul,—I was miserable. Oh, what a blessed privilege it is to have access to a throne of mercy! I feel —I have been taught of God to feel—that, to the upbuilding and abundant comforting of the believer, it is essential practically and cordially to recognise in our God—who is love, love without bounds—a freely acting, independent, sovereign, absolute, predestinating God. Till now, I never knew what infinite comfort there is in the eternal decrees—the everlasting covenant-purposes of our God and King. Till now, I never knew how much comfort is to be found in crucifying the SELF-WILL of the carnal mind, and lying prostrate at the feet of Jesus. Happy was the woman who had such access to Him that she could wash His feet with her tears and wipe them with the hair of her head!"

And in the sequel of the same letter, we find him once more "sighing and crying" over the poverty-stricken religionism of the country—not, however, without tasting the blessedness of the man who, "passing through the valley of Baca, makes it a well." "*July* 20.—An unexpected incident prevented me from concluding my letter yesterday. I must let you know what are the fountains which the Lord has opened up for my refreshment in this place. Philosophy is the Dagon of many here, who, but for it, might become zealous Christians; and I am afraid that a sickly everything-praising and every-sort-of-person-approving sentimentalism has too much influence over others in the religious community—if religious community I may call that which is in almost everything conformed to the surrounding world. The emotions of a religiously-affected imagination, how different from the feelings of a religiously-affected heart! There is a place of worship here for the English Episcopalians: I have attended it; the ministrations are often very dry and sapless. I have, however, become acquainted with a pious family from Glasgow. We have commenced a prayer-meeting, which is attended by two families of Episcopalians, among other

persons. The meeting is held on Sabbath evenings. Last Sabbath was the day of its commencement. The prayer-meeting is a great source of refreshment, or rather a means of bringing refreshment to the soul from the only source and well-spring of spiritual blessing, the love of God in Christ. I do not, therefore, feel so intensely as I did after my first arrival in Germany, that I am not in Scotland—not under the shadow of Christ's vine-tree in the covenanting land of my fathers; but still, as the unsabbatised Sunday comes round—a day trampled on alike by Protestants and Romanists—I do feel, and that sometimes painfully, that I am not living in the land of Sabbaths. Alas for Sabbath-travelling in Scotland! Germany tells me that, if Scotland lose her Sabbaths, she will lose along with them her religion and her God. How is the beloved Church of Scotland faring? Oh that the eyes of her enemies were opened to see that Christ is and must be her only King! The Protestant Church in this province is Presbyterian likewise; but it does not hold many of the great gospel-principles, such as Christ's kingship over the body of the Church, which characterises the Kirk of Scotland. Remember me in prayer, for I am weak and often sore vexed in spirit. Grace be with your soul!"

Himself "comforted of God," how tender and fresh the consolation he administers to a companion in tribulation! "I have been very much grieved to learn," were his words of touching sympathy to a friend in Edinburgh, on August 6, "that your suffering, since I left Scotland, has been greater than formerly. My dear friend, let patience have its perfect work. The furnace is hot; but Christ is with you in the midst of it, and not a hair of your head shall be harmed. It is the portion of His saints to have evil things here, and to be comforted hereafter. You go by a rugged way of suffering; but always, as you go, you see the track marked out by the blood-drops of your crucified Lord. You are tried with sore pain in the morning: at nine o'clock in the morning Christ was nailed to the cross. All day long you are afflicted with pain: Christ hung on the cross in an agony till three o'clock in the afternoon. 'Behold the Lamb of God!' and, amidst your sufferings, take comfort from the sight of His wounded, bleeding body. The Lord give you grace to fight against all your enemies—all doubts, and fear, and unbelief—with that sword of the Spirit, 'It is finished!' Since I came here God has been very gracious to me, and has pardoned me many sins, and often made me to cry out after greater holiness. In this wilderness the Lord has prepared

for me a table in the midst of mine enemies, and given me still more and more to know that, amidst all outward disadvantages, He is able to make a channel by which His grace may flow down into the soul."

And writing to one of his sisters, of same date, he says: "Put your hand of faith every day on the head of Christ; transfer to that acceptable, accepted sacrifice all your guilt,—for why should guilt burden your conscience for a single hour, when, by an act of faith, it may be laid on the head of the Lamb, who alone can bear the burden? Every day look on the Lamb suffering for you, wounded for your transgressions, bruised for your iniquities. The more you look out on Christ crucified, the more will you feel your guilt—your lost state by nature—the awfulness of God's justice, which required no less costly a sacrifice than Christ to take away your sins—the infinite tenderness of God's love and grace, which, in order to save poor sinners, did not spare the Son of God;—the more you look on Christ, the more will you be moved by the Spirit of grace to love Him who first loved you, to seek communion with Him, to desire and pray for conformity to His holy likeness." And to another, two days later:—"We can easily tell when the 'flesh' is working in us: then we feel our souls drawn to the love of the things that are of the world—drawn to lust, to pride, to stubborn selfishness, to lying, to anger, wrath, malice, quarrelling, to covetousness, sensuality, or such like (see Gal. v. 19, 20, 21). We can discern also when the 'spirit' is working in us: then we feel our souls moved and drawn to the exercise of holy affections—'love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance' (Gal. v. 22.) If we 'walk after the spirit' in the exercise of these affections, we are renewed daily in the inward man, and go forward in a course of holy living: but the habitual following of the 'spirit' in the exercise of these heavenly affections implies that we daily crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts; and this is difficult, it is trying work,—but Christ tells us that, if we will follow Him, we must take up our cross and deny ourselves, and so follow Him: there is no way of going after Christ but the way of self-crucifixion and self-denial (Gal. v. 24). I never have a moment's peace when I return in the slightest degree to conformity with the world; but I always have great peace when my soul returns home to its 'city of refuge,' the Lord Jesus Christ. Communion with Christ is the only source of satisfying, the only source of lasting, enjoyment. I have enjoyed more even this morning, from behold-

ing the loveliness and glory of Christ, as revealed to me by the Spirit, than I have done from the world during the whole of my life past."

Farther discipline awaited him. In the course of this month of August, he was suddenly prostrated by an inflammatory attack, which brought him to the very verge of the grave. "The doctor has been attending me," he writes to his parents from Bonn on 20th September, "almost daily till now: the disease was inflammation of the wind-pipe, with slight inflammation in the right lung. It has been the Lord's will to lift me again from the bed of languishing, and to enable me, though still very weak, to undertake to commence to-morrow my homeward journey. You need not be alarmed or anxious now on my account; for the symptoms of the disease have all disappeared, with the exception of painfulness in drawing a full and prolonged inhalation, and to that the doctor (Professor Alberti) who attended me does not attach much importance. This time last year, the Lord smote me; again He has laid on me the rod of chastisement: this ought to humble my soul, and lead me to walk softly before Him, in bitterness and contrition of spirit, all the days of my life. I intend, if the Lord will, to go to Edinburgh, and to spend a few weeks there; afterwards to come home to Dalmellington."

On his arrival in Edinburgh, he was examined by his physician. "I still continue weak," he wrote to his sister on 13th October; "I cannot walk more than two or three hundred yards without tottering of the knees. The fatigue of my long journey has now worn off, and left me in a state of convalescence nearly such as I was in when I left Bonn. Dr Alberti at Bonn discovered—and, since I came to Edinburgh, Dr Henderson has likewise discovered—that a considerable portion of the right lung has become hardened, or hepatised, since the first detection of weakness in the chest. There is, however, no ulceration as yet; but the greatest care is necessary to guard against colds, for I am given to understand that the contraction of a cold might, in my present state, easily bring on ulceration. Using the means of healing recommended, with prayer for God's blessing on the use of them, I must submit myself in patient resignation to His will: He does all things in tender mercy, and He is able yet to heal me."

It had been recommended that he should repair that winter to Madeira. But the Lord's time was not yet come for that. The alternative suggested was, that he should "keep within doors all

winter" at Dalmellington. To this alternative his own inclination strongly leaned. It was adopted; and, after another medical examination by which it was ascertained that the disease in the lungs had made no progress for two months, he returned home in the beginning of December 1842.

CHAPTER VI.

1842–1844.

Retirement at Dalmellington—Study of Prophecy—The Lord's Second Coming—Rejoicing in Hope—Personal Holiness—Health—Views of the Christian Life—Madeira.

"SOLITUDE," it has been said, "made a Cincinnatus, ripening the hero and the patriot." In a loftier sense was Mr Hewitson again taken into solitude, to be ripened not into a hero, but into a meek, God-trusting missionary. The process extends over a period of nearly two years. A series of touches from his own expressive pencil will bring out the more salient features.

"Since I came home," he wrote, Dec. 15, "the time I devote to reading has been chiefly given to prayerful examination of the word of prophecy regarding the blessed hope of the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour. The result is, that I am fully convinced of the nearness of the time when the Lord shall come with His saints to reign over the earth. This conclusion I have reached, after having been long bound down, by prejudice and inattention to God's prophetic word, under the yoke of what I now see to be unscriptural and ill-founded opinions. The 'rest' of God's people is near at hand: faint not now that you are chastened of the Lord; for, yet a little while, and 'the enemies which you see this day, you will see no more for ever.' Read, for consolation, Rev. i. 7; 2 Pet. iii. 14; and Rev. vii. 13–17."

The decision here intimated had not been arrived at hastily. Ere the doctrine of the Lord's pre-millennial appearing took its place in his creed, he had had, as he intimates, not a little to unlearn. In passing through London on his way to Bonn, he had been urged by various friends to the study of the "sure word of prophecy," specially in its bearing on the advent. But, established in an opposite view—not, indeed, as the result of any careful Bible

study, but rather as a mere hereditary belief—he had resented the urgency with a certain impatience and irritation. In his solitude at Bonn, however, and afterwards at Dalmellington, the "light shining in the dark place" had at length attracted his eye; and to that "light" he never again ceased to feel that he "did well" to "take heed." "How many," we find him afterwards writing, "think that prophecy unfulfilled is a 'dark place,' instead of looking to it as to 'a light shining in a dark place!'"

"Let me direct your attention," he writes to Mr Dodds, expounding the passage in the Bible which first decided his judgment, "to the argument in favour of the pre-millennial advent of the Lord afforded in the prophecy which he delivered on the Mount of Olives respecting the destruction of Jerusalem and the 'end of the age' (*τοῦ αἰῶνος*). In Luke xxi. there is contained a prediction (ver. 8–22) of what should happen before the destruction of Jerusalem, and (ver. 23, 24) of the vengeance which should be poured out on the Jews at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, and afterwards during the interval that was to elapse between that event and 'the fulfilment of the times of the Gentiles.' Jerusalem is still 'trodden down of the Gentiles,' for as yet 'the times of the Gentiles' have not been fulfilled. In the two following verses (25, 26) it is predicted that the point of time fixed for the restoration of Jerusalem and the ruin of Gentile power, is to be accompanied or preceded by general 'distress of nations,' political distress, and perplexity—by 'roaring of the waves,' clamour and anarchy of famished, ungodly multitudes—by desponding fears and anxious expectations—by a shaking of the 'powers of heaven,' or convulsion of civil and ecclesiastical institutions. 'AND THEN (ver. 27) the Son of man shall be seen coming in a cloud with power and great glory.' These words are quoted from the language in which Daniel describes (vii. 13, 14) the destruction of the fourth beast or Roman monarchy, and the solemn investiture of the Messiah with the government of the world. A similar quotation or allusion is made, Matt. xxvi. 64; Acts i. 9, 11; Rev. i. 7. It has been alleged by some interpreters—on what ground of analogy, or of criticism, or of sound judgment, I cannot imagine—that the coming here spoken of (I mean in Luke xxi.) means the coming of Titus to destroy Jerusalem. Against an allegation so groundless, I need only remark, that the coming of Titus to Jerusalem was *before* 'the great tribulation,' for it was the beginning and first cause of 'the great tribulation;' whereas the coming of the Son of man in

the clouds of heaven, here spoken of, is to take place *after* that tribulation, as is manifest from Matt. xxiv. 29, 30, and Mark xiii. 24, 26. Thus, while the analogy of scriptural expression, and the analogy (even more to be attended to) of the degree of literality in which, not as man thinks prophecy ought to be fulfilled, but in which prophecy has hitherto actually been fulfilled, go to establish that 'the coming of the Lord in the clouds of heaven,' spoken of in the prediction referred to, is a personal coming, the subsequent context in Luke, Matthew, Mark, makes the fact, I think, indisputable; and the time of 'the coming' is 'immediately after the great tribulation' (Matt. xxiv. 29)."

His calm and prayerful study of the Word gradually evolved confirmatory proofs. "I should like you to consider," he writes to Mr Dickson, on 10th January 1843, "the following scriptural facts, and to communicate to me your opinion as founded upon them. In 2 Thess. ii. 1–8, the inspired apostle speaks evidently of the personal coming of our Lord. He mentions a circumstance which must precede that event (verse 3), and then a circumstance which is to accompany or happen contemporaneously with it (verse 8). The former circumstance has already, according to the prediction, taken place, and the latter circumstance—the one which must synchronise with our Lord's coming—is about to be fulfilled, at all events will, without shadow of doubt or controversy, be fulfilled before the commencement of the 'thousand years.' No one doubts, or can doubt, that 'the Man of Sin' is to be destroyed before the kingdom be given 'to the people of the saints of the Most High.' Now, according to the prophecy in question, the coming of the Lord is contemporaneous, or rather, in strict language, antecedent, for it is by the brightness (*ἐπιφάνεια*) of His coming (*παρουσίας*) that the Man of Sin is to be destroyed."

And a month later, writing to Mr Dodds, he adds—"It is predicted—and I make this remark apart from any reference to the hope of Christ's speedy coming—that, immediately before the introduction of millennial glory, 'there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation, even to that same time' (Dan. xii. 1). Our Lord seems evidently to describe the period in question, when he says (Matt. xxiv. 21), 'Then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be.' This is the tribulation again predicted as befalling in the time of the seventh vial of wrath—a time when the mightiest earthquake and the greatest that has been

'since men were upon the earth,' is to convulse and ruin the kingdoms of the world (Rev. xvi.) On the subject of Christ's coming, I am not well able to say more at present than that the argument founded on 2 Thess. ii. remains unshaken, whatever be the nature of the coming spoken of in Matt. xxiv., because the whole context of the former passage shuts us up to the necessity, as I judge, of admitting that St Paul speaks of a personal coming. I may just add that, so far as I can see, the whole prophecy contained in the latter passage has yet to receive a more complete fulfilment than it received at the time of the capture of Jerusalem. When I say 'the whole prophecy,' I include all the minute details, such as the abomination of desolation standing in the holy place, the flight to the mountains, &c. These details will, I expect, soon be fulfilled by the gathering of the nations for the battle of Armageddon, &c. The carcase of the ungodly nations will be in Judea, and there will the eagles be also, as predicted Rev. xix. 17, 18."

The "blessed hope" took its place thenceforth, not only in his understanding, but in his heart. He not only believed in the speedy "appearing,"—he loved it—waited for it—watched for it. "Faith," we find him saying, "looks back to the cross, and is at peace; it looks forward to the crown, and pants for glory. Oh to have more of the life and power of such a faith!" So mighty a motive-power did it become, that he used to speak of it ever afterwards as bringing with it a kind of second conversion. It is inwoven with the texture of his whole future life.

"Love of theory," he writes again, "should have no existence in the mind of a disciple, whose single aim is to know the mind of Christ, as it is embodied in the holy Scriptures. Nothing but this—we have the mind of Christ—can enable us to mould and regulate our hopes as we ought; and prophecy is the only — the divinely-appointed—means of forming our hopes according to the mind of Christ. Our part, therefore, is to be ever ready to admit fresh light as it is given from above, and to be ever 'taking heed to the sure word of prophecy,' that more light may be given." His attitude, intellectually and spiritually, in relation to this great theme, could not be more graphically portrayed.

We have a glimpse of the invalid that winter, given by one who visited him. "The first time that I met and conversed with Mr Hewitson," writes the Rev. Mr Stevenson of Ayr, "was on the evening of Friday, 13th January 1843. A meeting was held that evening in the parish church of Dalmellington, with a view to the

approaching Disruption of the Church of Scotland. After the meeting was closed, the members of the deputation—the Rev. Dr Henderson of Glasgow, Rev. Mr Dickie of Beith, and myself—called on Mr Hewitson. I have a vivid remembrance of his appearance that evening. His emaciated frame, and the hectic flush on his cheek, seemed to mark him out too plainly as destined to be a victim of consumption. But the ardent spirit within nerved his feeble frame with a surprising energy. His whole heart was in our movement. He spoke with great animation of the prospects of the Church, and the days of darkness which we might anticipate before the time of millennial glory. We were much struck with his fervency of spirit, and left him deeply regretting that, in the mysterious providence of God, the Church was apparently to be so soon deprived of the services of one so remarkably qualified by his gifts and graces for labouring successfully in the vineyard of the Lord. For when we bade him farewell, we all believed that his days on earth were numbered and nearly finished, and that we should probably see his face no more. On the preceding Monday, I had the high privilege of spending an evening in the company of the Rev. Mr M'Cheyne of Dundee. It was a night much to be remembered. He was looking forward with delight to the precious opportunities which he should have, after the Disruption, of preaching the gospel without let or hindrance in many dark places of the land. Little did I think that his race was so nearly run, and that the days of Mr Hewitson were to be prolonged. But the one, who was then so vigorous, and preparing for arduous labours, was soon after taken; while the other, whose recovery appeared hopeless, was left, and enabled to render signal services to the cause of Christ, after he had been thus 'brought nigh unto death.'"

Justification by faith alone—that article, as Luther termed it, of a standing or of a falling Church, and, it may be added, of a standing or of a falling Christian—he learned day by day more highly to prize. "It is well asked and replied in the Bogatsky of this morning," he writes to a friend on January 12,—"'Has He blotted out the handwriting of ordinances that was against you? Then shake off self-righteous dependences and legal fears.' Legality poisons faith, and neutralises its pacifying power. If I be in Jesus, then I am pardoned and accepted: 'He is near that justifieth me;' who will contend with me? Let us stand together before the throne of God, at the bar of His infinite justice. I plead guilty;

but has my adversary therefore a plea against me? I plead 'not guilty;' for I am in Jesus, and He has redeemed me from the sin to which I pleaded guilty before. My adversary's plea, therefore, falls to the ground, and my faith in Jesus is accounted to me for righteousness. If sin sometimes prevail, I must not indulge in legal fears, but go closer to Jesus, and get more of the spirit of adoption, that I may be able to work more from a principle of faith and love, and less from a cold, carnal, bondage-gendering, sin-multiplying, sense of legal duty. How blessed an exhibition of the power of a childlike faith we have in the obedience and experience of the ten lepers! (Luke xvii.) 'They lifted up their voice and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us. And when He saw them, He said unto them, Go shew yourselves unto the priests.' They went forthwith; but, in this age of sickly religion and self-seeking, too many of us would have continued still praying for mercy and pleading unworthiness; they went, 'And it came to pass, that, as they went they were cleansed.' This is religion, this is faith, this is taking Christ at His word, and flinging self to the winds. Hence comfort and triumph to the soul, with a revenue of praise and glory to God."

Bunyan in his autobiography says:—"The Lord did also lead me into the mystery of union with the Son of God; that I was joined to Him, that I was 'flesh of His flesh, and bone of His bone' (Eph. v. 30); and now was that word of St Paul sweet to me." Into the same mystery, Mr Hewitson, as he advanced, did likewise more realisingly enter; and a precious stay he found it, under one of his severest spiritual trials. "Owing to bodily weakness," he writes to a friend on 13th April, "you, as well as myself, are more exposed to the fiery darts which Satan is ever seeking to cast through the arrow-slit of imagination into the citadel of the heart—doubts, fears, anxieties, misgivings, despondencies—than if you were enjoying vigour of bodily health and buoyancy of animal spirits. Invalids, and especially those labouring under diseases which have the effect of depressing the mind—an effect not to be removed wholly by anything but by the removal of the cause itself,—these seem to be the forlorn hope of the Redeemer's army, set forward to the endurance of greater spiritual hardships, and to more desperate encounters with the enemy of souls, than other soldiers of the cross. But 'this is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith;' and our faith overcomes by identifying us with the Son of God. Faith stands in the battle-field and cries,

'Jesus, the Son of God, anointed Saviour—He who knew no sin—was made sin for me, and I am the righteousness of God in Him!' This is at once the armour, the war-cry, the battle, the victory, and the triumph. Resisted in this gospel-spirit, Satan is turned to flight, and the believer remains master of the field: he sits down, still watchful and in arms, but full of peace with God, under the shadow of his vine, Christ's righteousness."

"Dear Mr M'Cheyne!" he exclaims, at the close of the last extract; "his death *was* a trying dispensation." Three days previously he had written to another:—"Dear Mr M'Cheyne! his departure was a great affliction to me, as well as to all who knew him. The beauty of the Lord was upon him." No wonder the news of his removal struck a chord in Mr Hewitson's heart. "He was the likest to Robert M'Cheyne," writes that holy man's biographer, "of any I knew. One thing especially often struck me,—he seemed to have no intervals in his communion with God—no gaps. I used to feel, when with him, that it was being with one who was a vine *watered every moment.*"

That marked characteristic of his spiritual life cannot be described more graphically than in his own words to another, thus:—"Many think that God is only to be worshipped upon their knees in the closet, around the family hearth, and in the place of public worship; but, if we think like them, we shall not live godly lives in Christ Jesus. We ought to worship God whenever He is present; and that is always, at all times. We ought to worship Him wherever He is present; and that is everywhere, in all places. Whoever is in our company, we ought to keep company more with God than with them. Whatever we say to others, we ought to say it more to God than to them. It is our privilege and our calling as Christians, to strive by all means to keep up constant fellowship with God, and to walk in the light of His countenance. We do so when, like the Psalmist, we can say truly, 'I have set the Lord always before me.'"

But Mr Hewitson was not transcendental. "Don't you think," he writes to Mr Dodds, September 8, "that it savours of an impracticable stoicism to say, 'I desire nothing but what God ordains for me;' and that the true characteristic of Christian meekness is to say, 'I desire, if it be possible, that this affliction pass from me; nevertheless, heavenly Father, not my will, but Thine be done?' If we had not even a desire of freedom from chastisement, then, contrary to the declaration of Scripture, all

affliction would seem to be not grievous but joyous, or at least indifferent. Some time ago, I had a kindly altercation on this point with a Christian more experienced than myself in the ways of God, but, through a mistaken zeal, as I judged, resolute in holding that the Christian ought, in the strength of the Lord, to realise and exemplify, under all afflictive dispensations, the influence of only one desire—that, namely, of glorifying God by submission to His will. This is what I regard as stoicism; but to be influenced by that desire in such a degree as to—not certainly extinguish, yet—certainly triumph over the opposition of every other, is what I regard as Christianity." Here there is no overdrawing, no straining. It is not man unhumanised, but man in the highest sense Christianised.

Naturally proud and self-willed, he felt how needful was the sharp discipline through which he was passing. "The great lesson which chastisement is the means of teaching God's people," he writes to one who had been a college friend, "is to be 'meek and lowly of heart,' that is (for I take 'meekness' chiefly to mean this), to be in God's hand as clay in the hand of the potter—to will and to work only as God will have us—to do or to suffer just as He thinks good—to 'lie on our face' before Him, like Abraham (Gen. xvii. 3), while God 'talks with us,' either out of the place of thick darkness, or amidst the bright shinings of His countenance; thus being in perfect subjection to His absolute sovereignty and lordship over us. This is no easy thing to do, for this is the perfection of holiness in man." And himself learning the lesson, he says: "Is the Lord going to call me yet to the blessed work of preaching His gospel? As my wisdom is foolishness with God, I desire, in this matter, to lean wholly on the counsels of eternity; 'I desire'—but even after all that the Lord has laid on me of bodily and spiritual affliction, I am grieved daily by finding, to my sore experience, that the Canaanite still dwells in the land—that my own will is not entirely, though—thanks be to God for His prevailing grace!—it is in some measure subjected to the sovereign, absolute, irresponsible will of Jehovah. Oh for that degree of implicit subjection which our Lord Jesus Christ speaks of, when He says, 'I am meek and lowly of heart,' and of which He gives a marvellous exemplification, when, on the eve of His baptism in the flood of infinite wrath, He says, though 'the terrors of God were distracting Him' (Ps. lxxxviii.) when He said it, 'Not my will, but thine be done:' 'I delight to do thy will, O God!' Meekness brings heaven down

to earth: it is in the meek soul that the high and lofty One who inhabits eternity desires to dwell. The more we grow in meekness, the more we become like Jesus." And, a few months later to Dr Moir, he adds:—"The man of God keeps the vineyard of others best when he has least cause to complain, 'Mine own vineyard have I not kept.' If, as the saying goes, 'charity should begin at home,' there is no doubt that godliness should do so likewise. The Lord has given me a long time for the cultivation of personal godliness, before it has pleased Him to call me to the work of 'planting and watering' in His fields. Still I have to mourn my barrenness, the small measure of my attainments; but I have cause to thank Him who has chastened me, for the experience of Divine things which He has given me during the time of my chastisement."

And to Mr Dickson, on September 20:—"It is, as you say, a blessed thing to have our inmost thoughts brought for judgment into the light of God's pure Word. One mark of a believer's simplicity and godly sincerity is, that he can, without reservation, offer up the prayer to God, 'Examine me, O Lord, and prove me; try my reins and my heart.' The great and deep spring of all the influences which work in our souls against grace, and render the progress of sanctification so slow, so painful, so interrupted with falls into sin, seems to be that remaining guilefulness of heart, that will not let us, at all times, on all occasions, in all companies, submit ourselves humbly to be ruled by the Spirit of Jesus. We hold the Head, and yet we seek often to speak, and work, and perform duty in our own strength; we do not wait for the Spirit—we make haste, like unbelievers—we are impatient, and go to work too fast;—hence loss of comfortable communion with the Spirit—hence from the Head we have not nourishment so abundantly ministered to our souls; and, consequently, not receiving 'the increase of God,' we do not increase in spiritual stature. No small part of meekness lies in waiting on the Spirit for strength to perform all our works unto the Lord."

He came to Edinburgh in the end of September. "My medical friends," we find him writing, "have declared the case to be now a favourable one, only demanding great care and delicacy of treatment. To preach for at least six months yet is out of the question. The fact is, that, though without injury to my lungs I could preach, yet I have not strength sufficient for the work. You will guess the amount of my strength when I mention, that I can walk about

two miles in the day without over-fatigue. This is a considerable increase." "Yesterday," he adds, "I worshipped in the congregation of my old pastor, Dr Candlish. The ministrations were of a most awakening and refreshing kind. His preaching is better suited to my spiritual condition than that of any other preacher I have ever heard declaring the Word of God. I speak, of course, in reference not so much to particular instances, as to the general character of suitableness."

In October, he visited his friend Mr Dodds. "He was now," says the latter, "somewhat improved in health, but still much of an invalid. I shall draw from my diary, in relating the impressions he made upon me at that time:—'*October* 10.—My dear friend H. arrived to-day to pay us a visit. He looks thin and pale, and is very weak; but his eye is lighted up with the fire of heavenly hope. He has recently been directing much of his attention to the study of prophecy, and has arrived at the conclusion that our Lord will come before the millennium. He is one of the acutest and most spiritual expositors of Scripture I ever met with. He is an accomplished scholar. His whole walk and conversation seem seasoned with the spirit of his Master. We have greatly enjoyed his rich and spiritual converse. Alas! I fear that the hand of death is upon him.' At this distance of time, what I chiefly remember of this visit is, the great advance my friend had evidently made in spirituality of mind, and in acquaintance with the Word of God. Already there was around him that fragrance of the Divine life—that atmosphere of holiness—which ever afterwards attended him, breathing more sweetly and spreading more widely till the day of his death."

Watching with a keen eye the signs of the times, he lived as one "hastening to the day of God." "I do not know, my dear friend," are his words to Dr Moir, "whether you sympathise with me in my fears, or agree with me in judging, from the signs of the times, that those prophecies of vengeance upon all the Gentile nations, which must needs be fulfilled before a period of universal blessing dawn on the world, will have their destined time of fulfilment in the present age; but, for my own part, whatever degree of scepticism on the subject may be occasionally produced in me by the subtle influence of present things, I am always again aroused from it, as from a slumber, by looking at the progress of events in the light of prophecy, and constrained to pray that 'we may be counted worthy to escape those things which are coming to pass,

and to stand before the Son of man.' May we, like Rahab of Jericho, hang out 'the scarlet thread' in the sight of the Lord, and, like her, be delivered, through faith in Jesus, from 'the overflowing scourge, when it passes through, that it may not come unto us.'"

After another medical report, "as favourable as in the former instance," he once more returned to Dalmellington, on the last day of the year. Ere another year closed, he was to be on his way to the scene of his future labours. Meanwhile, the life of God in him grew sensibly more intense. "Oh, this vile body of sin," he writes,—"these unclean lips,—these wayward imaginations! I should wish for ever to dwell on the love and glory of Jesus, to breathe in His blessed Spirit, and to walk in His sweet fellowship. Called to wear a crown of glory that fadeth not away, why should I live so miserably far below the hope which is set before me? Loved by Jesus with a love stronger than death and hell, why should I not burn with flames of inextinguishable zeal to do His will and shew forth His glory? Why so faint my aspirations after the light of joy that shines from the presence of the Beloved? Is it because I still have a leaning to the delights of sense and time, that draws away my soul from under the power of better longings? While there is but the glimmering of a spiritual twilight in my soul, things present and felt bulk too large before the eye, and things unseen and eternal fade into the distance—a miserable state! In the clear light of God's grace and truth alone does the soul mount up with wings like an eagle. To be ever in such a light while waiting for the Lord be my portion!"

And to another, January 24:—"Christ is now our 'life' and our 'hope of glory.' 'When He shall appear, we shall likewise appear with Him in glory.' 'To rejoice in hope of the glory of God,' is that which enables us 'to glory in tribulation also;' and, by means of working 'patience and experience,' tribulation leads us to greater confidence of 'hope.' 'Now abide these three, faith, hope, and love;' and though 'the greatest of these be love,' yet, while we are in the wilderness, faith and hope have momentous functions to perform. Without these there is no Caleb-like 'following of the Lord fully'—no 'bunches of grapes from the brook of Eschol'—no earnest of the promised fulness of blessing—no Mount Pisgah views of the purchased inheritance—no glorifying of God, who has promised and is able to perform. Faith and hope are the Hur and Aaron who hold up the hands of

Moses in the mount of prayer, and make Israel victorious over Amalek."

His Christianity was not a sickly sentimentalism, nursing itself on frames and feelings. It was eminently a walk of faith; his aim was to be ever looking away, under a sense of his deep necessities, from self to the living Lord. "How little I am like Jesus," he writes to Mr Dickson, February 1 (1844), "who, when he walked on earth, 'was in heaven;' who, as has been beautifully said, 'always repelled sin, but touched it at every point!' We live in a mephitic air; and, but for the refreshing supplies of the wind which blows from heaven upon the soul, we should soon be deprived of spiritual sensibility, if not of spiritual life. Sensitiveness and quick-working imagination are apt to throw round the throne of our Father in heaven, and the presence of our gracious Lord, an atmosphere of feelings too much akin to those which are excited by unpleasant contact with the world, or sometimes even with Christian friends. Such feelings form a perverting and painted medium, which turns awry and discolours the beams of light and love that come down from 'the Father of lights and mercies.' They penetrate, by a subtle influence, all our thoughts of God and of His Son Jesus Christ; and, till they subside, the soul is cast down and disquieted. The only remedy is, I find, simple, child-like believing—implicit confidence in the Word of God, which is the sole object of saving faith. To see Christ our righteousness, and in Him our righteousness accepted already (for He is raised from the dead), and glorified (for He is at God's right hand),—that is a panacea for every soul-disease, that gives comfort to our heart, and glory to the grace of God."

And a fortnight later, to the same friend:—"Daily I find that I must bear the cross. The conflict with indwelling sin often distresses me. Satan's attacks are often so sudden and unexpected as to give a sore shock to faith, and sometimes even bear me to the ground. Oh for more looking to and resting on Christ!—more watchfulness!—more self-denial, and more grace-acknowledgment! We need to have on the whole armour of God." And to Mr A. A. Walker:—"It is a blessed thing, my dear friend, to be out of this rebellious world, and safe in Christ. Those who are in the world are rebels against the King. Those who are in Christ have a warfare to wage against the world and its rebellious prince. The warfare is often hot; we need God's armour always, and all God's armour. There is much evil daily manifesting itself within me; I

never gain a victory over it but when I simply believe in Jesus. When we are restless and impatient, we sink into deep waters. When we lie in the hand of Jesus, as clay in the hands of the potter, we are enlarged and filled with peace. The flesh within us cannot rest—the spirit within us seeks to repose in the bosom of Jesus. As has been well said, that is 'the evangelic posture.'"

His holy longings he expresses a few weeks later to Mr Dodds thus:—"I seem as yet to be only on the confines of light and spiritual-mindedness. Are these not days of Sardian imperfection—of lingering about the threshold, instead of 'drawing near with true hearts and full assurance of faith into the Holiest of all?' Do we not feel lamentably, and mourn over, in our own souls, the freezing influence of that cold night which has overtaken the Churches? The Church of Christ, as it is visible in the world, exhibits now-a-days much of the aspect worn by the nation of the Jews in the time of our Saviour: there is, with an almost universal profession of Christianity, much Sadducean infidelity and licentiousness, as well as much Pharisaic display and outside-godliness. It is only a few who, 'in the hope of being like the Lord at His appearing, are now purifying themselves, as He is pure.' There has been a great 'falling away from the faith,' from the living, world-overcoming faith. The nut-shell of orthodoxy remains unbroken, but the kernel of vital godliness has shrunk almost into 'a thing of nought.' Individual and local revivals testify that the gift of the Spirit has not been withdrawn from the Church; but that gift was made to the Church as a whole, and has not the Church as a whole resisted, and grieved, and well-nigh quenched the Spirit?"

And, led into a train of thought concerning the Church's future, he proceeds:—"These words are addressed to the Gentile Church as a body, and they lay the axe to the root of the expectation that the Gentile Church will be employed in the ministry of converting the world: 'If God spared not the natural branches, take heed lest he also spare not thee. Behold, therefore, the goodness and severity of God: on them which fell, severity; but toward thee, goodness, if thou continue in His goodness: otherwise thou also shalt be cut off.' Has the Gentile Church continued or not in the goodness of God? The words quoted tell how much depends on the answer to this question. The banner of Protestantism, which at the Reformation from apostasy was lifted up on behalf of the abandoned faith, had too legibly blazoned on it the humbling confession that the Gentile Church had not 'continued in

the goodness of God,' but 'fallen by unbelief.' Is there hope, nevertheless, that because of the Protestant Reformation, the sentence—ἀποτομία (cutting off)—will be suspended? The question finds its emphatic answer in the word of the Lord to Josiah. Josiah was the Luther of the Jewish Church: his reign was the era of, by analogy, a Protestant Reformation: he brought to light the Word of God, after a long period of entombment: he read publicly the Book of the Covenant, and made a covenant to walk after the Lord with his whole heart. But did this avert the judgment which had already been incurred by apostasy? 2 Kings xxiii. 26, 27, contains the sentence of the Lord. But, 'if the foundations be destroyed, what shall the righteous do?' 'Wait for the consolation of Israel, and enter into their chambers, till the indignation be overpast.'"

In a letter to an afflicted friend, dated March 28, we have a specimen of his skill in the application of his taste for metaphysics to the solution of a problem with which the Christian invalid is often called to deal:—"Wonderful is the reciprocation of influence that is constantly passing between the mental and material parts of our nature. Body and soul at all times mutually sympathise. The Christian should not forget this. So long as Job was in a state of bodily health, his soul was as cloudless as the sky above him, and Satan could not find any door of entrance for his blasphemous suggestions; but whenever Job's body became the prey of disease, then 'the thing which he greatly feared came upon him,' —then his soul was laid bare to the assaults of the wicked one, and his spiritual conflicts became so desperate, that 'his roarings were poured out like the waters.' The reason of our being spiritually depressed, in consequence of such a bodily condition, is, that whatever anxious or melancholy feeling is excited in our minds by any foreign cause, that feeling so affects the mind as to bring all our thoughts and affections into a congenial mood; and then we naturally imagine that we have undergone some change for the worse in regard to spiritual objects, in consequence of which, our spiritual affections have become so sadly changed; whereas the original cause of change lies wholly without the soul, in something not at all connected with spiritual things. When we are depressed by bodily disease, we should endeavour to occupy our thoughts with the most joy-inspiring portions of Scripture, and not suffer them for a moment to brood over the gloomy feelings that prevail within. If ever we should look away from ourselves,

it is when we are cast down and disquieted; for in ourselves there is nothing but what will, if looked at, serve to deepen our distress, and to make us sink from disquietude into despondency."

Like the man in the "picture," his eye was "lifted up to heaven." "As the bee," he writes on 21st May—and the words may be taken as a transcript of his own daily walk—"is ever on the wing between the flowers and its honey-cells, so should our affections ever be going forth in prayer to God without, and returning to God within. In our mutual intercourse and conversation—amidst all the busiest scenes of our pilgrimage—we may be moving to and fro on the rapid wing of prayer, of mental prayer—that prayer which lays the whole burden of the heart on a single sigh. A sigh breathed in the spirit, though inaudible to all around us but God, may sanctify every conversation, every event in the history of the day. We must have fellowship at all times either with 'the spirit of the world' or with 'the Spirit of God.' There is no neutral ground between fleshliness and spirituality of mind. There is the greater need, therefore, of watchfulness and prayer, if we would keep ourselves so that the wicked one may touch us not.' Prayer will be fatiguing to flesh and blood, if uttered aloud and sustained long. Oral prayer, and prayer mentally ordered in words, though not uttered aloud, no believer can engage in without ceasing; but there is an under-current of prayer that may run continually under the stream of our thoughts, and never weary us. Such prayer is the silent breathing of the Spirit of God who dwells in our hearts (*vide* Rom. viii. 9, and 1 Cor. iii. 16): it is the temper and habit of the spiritual mind; it is the pulse of 'our life, which is hid with Christ in God:' it is the consciousness of 'the Divine nature' communicated to us in regeneration. Prayer of this kind may be breathed 'without ceasing.' I am convinced that the spirit of such mental prayer alone can maintain in our souls an uninterrupted 'assurance of hope,' and give us to enjoy unbroken 'fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ.' It alone can secure to us the enjoyment of liberty, power, and holiness. It is an unprofitable thing to hunt after frames and feelings: these are very good and precious, but they are only creatures—not God himself, but only God's work. The staple of spiritual life and godliness consists in a sense, ever-abiding, of our dependence upon God's indwelling Spirit, combined with a prayerful panting of soul after larger and larger manifestations of the Spirit within us. We

tarry on the threshold of our most holy faith, until we enter into Jesus, and live upon His breath."

In the beginning of August, he returned to Edinburgh, and was again examined by his physician. Though the disease in the lungs did not appear to have been making progress, there was discovered a tendency to ulceration, rendering still dangerous any attempt to preach.

Various plans for the future were now suggested. "There is a probability," he writes to Mr Walker on September 30, alluding to one of them, "of my going out to the south of France, and afterwards to other places along or on the Mediterranean, in connexion with several of the Foreign and Missionary Schemes of the Free Church. My object will be, if the Lord call me to go forth to the work, to make inquiries, in some places, as to the welfare and prosperity of the brethren; and in other places, as the Lord enables me, to encourage by means of sympathy and fellowship those who are, amidst difficulties, engaged in the good work of the Lord. If I go, I shall have to leave this in about nine or ten days. Oh for dew," he adds, "from the Lord on our souls! Oh to be full of the Holy Ghost! Oh to be ever in the heavenly places, and to realise more abundantly what is the hope of our calling! There is little comfort in the house when Christ is not there. When the King sits at His table and sups with us, the house is filled with the odour of His sweet ointment—all is peace and joy."

But another work awaited him. "This morning," he wrote to the author, October 15, 1844, "I met Dr Candlish and Mr Sym, expecting to be able afterwards to leave this for France at my earliest convenience. It has been suggested, however, by Mr Sym, that it would be of much more consequence to go out to Madeira, than to Malta or any of the other places formerly mentioned. It is, I understand, at present most desirable that a minister should be sent out to Madeira to acquire the Portuguese language (which one might acquire so as to be able to preach in it in the course of a year), with the view of preaching the gospel to the poor Portuguese in the island. During the year which would be spent in doing nothing but acquiring the language, my health might be so far recruited, by the blessing of God on the change of air, as to enable me afterwards to labour in that part of the vineyard. Doubtless, it would be more consonant to my natural wishes to be a minister of the gospel at home; but if, in a way so unexpected, the Lord be pleased to say, 'I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles,

it is my part to deny myself through His grace, and to take up my cross, and go. Madeira is at present the forlorn hope of Christianity. There, more than anywhere else in our day, has Popery breathed its natural element of intolerance and persecution."

"Be not afraid, for I am with thee," said the Lord to Paul by night in a vision, "and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee; for I have much people in this city." The same Lord was now beckoning Mr Hewitson to a scene where also He had "much people." Shall the disciple hesitate? "During the last two or three weeks," says he, writing to his parents on October 17, "I have been led by the Lord in a way which I knew not, and all along I have followed just as I was led. Without acting contrary to my feelings as to what the Lord would have me to do, I cannot but consent to the change of my destination which has been proposed. May the change be, in the issue, glorifying to God, and a means of salvation to perishing souls! We are but vessels in the Lord's house; He has a supreme right to dispose of us as He wills. Therefore His will be done. I have intimated my willingness to go to Madeira, if the Committee think it proper to send out a preacher of the gospel into that field. It is my duty, if I be a servant of the Lord at all, to say, 'Lord, here am I; send me.'"

CHAPTER VII.

1844.

Ordination—Leaving Home—Arrival in London—Temporary Destination to Lisbon.

"I HAVE not sent these prophets, yet they ran: I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied." "I sent them not nor commanded them; therefore they shall not profit this people at all, saith the Lord."

Mr Hewitson did not venture to run unsent. "My studies at college," we find him writing on 9th February 1842, "are all vain and unprofitable, unless the Spirit of Jesus purify my heart, and make me zealous to promote God's glory, and to gather fruit—the fruit of immortal souls—unto life eternal." And a month afterwards:—"I am sensible that all I have acquired of earthly learn-

ing, cannot, by itself, qualify me in the slightest degree for the work of an evangelist, unless Christ say to me what He said to the unlettered fishermen—'Follow me, and I will make thee a fisher of men.' It is not by might nor by strength, but by the Spirit of the Lord of hosts, that any man can preach the word of the heavenly kingdom; for the kingdom of God is not in word but in power—the power of the Holy Ghost." And again: "I wish you would all pray that, in the grace of God, I may be fitted to be a minister of reconciliation, and be called inwardly by the Holy Spirit to the sacred office. Without that spiritual call I could not, durst not, accept a presentation to any parish. It would be trifling with my own soul and the souls of hundreds."

What ministry can prosper which is without this indispensable element?

> "The blind at an easel, the palsied with a graver, the halt making for the goal,
> The deaf ear tuning psaltery, the stammerer discoursing eloquence,—
> What wonder if all fail?"

If at times, in His mysterious sovereignty, the Master have used in His work those who ran unsent, Mr Hewitson was not the man to covet the sad distinction.

"Blessed be God," said Henry Martyn on one occasion, "I feel myself to be *His* minister." To go forth as "His minister"—to beseech men in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God—was the one object for which Mr Hewitson cared to live.

"If ministers only saw," observed Payson, on his deathbed, to a brother who had come to visit him, "the inconceivable glory that is before them, and the preciousness of Christ, they would not be able to refrain from going about, leaping and clapping their hands for joy, and exclaiming, 'I'm a minister of Christ! I'm a minister of Christ.'" Mr Hewitson had been taught to long after the blessed work with a chastened enthusiasm not unlike Payson's. "Oh that I were a minister of the gospel!" he writes: "I do not mean ordained of men—for it is a little thing to be judged of men, or of man's judgment, as fit for the pastoral office; but I mean, ordained by the Spirit of Christ."

On preaching his first sermon, already noticed, he had written, on 19th May 1842, thus:—"The Lord strengthened me graciously for the work, both in soul and body. Oh that He may endue me with power from on high to lift up my voice like a trumpet in proclaiming the unsearchable riches of His free salvation! You are

acquainted with Luther's wise and beautiful apophthegm—'*Bene orâsse est bene studuisse.*' The most successful preachers of the gospel have always been distinguished as men of earnest prayer. In analysing the power of Whitefield as a preacher, his biographer states his prayerfulness as the leading element, and finely remarks, that he always came down from the throne of grace with the tidings of salvation, like the angel of the Apocalypse, having a rainbow round his head. Do you know William C. B——? He is a most prayerful man."

And again, about the same period, to Dr Marsden:—"My desire is not merely to have spiritual strength, 'ere I go hence and be no more,' but likewise to labour, by the grace of God, were it but for a few years, in the gospel-ministry. 'To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain;' my greatest wish is to be able to join Paul in the use of this heavenly expression of evangelistic zeal. To be able to do that is the highest qualification—'the one thing needful'—for success in the ministerial office." And to Mr Dodds, July 9 (1844): "It is an awful thing to preach the gospel to hell-bound souls. No wonder that Paul was with his hearers 'in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling.' An impenitent sinner, on his deathbed, beginning to feel in the first pangs of eternal agony, 'I am a lost soul,' is a sight which ought to stimulate zeal and effort in the preaching of the gospel; for such a sight will be presented ere long by every one who hears the gospel preached, and is not converted by the gospel unto God. How precious the soul which can be the subject of that feeling of unutterable agony—'I am lost!' How precious, therefore, the gospel! And how precious the gospel-ministry! My eyes are scarcely open yet to see these things as I ought to see them, or my heart to feel them as they should be felt."

And now that he is about to be "thrust" by the Lord into His "harvest," how simple and self-denying is his faith! Before setting out for Madeira, it had been deemed desirable that he should be ordained. "Yesterday," he writes to his parents on Nov. 7, 1844, "was a solemn day—one ever to be remembered. I was ordained by the Presbytery of Edinburgh (Free Church of Scotland). Mr Grey presided at the ordination. I trust that the Lord Jesus presided over all, and ordained me 'to go and bring forth fruit that shall remain' unto eternal life. He himself could say, 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor,' &c. May these words be, in

some, and that a large, measure, applicable to me as to one chosen and 'separated unto the gospel of God!'"

"If we commit our way to the Lord," he had written to Mr Dodds a few days previously, "we shall find friends of His providing at every step of our progress. The disciple of Jesus who forsakes all to follow Him, has the promise of father and mother, and friends, and all things, even in this present time. I go forth, not knowing but that, ere I can return, the Lord will appear in His glory. He may, and He may not; but as the day and the hour are uncertain, there is need of attending to His call to watchfulness and preparation. The hope of His coming is not 'a blessed hope,' unless we have peace of conscience, and some measure of joy in the Holy Ghost. Old Adam, in our hearts, puts away from him, with fear and dislike, the thought of Christ's coming. But the spirit in us, which is born of the Holy Spirit, bounds with joy, like the unborn Baptist in his mother's womb, at the hope of the Lord's appearing."

The sphere of labour to which he had been designated was one of no common peril. Without any hyperbole, as the reader will by and by discover, was it styled by him "the forlorn hope of Christianity." Yet he only seemed quickened by the trying emergency into new zeal and boldness. "Oh! pray for me," he wrote to Mr A. A. Walker, November 16, "that I may be kept from evil by our gracious Lord! I go out to Portugal in a missionary capacity, and may have much to try me and to put my faith to the proof. At present there are shut up in Madeira prison no fewer than twenty-six dear children of God, who have been converted through means of Dr Kalley—all Portuguese, and, of course, Roman Catholics before they came to the knowledge of the truth. Their only crime is that they read and believe the Word of God. Popery is implacable—as blood-thirsty as ever, if it had the power. This is truly an age of tribulation to the saints. 'All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution:' but 'if we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him.' Oh that I could realise this more, and live, through the Spirit, in constant 'waiting for the hope of righteousness by faith!' 'The time is short; the day is at hand.'"

He went, expecting success. "Pray for me, my dear friend," he wrote from Dalmellington to a brother in the ministry, on the eve of setting out. "Remember my trials and difficulties before the Lord. Let us not forget Saturday evenings at seven o'clock.

Then pray for fruit unto eternal life from among the poor Portuguese."

An incautious announcement, in a public paper, of his designation as missionary to the Portuguese of Madeira, rendered it advisable that, instead of proceeding direct to that island, he should go in the first instance to Lisbon. This step, it will be seen, was overruled by the Lord for a not unimportant end.

"Every wheel in the chariot," writes Martyn, "must be in motion, to gain the race." Mr Hewitson's chariot-wheels were now all in motion. "Pray for me," he writes to Mr Dodds from London on his way, on 26th November, "for now I am beginning more than ever to feel my utter helplessness. Friends, relations, home, are all left behind. Whether I may ever visit them again is uncertain. This is trying to flesh and blood. In the object, again, which I have in view, there is nothing which is pleasing to the natural man. Now I need to find my all in Christ. If He be not now all my portion, then I am truly destitute. But in Him there is more than enough to compensate every loss and sacrifice. Oh for more grace to live in Christ, on Christ, with Christ!"

And the day following he writes to Dr Moir:—"Before leaving England, I write to say, Farewell! and to thank you for all your past acts of kindness. The Lord reward you for them all! As you have ministered to the re-establishment of my bodily health, so may the Lord grant that your spiritual health be fully established! May His stripes be healing, His death be life, to your soul! I find my present position trying to my faith. Thrown abroad from all home-sympathies and influences, I have nothing but grace to lean on, none but Christ to look to. Faith will bear me up and forward on my path."

And, just before sailing, to another friend:—"I have been so busily occupied, that I have not yet felt, in all its pressure, the peculiarity of my present position. For a moment now and then there has been a gush of feeling, such as I perhaps never realised before. The thought is yet strange to me, that I have left all dear to me in this world, perhaps never to see them in this world again. To-morrow I expect to be more free to bethink myself, and to feel that I am indeed now all alone with God. Oh that, with all dear to me, I could leave behind also everything hateful and unholy! If I could leave self and sin behind! Oh the body of this death! Indwelling sin is indwelling torture! To be all for God, all in God—oh, when!"

His friends, as they bade farewell to the exhausted invalid, feared that his foreign sojourn was only to smooth his passage to the grave. He himself, in spite of all appearances, "hoped against hope." And signally was the Lord to honour His trusting servant.

CHAPTER VIII.

1841–1844.

State of the Church of Scotland—Impending Crisis—The Convocation—The Disruption.

We pause to indicate Mr Hewitson's views on a subject which, during the last three years, had occupied no small share of his sympathies and prayers.

"This controversy," said one of Scotland's ancient worthies, "truly reacheth up to the heavens, and the top of it reacheth above the clouds. It doth highly concern Jesus Christ himself, in His glory, royal prerogative, and kingdom, which He hath and exerciseth as Mediator and Head of His Church." Such a controversy had been raging in Scotland, and had reached its crisis in 1843.

The first note of the coming crisis was sounded in August 1841. At a meeting of the Commission of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, the Minority intimated their purpose of appealing to the State to overbear the Evangelical majority in the exercise of spiritual discipline. "Last meeting of Commission," wrote Mr Hewitson to Mr Dickson, August 21, "has told a tale which historians of a future day will not tell in very few pages. It is time that Christians put on the whole armour of God: the shock of decisive battle is near, and there will, I fear, be fallings away, through want of courage, from the Lord's ranks; but blessed will be the men amongst us who are delivered from the hour of temptation. What a change within a few past years! How great may be the change when a few years more are past! God forbid that I should be like Peter—valiant in tongue for Jesus, but faint-hearted in the day of temptation!"

Two great meetings were held in Edinburgh at the end of the month. Writing to the author, September 6, he says:—"To return to the Commission; I am sure you were delighted with the unanimous firmness and decision of principle exhibited by the

ministers and elders of the Church who were present;—of the Church, I say—for, along with you, I regard the 'Moderate' party as belonging, not to the Church, but to the world. There always has been a world in the Church, as well as a Church in the world; and now-a-days, looking at the two conflicting bodies through the medium of Scripture truth, we cannot hesitate to say which of the two is the most church-like, and which the most world-like. I was present for two hours in the West Kirk in the evening: that was a fine spectacle! How impressive the solemnity of feeling pervading the congregated mass! How stirring and affecting the eloquence of Candlish—of Gordon! May the Lord look down and bless the efforts made in behalf of His royal prerogative! His cause must certainly prevail; and though, like the sea at flow-tide, it seem at brief intervals to be retrograding, it is only to collect its strength, and again rush with new impetus over the opposing barriers."

Some candidates for the ministry were swerving from their steadfastness. Mr Hewitson had grace to stand. "Even though I were able to preach," he wrote to Dr Marsden, on 15th February 1842, "I have at present little prospect of getting a church; for I belong, on Bible principles, to that party in the Church of Scotland which is now sadly depressed by the oppressive usurpations of the civil court. A deserter to the opposite party can readily obtain a presentation; but it were better, by the grace of God, to live in penury, to be driven out of the Establishment, than to live caressed and in affluence but stung to the quick by a traitor's conscience!"

The General Assembly, which met in May 1842, adopted a "Claim of Right," as the Church's formal appeal to the State, demanding, "as of right," in virtue of ancient statutes, uncontrolled freedom, notwithstanding State-connexion, to rule in the house of God. Whilst the appeal lay before the State unheeded, the civil court, at the instance of the relentless Minority, pronounced a decision, finding a presbytery, who had refused to ordain a presentee whose call was signed by only three persons in a parish of two thousand people, personally liable in a penalty of £16,000. This decision rendering further delay impossible, a convocation of ministers was summoned in November 1842, to determine on the course of action. Mr Hewitson, then lying an invalid in Edinburgh, evinced his deep concern in the crisis by preparing and widely circulating the following

"*Proposal for United Prayer.*—A Convocation of the Ministers of the Church of Scotland is to be held in Edinburgh on the 17th of this month. That it may be blessed by God, as a means of glorifying His Son, and of promoting the best interests of our Zion, it is proposed that as many of God's children as possible unite daily, between Tuesday 8th and Thursday 17th instant, in prayer, either private or public, on its behalf. Let us pray God, 1*st*, That many ministers may assemble at the Convocation, in a spirit of prayer and of zeal for the Redeemer's glory; 2*d*, That, when assembled, they may receive largely 'the spirit of counsel and of the fear of the Lord;' 3*d*, That the Spirit may so 'glorify Christ by shewing unto them' His office and character as the King of Zion, that they may bear a united testimony to the truth, and rejoice in being counted worthy to suffer for the sake of Jesus; 4*th*, That beholding the glory of Jesus, which the Father hath given Him, and being filled with the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, they may resolve, with one heart and soul, to forsake all, if need be, and follow Christ; 5*th*, That the world may see their oneness of spirit, and so, taking knowledge of them that they have been with Jesus, be led to confess that Jesus is indeed the only King of Zion. —*Nov.* 2, 1842."

At the Convocation, above four hundred ministers subscribed resolutions binding them to separate from the State unless Parliament should interpose to nullify the new construction put by the civil courts upon the ancient statutes. "Since I saw you," writes Mr Hewitson to his friend Mr Dodds on 9th January 1843, "the affairs of our martyr-Zion present a different, though by no means a more hopeless, aspect. The Convocation has, by the blessing of God, been a means of bringing out into open day a spirit of self-denial and faithfulness in the cause of Christ, which speaks more for the prosperity of the Church of Scotland than would all the support of a favouring earthly legislature. So long as our Church is able to furnish such a cloud of devoted witnesses to the truth, she will be blessed and prosperous even in the midst of persecution. Her present trials are a sure indication of that which alone constitutes the prosperity of a Church—I mean, the character of godliness. Now is not a time for us to cry out, 'The Church is in danger;' it is a time to cry out, with the voice of warning, 'The State is in danger.' Judgment in this land is first beginning with the righteous; what, then, will the end be of those who obey not the gospel of God? This is a critical time for 'the world.'"

The Government issued a manifesto holding out no prospect of relief. "The letter of Sir James Graham," says he, writing to Mr Dickson, on January 24, "which is in character with all his actings towards the Church of Scotland, shews us what measure of redress we may expect from Government. The 'Minute' of the Special Commission is a stringently argumentative and unanswerable document; but what avails it? The enemies of Zion have closed their eyes, and they will not see; they have steeled their hearts, and they will not pity. We must 'lift up our eyes to the hills,' from whence alone cometh our help. My fears will be most happily disappointed, if we be not entering on a stormy period—a period of fiery trial, which will try every man's work, of what sort it is. We had need to be looking well to our armour."

Parliament at length spoke. The Church of Scotland's "Claim of Right" was unequivocally, almost contumeliously, rejected. Both the great parties in the State agreed in declaring that the price of State-connexion was Church-subjection. Formerly, in Scotland, the union of Church and State had left unfettered the liberty of Church-rulers and of Church-members to serve Christ. Now this liberty was withdrawn. And for the Church one course only was open. The crisis at length came. "The Disruption took place amidst circumstances so awfully solemn," he wrote to the author from Dalmellington, May 24 (1843), "that it could scarcely fail to impress even the world with the conviction that God himself was revealing His arm. What reason for all who love Christ's royal name, and bear witness to His crown rights, to adore the Father of lights for having given the Spirit of wisdom and counsel, of boldness and unity, in so large a measure to His servants! The time chosen was the fittest time for separation; the mode of separating was the wisest that could have been adopted. Even human wisdom can now say this; but it was Divine wisdom that, in the hour of perplexity, directed the counsels of our Church. It is no vain thing to 'hold the Head' Christ Jesus: by so doing, the Church, which is Christ's body, as well as every member of it, draws from the Lord wisdom in perplexity, and grace to help in the time of need. I am anxious," he adds, "to make known my adherence to 'the Protest' of the Free Assembly. Will you be so good as to give in my name, that it may be added to the two hundred probationers already enrolled?"

And to Mr Dickson, on June 12:—"The Disruption of the

Church of Scotland, and of many families, and of many friendships, has taken place! The Church goes asunder into two assemblies; and families, each united till now, separate to different places of worship. Let me only say, that though the Disruption of our Church be, in some points of view, one of the most striking, marvellous events that have ever occurred, it is, nevertheless, not great in comparison with the events which are ordained in due time to follow; and that it is ours 'to stand upon our watch, and set us upon the tower,' having 'our loins girt and our lights burning,' and praying that (whatever sense we put upon the words) 'we may be counted worthy to escape those things which shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man.' One pleasing prospect is, that there is going to be a time of showers and awakening in Zion,—at least there is ground for hoping this."

And, after the memorable Assembly of 1844, we find him writing to Mr Dodds, July 9, thus:—"Every event alike has been fraught with the intelligence from heaven that the Lord acknowledges our cause, that the Lord will plead it, that 'His arm is awaking as in the days of old.' Especially do we see into the Lord's mind, through the window which was opened in heaven at the last General Assembly. The first drops of a shower descended, and that too—a circumstance of apparently deep import—on the representatives of the whole body of our Church. There has likewise been a more cheerful giving away to the Lord than Scotland ever before witnessed. Does not this tell us that a cloud full of rain is gathering overhead? For it is written, 'Bring the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in my house, and prove me now herewith, if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing.' All things break forth into one cry—'There is a sound of abundance of rain.' If the clouds pass away without sending us down a shower of blessing, surely it will be in consequence of a guilty 'restraining of prayer.'"

CHAPTER IX.

1844, 1845.

Lisbon—Diary—Correspondence—Popery and Infidelity—Divine Training—Snares and Conflicts—The Armour of God—Spiritual Analysis—The Word a Lamp—Way made Plain—Sails for Madeira.

THE brief residence at Lisbon was a notable season in Mr Hewitson's life. The Lord took him aside once more, to give to his sickle a new edge. The process is recorded in a private diary kept by him during his sojourn in that city. We limit ourselves to selected extracts, interspersed with passages from his contemporaneous correspondence.

Before quoting from the Journal, let us accompany him on his voyage, and learn his first impressions of Portugal. "On Thursday of last week," he writes from Lisbon, December 7, 1844, to Mr Dickson, "I left Southampton by the Pacha steamer, and, by the goodness of God, had good weather for the voyage. During the two first days, sickness detained me in my berth. On Saturday evening, amidst the heavings of the Bay of Biscay, I got out upon deck, and was refreshed by the cooling head-wind. We were in the Bay till Sabbath evening. The Sabbath was to me no day of sweet refreshing, though it brought forcibly to my mind the blessed privileges of Scotland. All the day I spent on deck in solitude and silence, without reading, and almost without reflection—I was so weak and exhausted. On Sabbath evening we put up into the port of Vigo, for the purpose of delivering and receiving the mail. Speedily boats with lanterns came shooting through the dark towards the vessel, and a scene of bustle ensued—fresh passengers coming on board, and packages of goods being heaved up from the boats for transportation. Spanish and English words fell thick on the ear. Next morning we came to anchor near Oporto. The city was concealed from view, as it lies about two miles up the river. The mail was delivered here. In the afternoon there was a fog, and the sea became rough. After dinner I went on deck, and paced to and fro amidst the darkness, or sat looking to Him 'who stilleth the raging of the sea.' On Tuesday morning I dressed earlier than usual, as we were now approaching to Lisbon. The first object that met my eye was the State-

prison—a fortified place on the banks of the Tagus. A little way further up, and on the same—that is, the northern—side of the river, was seen the Tower of Belem, from the neighbourhood of which Vasco de Gama set out on his expedition. Lisbon, founded on its seven hills, was now seen stretching along the banks of the noble Tagus. I had cause of gratitude to the Lord for bringing me in safety to my place of destination, but a feeling of sadness and desolation prevailed. A city to dwell in, but—no home, no relative, no friend! A stranger in a strange land! I wish, dear friend, that you were along with me: we should follow the Shepherd together into green pastures, and beside the still waters. I am alone. Christ sometimes smiles most graciously upon me, but I am often sorely tempted. The devil sometimes rages and storms. I feel this to be a critical period in my spiritual life. To set the Lord always before me, and ever to abide in the enjoyment of His love—that alone can restrain the soul from returning again to folly. My health is tolerably good; my appetite excessively keen—as keen as the cutting winds of a Lisbon December. The climate here is milder decidedly than in Scotland; but the winds are cold even at mid-day, when the sun is very warm. Just now—*i. e.*, past seven o'clock P.M.—the thermometer stands at 53 degrees or 54. I have no fire. Just now, how near to me all my beloved friends in Edinburgh seem to be! May they be all beloved of the Lord!"

In the Journal he writes:—"*Sabbath, December* 8, 1844.—Much joy in believing. Fellowship with the Lord. *Saturday, December* 14.—For several days buffeted by Satan. 'Pressed out of measure, above strength, insomuch that I was almost driven to despair.' Satan designs to bring me again into bondage. In the evening, sore perplexed, I betook myself to the Word of God and prayer. Obtained thus a great enlargement; filled with love and gratitude to the Lord; found Him very near unto me. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits. *Sabbath, December* 15.—All the day till the evening wonderful manifestations of grace and love from the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Infinite, adorable love! Grace to the chief of sinners—grace coming over mountains of guilt! Royal, reigning, glorious grace! Where sin abounds, grace still more, infinitely more, abounding! This my experience. The Sabbath sweet, though I was all alone—sweet beyond description for hours together,—wrapt in wonder, adoration, and love! Oh, what a God is our

God! In consequence of not looking steadfastly to the Lord as all my righteousness and strength, a tendency evident to superstition and confidence in the 'flesh.' Hence a spirit of bondage. This day were remarkably displayed the different natures of the flesh and the spirit. 'That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.' See also Rom. viii. 5–9 (especially ver. 5), and Gal. v. 16–26 (especially ver. 17). In the evening, read and explained part of John iii. in a class of five children who came to my room. Some enlargement—some love to Jesus."

And again:—"*Tuesday, December* 17.—No lasting happiness, except in unvarying subjection to the will of God. To know His will in all things, great and small, singleness of eye absolutely necessary. Singleness of eye of no use to me except when I look at things in the light of God's Word. 'To the law and to the testimony,' &c. The only support of the soul under temptation is, 'The Lord OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS' realised by faith. Being justified by faith in this truth, we have peace with God; and that peace makes the soul strong, both for doing and for suffering God's will. *Wednesday, December* 18.—Fellowship with the Lord. Saw in His face the glory of the Father, the Spirit embracing me in the arms of His gracious love. Joy and peace in reading the Word and in prayer; so full of Divine light and blessedness, that I felt as if I could willingly do or suffer anything for the glory of God. *Thursday, December* 19.—How sweet the Word to my taste! Enjoyment of fellowship with God in prayer. My peace interrupted by the secret workings of the impatient, restless flesh. 'When I would do good, evil is present with me.' Difficulty of restraining the tendency to impatience under the crosses of the day. The very tendency disabled me to draw, as I should have done, upon the treasures of strengthening, sanctifying grace which are in Christ. Oh to be free from the body of this death! It would gladly, if it could, free itself from the restraints of God's blessed Word and Spirit! When shall the enemy be slain, and my soul wholly free? Went with my rankling sore to the throne of grace. Some comfort. I am ashamed to be always, always going back to God stained with guilt; but still I have found God gracious—ready to heap coals of fire upon my head by pouring out on my hell-deserving soul the treasures of His love and pity. 'There is forgiveness with Thee, that thou mayest be feared.' 'Gifts for men, yea, for the rebellious also!' Oh my soul, bless

the Lord, 'who forgiveth all thine iniquities.' Lord Jesus, oh that I were holy as Thou art holy! 'How long shall the wicked, how long shall the wicked triumph? They say unto me daily, Where is now thy God?' Oh Lord, plead in me Thine own cause; shew that, as Thou art my righteousness, Thou art my sanctification also."

In a letter to a friend, dated Lisbon, December 20, he says:—"It is pleasant to look back on the scenes and to remember the friends who are now far distant. Distance makes the scenes more lovely and the friends more dear to me than they ever were. This all the more so, that dark uncertainty hangs over the future. A letter, recently received by a correspondent here from Dr Kalley, brings the information that the twenty-six converts are still shut up in Funchal prison. In every house in Lisbon where there are Protestants, there is a jealous surveillance maintained over them, I understand, through means of the Confessional. Popery here is a living, wakeful, energetic power. It has bribed, and endeavours still to bribe, Protestants into defection.

"On the evening after my arrival at Lisbon," he continues, "I had a long conversation—which was conducted in patched Portuguese on my part, and patched English on his—with a young Portuguese nobleman whom I met in the hotel. I had the opportunity, in reply to a question which he put, of informing him that the Presbyterians of Scotland do not acknowledge the Pope, or any other person, but the Lord Jesus Christ, to be the head of the Church. I endeavoured, likewise, to explain the doctrine of justification by faith in Christ's righteousness alone. He assisted me in endeavouring to quote a verse of Scripture on the subject; but, when I asked him whether he held the same views with myself, he replied, that he had not acquaintance enough with the English language to enable him to discuss the question. My proficiency in Portuguese is not yet great enough to enable me to speak much, still less to understand what is rapidly spoken by others; nevertheless I have occasionally had conversations with a Portuguese servant, a young man, who seems to take great pleasure in hearing and reading about the concerns of the soul."

Several months later, we find him stating his matured impressions on the subject of Romanism, especially in its relation to infidelity, thus:—"Lisbon is to Portugal and its dependencies, at this moment, the head-quarters of Roman Catholic influence. There is in it an *Associação da Fe*, supported by many great

names. Its operations are carried on with vigour, with secrecy, and with little scrupulosity as to the means of success resorted to. There is much infidelity abroad among all classes of the Portuguese, under the guise of a decent outward observance of the rites of Popery. That there is likewise much superstition and bigotry, and that these are on the increase, is, I think, unquestionable. But all, whether they be bigots or infidels, are one in the determination to maintain the unity of the Church and to promote its interests. The one class sees, in the communion of the Popish Church, the only possibility of salvation; and by the doctrines of that Church it is bound to war against all heresy and schism. The other class finds that the Church of Rome, exercising, as it does, a benumbing influence over the intellectual faculties, and precluding all liberty of judgment and choice, is admirably fitted to serve as an engine of political despotism. This class is bound, by the love of political ascendancy and the zeal of party, to defend the Church of Rome against all that would destroy its unity or disturb its peace. Nor is that Church unwilling to be supported by alliance with infidelity. She cares not who they be that are within her pale, if only they support her interests and outwardly respect her forms. She is true to her character as described in the Apocalypse. Professing to be the Lamb's wife, she is an adulteress.

"I think," he continues, "that, at the present time, there are at work together, for the purpose of promoting the ascendancy of Rome, the two distinct but closely-allied powers of superstition and infidelity. If we try to account for the appearances of a growing influence which Popery presents everywhere throughout the nations, by exclusively regarding the operation of one of these two powers, we shall, I think, soon be convinced of the inadequacy of the cause to the effect. There is a reality in the superstition of the present day. It is not mere hypocrisy and simulation. God is giving up multitudes of men to 'strong delusion, to believe a lie, that they all may be damned who receive not the love of the truth, that they may be saved.' Satan is reigning as a spirit of superstition and erroneous belief over the minds of thousands; and day by day he is bringing more under the power of his soul-destroying lies. But infidelity has an equally substantial influence, —it also can number its thousands and its tens of thousands; and it is necessary to take its operation into account also, if we would adequately explain the events which are giving proof of Popery's

being again in the ascendant. Superstition is furthering Popery for its own sake—infidelity is furthering it for the sake of an ulterior end. The two powers are now combining their forces, and acting in mutual subserviency to each other. These now appear to be at one, but they have different interests; and after a brief period of trouble, resulting from the union of their counsels and efforts, a breach will take place between them;—infidelity will shew itself hostile to even the bare form of religion — the 'beast' will destroy the 'whore,' eat her flesh, and burn her with fire."

This subject attracted, now and afterwards, much of his attention. "If we look," we find him writing on another occasion, "into the secret operations which at this moment give form and determination to the course of events throughout Europe, and if we look into the 'sure word of prophecy,' we are equally led to the conclusion that Infidelity—a hypocrite, 'having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof'—is the most mighty of all the principles which now actuate the machine of European society." "After the French Revolution," he says again, "it retired, having spent its strength,—but only that it might return in heavier inundation to overwhelm the nations." And again:—"Infidelity is the power against which the last war of the Church's premillennial tribulation is to be waged. It is yet predestined to monarchy in Europe; 'a scarlet-coloured beast, full of names of blasphemy,' it is 'coming out of the bottomless pit,' but only to triumph for a moment, and then to go into perdition." And once more:—"Some yet living have witnessed the French Revolution, and infidelity exalted to a throne;—they may live to witness a revolution 'greater and mightier' (Rev. xvi. 17–20), introducing infidelity to imperial power over the whole Roman world (Rev. xvii. 10–13)." "What need," he adds, "of a closer walk with God in these perilous times! A hidden life with Christ in God is the only safeguard; 'he that dwelleth in the secret place of [fellowship with] the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.' Oh, may we daily walk more as in the presence of God, and live more in communion with the Holy Ghost!"

The Journal proceeds:—"*Wednesday, December* 25 (1844).—How blessed is Gal. iv. 3–7! Adoption, or 'the putting on of Christ' in the article of His sonship—that alone brings liberty, power, and love into the soul. 'Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus; for as many of you as have been baptized

into Christ have put on Christ,' and consequently stand in the same light as Christ himself does before God.

"*December* 26.—Difficult to give the body its due so as not to affect injuriously the interests of the soul. The body is not to be neglected, but to be held in some honour as regards the satisfying of its just natural demands. Yet there is danger lest the bounds of a holy temperance be exceeded. These bounds are discernible only in the light which fills 'the whole body when the eye is single.' If this light be wanting, there will be either an abuse of liberty in the form of intemperance, or a defect of liberty in the form of superstitious self-mortification. 'Ye are called unto liberty, only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh.' Read, with much sweet enjoyment, 1 Cor. vi. 11–13, in connexion with Gal. v. Prayed that I might 'walk in the Spirit,' so as to be kept from 'fulfilling the lust of the flesh.' Enabled to pray 'in the Spirit,' with 'the peace of God, which passes all understanding,' reigning in my heart. Christ was lovely in my eyes. Has Satan not sometimes aimed at leading me, by appearing as an angel of light and an advocate of righteousness, to substitute, as the rule of my Christian walk, inward suggestions coming from himself, in the room of the external Word of God? Has he not endeavoured to perplex me in such a manner as to make me look upon every instance of nonconformity to these inward suggestions as an instance of disobedience to the Holy Ghost, and so to humble me continually throughout my Christian course? It occurred to me that, in order to 'walk in the Spirit,' I must be careful to look at everything in the light of the Word, for the Word is the only revelation given to me of the Spirit's mind; and likewise to look much at the glory of Christ, for the office of the Spirit is to 'glorify Christ, by taking of His, and shewing it to the believer.' How can I walk in the Spirit, if I do not enter into His thoughts as they are revealed in Scripture, or if I do not look at Christ's glory which the Spirit holds forth to my view? 'We all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.'

"*Friday*, *December* 27.—While writing an article on 'Gospel Liberty,' for the *Christian Monitor*, visited with evil thoughts, and tempted. Did not feel that I was writing in fellowship with the Lord. I should rather say, the truths which I was writing on did not form at the time a means of fellowship with the Lord to my own soul."

Will the reader, if he be a minister of Christ, ponder those concluding words? Henry Martyn, in his diary, laments that "want of private devotional reading and shortness of prayer, through incessant sermon-making, had produced much strangeness between God and his soul." Martyn was no enemy to careful "sermon-making" or to scholar-like study. Nor was Mr Hewitson. But both alike knew that the written preparations, however elaborate, which had "not formed at the time a means of fellowship with the Lord to their own souls," were not likely to avail as instruments in God's hand for converting or edifying others. It is recorded of Payson that "he studied theology on his knees." He preached first to himself what he intended to preach to others.

"*Sabbath*, *December* 29, 1844.—Enlargement in prayer, and, whilst engaged in intercession, was enabled in some measure to believe that my cry was heard. On reading *Pe* of Ps. cxix., discovered in it precious things, which, less than an hour before, when I endeavoured to make it the subject of meditation, were hid from my eyes; so truly 'with God is the fountain of life, and in His light' alone 'we see light.' O my soul, if thou wouldst always be filled with the living water, be ever going out in believing desires unto Jesus the fountain-head! In the evening had my small Sabbath-class.

"*Monday*, *December* 30.—A spirit of self-righteousness, exceedingly subtle, suggested hard thoughts about Christ. When I prayed to the Lord before going to sleep, I felt as if the evil suggestions which had terrified and staggered me had left no guilt whatever on my conscience. God has taught me not to be so amazed and terrified at the discovery and experience of nothing in my carnal mind but hatred and enmity against Himself. 'In me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing.' Why, then, should I be surprised and alarmed by the rising up of evil and nothing but evil in my flesh? When we go as we are led or driven by the motions of evil lust and affection, then it is that we 'walk after the flesh.' The wind lifts chaff and blows it away, but scarcely stirs the trees. *Tuesday*, *December* 31.—In reference to several things which I did during the day, the same legal spirit found working in me. It is a spirit which threatens where the gospel promises, and promises where the gospel threatens. My judgment and experience alike condemn it; but still it often exercises over my mind, as it did over the minds of the Galatians, a 'bewitching' influence.

"*Wednesday, January* 1, 1845.—Sat up till midnight, and caught the very beginning of another year, that I might pray for myself, relatives, friends, &c., wishing them and myself a happy and blessed new year, where alone the wish is available for any good—at the throne of grace. Fasted till nearly three o'clock P.M., chiefly for the purpose of praying to the Lord for deliverance from a spirit of self-righteousness and bondage, from inordinate affections and evil concupiscence, and for growth in holiness during the year now begun. 'This kind cometh not out but by prayer and fasting.' When all other means fail, fasting is not to be neglected. It is an appointed means of getting the victory over the devil. The Lord give me the victory over him, and the deliverance from his power, which I have prayed for! 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' . . To-day gave myself up anew—spirit, soul, and body—to the Lord. Not that I gave, or could undertake to give, Him anything but wretchedness, poverty, blindness, nakedness, a burden of sin and corruption, and inability to do anything but what is evil; yet, looking to the promise, 'My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness,' I laid myself—spirit, soul, and body—before the Lord this day, praying Him to be my 'wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption,' to fill my spirit with the Holy Ghost, to sanctify all the faculties of my soul and all the members of my body, to make me wholly His own, a vessel of grace to bear His name to sinners, an instrument to be employed by Him in His service. Have felt the uprisings of strong, rebellious, indwelling sin, especially in the form of impatience under those little trials which it is perhaps more difficult to bear with equanimity than it is to bear greater ones.

"*Thursday, January* 2.—Sometimes I seem to be all corruption within—I feel so palpably the motions of sin and the effects of Satanic operation, but so indistinctly the motions of a holy nature and the workings of Divine grace. The Lord gave me, in answer to prayer, a feeling of interest in His glory and the salvation of souls. Enabled clearly to distinguish between the workings of nature and those of grace in my soul—I always am when 'in the light.' Bless the Lord, O my soul!

"*Saturday, January* 4.—Had towards God uncomfortable feelings, like those of a child after having committed some offence towards its parents, before it is assured of its forgiveness—the feelings of a heart ill reconciled. Went to the police-office with my passport. Met there a young man, whom I accom-

panied to Buenos Ayres, as he lived not far from my lodgings. While going along with him, impelled forcibly to say something, as a matter of faithfulness to Christ, on spiritual subjects, but not drawn out by grace, and unable to speak. God did not 'work in me to will and to do.' Intolerable bondage, to be driven by the law, and not drawn by the grace of Christ!

"*Sabbath, January* 5.—After entering church, opened a book which I found near me, and read in it the parable of the Good Shepherd. Struck by these words: 'I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. But he that is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth.' Appropriate words! The wolf had been running upon me, a poor helpless sheep. Christ would not flee and leave me to perish. Good hope in my soul through grace. During the service, the Spirit of God filled my soul with sweet meditations,—such as come in freely and spontaneously, without effort—not being of nature, but of grace. A Divine light shed abroad in my soul; spiritual discernment given to me, and the glory of God revealed. The Lord made Phil. iii. sweet to me, and encouraging. I saw the heinous nature of all those carnal, law-constrained workings which are opposed to 'a serving of God in the spirit, a glorying in Christ Jesus, and having no confidence in the flesh.' Self, that hell-deep gulf of all things sensual and devilish, made to give place to 'the spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.' By abiding in Christ, as my perfect righteousness, it is easy to walk in the ways of holiness. 'Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me,' &c., 'for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.' Blessed words! But if there be words in Scripture which, of all others, the natural carnal mind can least understand, it is these."

An American writer happily contrasts two classes of Christians—those whom he terms "God's operatives," and those "vivid pietists of glowing sensibilities, who can do little but settle the metaphysics of faith, count frames, and gauge feelings." Mr Hewitson was eminently one of "God's operatives." "Fervent in spirit," he was "diligent in business." His special business at this season was the acquisition of the Portuguese language. It will be seen by and by with what amazing energy he had prosecuted the work, accomplishing within little more than two months a labour ordinarily occupying at least a year. Little trace of this appears in his letters or Journal. But the reader, by knowing it, will be

better able to appreciate the force of spiritual character which could combine with an occupation so engrossing, and withal so formal, a freshness of heavenly fellowship such as the Journal unfolds.

"*Thursday, January* 9.—Comfort amidst the varied occupations of the day, and a realisation of such nearness to the Lord as is enjoyed when the soul is able without effort to make the transition from study or any other secular occupation to prayer. Holiness is a habit of the mind—a setting of the Lord continually before one's eyes—a constant walking with God, as one with whom we are agreed. Lord Jesus, make me thus holy, changing me into Thine own image! *Friday, January* 10.—Two hours nearly in company with Mr Pinheiro, the Portuguese master. My spirits lightened and cheerful during the lesson—a consequence of the peace of God which I inwardly enjoyed. My goings under me enlarged. Experience has clearly shewn me that nothing but grace can enlarge the heart of the believer. Grace does everything. Read before dinner, as a means of sanctifying the meal, Rev. vii. The Word blessed to me, lifting me upwards to Christ. Tried to engage in intercession on behalf of some for whom I had not prayed in the morning, but miserably hindered, Martha-like, by the desire of doing many things before bed-time. 'One thing is needful.' Shadows of darkness fell upon my soul. Darkness is Satan's kingdom. He is 'the power of darkness,' *i. e.*, the prince who rules over it. Last night the Word of God taught me that it is only by being 'turned from darkness unto light' that the soul is 'turned from the power of Satan unto God'—a truth not to be forgotten. Peace and joy in the Holy Ghost is an oil which gives sweet motion to the wheels of the soul. *Saturday, January* 11.—We are apt, through the restlessness and forwardness of the flesh, to be carried out to action by self-will, mistaking it for the will which is wrought by the Spirit in meek and humble hearts. Having committed my way to the Lord, pointed out to Mr M——, a Roman Catholic, the error of the Church of Rome in reference to the way of pardon and acceptance. Spent some time afterwards in reading and writing Portuguese. The Lord enable me to learn the language, and to use it as an instrument in His service! My work went on smoothly to-day. Watch, my soul; for the calm is often followed by a storm. Satan's opportunity is—a soul off its guard!"

"Satan's opportunity is—a soul off its guard!" Impressive

words! "What haste a man must make," says Foster, "who would be beforehand with temptation!" When does the tempter sleep? When does he cease to beset with his wiles? "Watch and pray," said the Master in Gethsemane, as he felt the tempter's power, "lest ye *enter* into temptation." The Journal shews how Mr Hewitson "watched and prayed:" he trembled lest he should be enticed even to "enter" on the "enchanted ground."

"*Sabbath*, *January* 12.—Had some delight in the Word, 1 Thess. ii. 12, 'That ye would walk worthy of God, who hath called you unto His kingdom and glory.' These words, 'Ye are my glory and joy,' with the immediately preceding context, made me feel a longing to be the means of bringing souls to Christ. Afterwards a similar longing, or rather an earnest desire, to be employed in the blessed work of preaching the gospel, awakened within me while reading some of Mr M'Cheyne's letters. My soul lifting itself up, or, to speak more truly, lifted up by the Spirit, unto the Lord with longings that could not be uttered. Desirous of walking, before all this family, in a manner more worthy of the Lord, if by any means some of them might be saved. After prayer, spoke to poor Joao M—— on the way of salvation. Had some consolation in meditating on the Lord's coming. Hope in me has too little power. I exercise it too little by looking forward in the light of prophecy to the glory which is to be revealed.

"*January* 14.—Have not been zealous in the cause of Christ this day. When the suggestion came into my mind that I ought to speak a word for Christ, not very ready to act upon it. Self working strongly, and making me to feel it as a kind of hardship that I could not speak a single word on spiritual things without looking to and resting on Christ entirely for the blessing. Proud, stubborn, unbelieving self! 'O Lord, be Thou exalted in Thine own strength.' God alone can make me an able minister of the New Testament. I am a poor, helpless thing—all my sufficiency is of God. *Wednesday*, *January* 15.—'Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty,' for the soul is made willing by His gracious power. 'If any man minister, let him do it as of the ability which God giveth, that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.' There is no evangelic, acceptable, God-glorifying obedience, which flows not from the grace or ability that God giveth. Though suggestions appear to be good, yet it is necessary to 'try the spirits, whether they be of God.' 'Examine all things; hold fast that which is good.' 'Be not soon shaken in mind, or be troubled,

neither by spirit, nor by word,' &c. 'Some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits.' By acting on the impulses and suggestions of seducing spirits, men were gradually drawn away into all the self-righteous and superstitious practices of Popery; and what Satan has succeeded in doing once, will he not try, if possible, to do again? 'He is transformed into an angel of light.' He would deceive, if he could, the very elect.

"*Thursday, January* 16.—The flesh, the carnal mind, at work. The operation of Satan manifest and palpable. Restored to some measure of peace by means of reading Rom. v. (see verses 8, 9, 10). *January* 18.—O my soul, my soul! look to nothing but Christ; rest on nothing but Him; make an effort to do nothing good except in His strength. Have I not often followed after sanctification in the power of nature, and found the law, in consequence, alive and strong—binding for me burdens that I was not able to bear? Not nature, but grace, must carry forward the work of my sanctification. To be busy in this work, without falling into a spirit of self-righteousness, and therefore into a spirit of bondage and disquietude, is the most difficult thing in the world. No holiness without a life of faith and of abiding in Christ.

"*Sabbath, January* 19.—I believe that none of God's children suffer as I do from the inward assaults of the flesh and Satan. I have spent much of this day in the valley of Bochim, and have believed in Jesus amidst much affliction from the working of sin within me, but—oh, blessed be the name of God my Father!—likewise amidst joy in the Holy Ghost, often joy unspeakable and full of glory. The Lord has been dealing wonderfully with me since I came to Lisbon. Sometimes hell has been rolling floods of corruption and bitterness through my soul; sometimes I have been filled with the light, and glory, and unutterable joy of heaven. What is to be the end of these things? For what is the Lord preparing me? 'He will guide me with His counsel.' Had my little class. Subject, Gal. i. Had something of the spirit of freedom and power in speaking to-night. Before meeting with the children, I had prayed more for their conversion than on former occasions. In preparatory prayer, restrained by that kind of unbelief and want of love to souls which consists in not looking to the Lord with confident expectation of success. The thing meant might clothe itself in such language as this—'In answer to prayer, the Lord can, if He will, bear testimony to the word of His grace; but I do not expect that He really will do so in the present

instance.' Vexed on account of this heart-hardening scepticism, I cried out to the Lord for a mountain-removing faith—for more faith, more love, more confident hope. My cries not wholly in vain. My mind deeply solemnised. The children seemed profoundly attentive. Work, Lord! 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.' *Monday, January* 20.—Struck by Jer. x. 23: 'O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.' Knowing that 'in God's hand are all my ways,' I thanked Him for bringing me to Lisbon, not doubting that He would thus serve some gracious purpose, though that purpose was at present wholly unknown to me."

Coleridge, in his Hymn on Chamouni, referring to the Mer de Glace, speaks of the "living flowers which skirt the eternal frost." Not less touching is the spiritual phenomenon set forth in the extract which follows. The desolate barrenness of nature, and the living fragrance of grace, in the little territory of a single soul! In every believer, indeed, the phenomenon exists; but here it has a vividness not often seen. In the light of this feature of his spiritual life, it will be not uninstructive afterwards to mark the extreme simplicity of Mr Hewitson's preaching. If he held up before men less the subjective experience than the objective Christ, it was not because he was himself without experience, but because, in his own daily conflict, he overcame by simple faith in a living Saviour. He writes:—"*Monday, January* 20.—How amazing the breach, the interval, between the flesh and the Spirit in a child of God! The distance between them is that which separates heaven from hell. The breach cannot be healed, the enmity cannot be reconciled—the warfare is exterminating. The flesh is irretrievably lost, sunk into an infinite depth of perdition. How often it alarms me, and fills me with dismay, by the manifestations of its fiendish, hell-born malignity, its implacable rage against all that is holy and God-glorifying, its blasphemous atheism, and desperate love of sin! It is that which cried out, 'Away with Him! crucify Him!' It is the murderer of God's only-begotten Son. God declares that it is enmity against Himself, and that it cannot, will not, be subject to His law. Oh, then, my soul, be not driven to despair by finding that God's description of the carnal nature which cleaves to thee is literally true! That same flesh which nailed God's Son to the cross will not suffer Him to have a place, if it can only get its will,

within the believer's soul. Nothing is to me a greater proof of the flesh being utterly Satanic than the fact that, though Satan 'work in the children of disobedience,' they mistake his operations for the spontaneous movements of their own will. They walk according to 'the prince of the power of the air;' and they are not conscious of the fact—their walk is so entirely according to the desire of their own hearts. There is such a resemblance between the devil's character and their own, that they do not perceive any difference. A soul, darkened and deceived by the joint-working of the flesh and the devil, appropriates as its own the devil's words, and identifies its own interests with his."

Luther found it not easy to live daily by free grace. "Christ," says he, "is no Moses, no exactor, no giver of laws; but a giver of grace, a Saviour, and one that is full of mercy. If you suffer Him to be any otherwise painted out unto you, you shall, when temptation and trouble come, soon be overthrown. Now, as it is the greatest knowledge and cunning that Christians can have, thus to define Christ; so of all things it is the hardest. For I myself, even in this great light of the gospel, wherein I have been so long exercised, have much ado to hold this definition of Christ; so deeply hath the doctrine and pestilent opinion that Christ is a law-giver, entered even as it were oil into my bones." Mr Hewitson was similarly exercised; and the "fiery darts" he quenched by the same shield of faith—by fixing his eye, like Luther, upon Him who is "full of grace." He writes—"The soul often, in its ignorance of the flesh on the one hand, and of God on the other, is led to torment itself. Hence the bloody rites of paganism—the fires of Moloch—the self-inflicted tortures of Hinduism. Hence the penances and mortifications of Popery. Hence the mistaken duties and exercises of the young convert. Strange though it seems, the flesh which seeks gratification, draws the ill-informed half-enlightened believer to the work of painful penance. By doing this, it greatly deceives; for it represents the painful discipline which it prescribes as being contrary to its own nature, and therefore in accordance with the nature of God. It thus contrives to exhibit God in the light of one who is stern, pitiless, and inexorable. It is itself the tormentor, and yet cries out to the gentle and compassionate Saviour, 'Art Thou come to torment us?' This is one of the depths of Satan—one of the most deceitful and ruinous works of the flesh. The effect of it is to make the poor sinner unable to realise any comfortable experience

of the truth that 'God is love,' and to entangle him in vain endeavours to establish a righteousness of his own, while the righteousness of God is not acknowledged truly and submitted to from the heart. O that I may not be deceived by such ruinous sophistries of the flesh, or caught in such deep-laid snares! In religion, as well as in other things, I may walk after the flesh instead of walking after the Spirit. 'Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh.' Otherwise to resist the lust of the flesh is merely to oppose one lust of the flesh to another, and is altogether vain, or rather worse than vain, as regards the end of sanctification. O my soul, 'acquaint thyself with God' more and more; ever be learning the lesson that 'God is love,' 'well pleased with thee for the sake of Christ's righteousness.'

"*Tuesday, January* 21.—After my meditations and prayers, the Lord was pleased to turn away from me the host of spiritual foes who had been assailing me. How sweet is a calm after such a storm! If the friend even that loves me most were to get such a sight of my heart as I have got a thousand times, he would shrink from me surely with abhorrence, and say of me, 'Such a man ought not to live.' Lord Jesus, Thine eye is on my heart every moment. I am glad that it is so, for I would open up before Thee all my pollution. Lord, Thou bearest with me; Thou dost not spurn me from thy feet as one too loathsome to wash them with his tears, or too guilty to be washed in Thy blood. *Wednesday, January* 22.—Tempted to look upon God as if He were narrowly watching me for the purpose of finding fault. Convinced that this was a slanderous misrepresentation of God. My soul! from this day remember that, though God looks as a judge, stern and inexorable, on the works of those who are labouring in the flesh to justify their own souls, He looks on the works of those who are already justified by faith, with the heart and eye of a loving father. Read to-day 1 Tim. iv., Jer. xii., Gen. viii., Joshua viii. (the two last chapters comforting and refreshing especially), and Rom. xi., which was to me a word of admonition and warning."

If he learned to reject the law as a *way* of life, in the same proportion did he learn to love it as a *rule* of life. "Beware of Antinomianism," was the emphatic warning given, on his deathbed, by the late Mr Harrington Evans, to one who was inquiring if he had any parting directions for her. "Do you mean by that,"

rejoined the inquirer, "a resting on the doctrines of grace, without watchfulness of the walk before God?" "I do," was his reply; "all *that* religion is a fallacy." That religion Mr Hewitson loathed with his whole soul. The fact that he was no longer under the law, but under grace, he felt to be the most constraining and commanding of all reasons why "sin should not have dominion over him." He writes:—"*Thursday, January* 23.—Dangerous to be 'working out our salvation with fear and trembling,' under the sense of our doing so being a condition of our justification. No true holiness except that which springs from love to God; and no true love to God without peace of conscience. Oh, in what a plight I have come to the feet of Jesus to be cured! How leprous, loathsome! Most poor and miserable! If Jesus were not God, He could not save me. Oh to keep nearer to the cross! Oh to deal more with the blood of atonement! Christ's blood is a greater atonement for my sins than an eternity of torments would be, suffered by myself in hell. The Lord will not cast me out, nor let any one pluck me out of His hand. If I have not come to Christ, I know not what coming to Christ means; and the word is sure, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' *Friday, January* 24.—Oh how miserable to be, for the least part of a day, without any feeling of love to God in the heart, shrinking under an apprehension of His wrath and enmity! Shall I ever be of any use to my Lord, as a vessel of grace? 'O Lord, I have been as a beast before thee.' 'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' To me this night belong 'shame and confusion of face;' yet I would endeavour to say, 'I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord.'"

The fanaticism which accepts as its guide the heart's frames and imaginings, instead of the written Word, he combats with all the fervour of one who has smarted under its delusive teachings. It is instructive to mark how one after another of these spirits of darkness stand forth, under the glare of his heaven-lighted lantern, in all their naked deformity. He proceeds:—"*Sabbath, January* 26, 1845.—Went to church. Mr P——'s subject was submission to the will of God, in time of trouble, according to our Lord's example. His remarks on this subject led me to think that I ought perhaps to submit more to the spiritual influences by which I am often straitened in my goings (as being an afflictive visitation, though not directly from God, yet permitted by Him for the trial of my faith and obedience), waiting upon Him

to send me deliverance. Acting on this impression, I found myself soon miserably straitened, and, after returning home, experienced at work in me, not so much a spirit of submission and obedience, as one of rebellion and of utter powerlessness to serve the Lord. 'Try the spirits, whether they be of God.' Every spirit that seeks to exhibit God as unreconciled and irreconcilable without some doings or abstainings of my own, is devilish, and to be submitted to, no, not for a moment. The quietism that yields to the impulse of every spirit is devilish. 'When they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep and that mutter: should not a people seek unto their God? for the living to the dead? To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them.' Therefore 'believe not every spirit;' but try the spirits by the Word,—and those which contradict the Word submit to not for an instant, but fight against them in the name and strength of the Lord. 'Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way?' By taking heed thereto according to the impulses and operations of spirits within? No; but 'by taking heed thereto according to Thy Word.' The Spirit of God uses no other sword than the Word of God. Christ fought against Satan with no other sword throughout the temptation of the wilderness. Were I not a 'beast before God,' I would bear these truths continually in remembrance, and act according to them at all times. 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.' It is devilish to walk by other lamps and lights than this. 'Uphold my goings in Thy word, that my footsteps slip not.' No secure walking except in God's Word. 'Order my steps in Thy word, and let not any iniquity have dominion over me,'—shewing plainly that the only sure defence against the reigning power of sin is to have my steps ordered in the Word of God."

An interesting notice follows, under the same date. "This day," he writes, "in returning from church, was informed that a converted Spaniard, Dr ——, had commenced preaching the gospel in his own house to those of the Portuguese who were inclined by the Lord to attend. I attended at Dr ——'s this evening. About sixteen Portuguese, besides a few English people, were present. We were met in an upper room in the third storey. During the service, which was plain and simple, the 62d chapter of Isaiah and the 12th of Luke were read; both exceedingly appropriate. The sermon

was of considerable length—the text, 'Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.'"

He who led Simon Peter to the house-top to fast and pray, whilst the messengers from Cornelius drew nigh to Joppa to tell him of the work awaiting him in Cæsarea, is seen leading Mr Hewitson in the two entries which follow:—"*Monday, January* 27.—Fasted till between seven and eight o'clock P.M. Humbled myself first of all on account of my sins, and especially on account of the workings of a self-righteous and legal spirit. After confession of sin, and praying for my own soul, I cried unto the Lord to save all the dear souls in my father's house. Again prayed that I might be enabled by grace to go free from all whereby I have of late been brought into bondage; likewise that the Lord would direct my way to Madeira, or whithersoever He saw fit to send me. The Lord answer this prayer for good to my soul, and glory to His own blessed name! *Tuesday, January* 28.—Mr A—— called this evening to tell me that Dr Kalley had arrived from Madeira; and, while he was here, a letter came from Mr Sym, intimating that I had the consent of the Colonial Committee to go immediately to Madeira. Thus, in a marvellous manner, the Lord has been answering the prayer which yesterday I offered up for direction and counsel. 'Call upon me, and I will answer thee.'"

His way was now made plain before him. The work, as we shall see, to which he was called, was one of no ordinary peril. Our closing extract from the Journal shews his state of mind in the prospect of setting out:—"*Thursday, January* 30.—Many circumstances of a trying kind to flesh and blood rose up before my view. But the Lord has made the way straight before my face, and I would not turn away back. Had comfort in the prospect of going to Madeira. I may say truly, 'I go bound in the spirit, not knowing the things that await me there.' Whatever these things may be, oh, let them be sufferings and afflictions for Christ's sake, rather than that I should be allowed to sin! 'If God be for us, who can be against us?'"

About the middle of February, Mr Hewitson sailed from Lisbon for Madeira, and, after a voyage of five or six days, reached the scene of the memorable work.

CHAPTER X.

1844.

Madeira—Dr Kalley—His Early Labours—Awakening among Portuguese—Open Air Meetings—Effects of Reading the Bible—Persecution—Imprisonment of Dr Kalley—Gospel Preached in Jail—Hatred of Bible—Maria Joaquina—Sentence of Death—Assassination Recommended—Serra Prisoners—Singing Praises—Dr Kalley visits Lisbon—Meets Mr Hewitson.

THE work in Madeira has been designated "the greatest fact of modern missions." Eight hundred exiles, driven from their native island for the sake of Christ, stand, before the eye of Christendom, the fruit of that work.

The two great instruments in this work were Dr Kalley and Mr Hewitson. The former laid the foundation; the latter reared the superstructure.

"In the beginning of my intercourse with the Madeirenses," writes Dr Kalley, in "Notes" prepared by him for this Memoir, "I met few of them who had ever seen a Bible, or seemed to know that the New Testament was written by men who went about with the Lord Jesus when He dwelt on the earth—who saw His miracles—heard His words—gazed upon Him as He went up to heaven—and described what they knew by the testimony of their own senses. When one part of it was shewn to them as the work of Peter, another as that of John, and a third as that of Matthew, some doubted, and wanted proofs—others listened with eager interest while a portion of it was read to them as a specimen of its contents.

"In 1839, a few shewed a good deal of desire to read and hear the Word of God. In 1840, the interest in it increased much, and many adults went to school that they might learn to read the Bible. In 1841, it went on increasing.

"In 1842, especially in the summer and autumn, people came in large numbers to hear the Scriptures read and explained. Many walked ten or twelve hours, and climbed over mountains three thousand feet high, in coming and returning to their homes. The meetings were solemn—the hearers listened with unwearied attention—a hand was observed stealing up to remove a tear—and sometimes there was a general audible expression of wonder. This was especially the case when the subject of remark was the love

of God in not sparing His own Son, or the love of Christ in voluntarily taking upon Himself the wrath and curse which we deserved.

"For several months I believe that there were not fewer than one thousand persons present each Sabbath; generally they exceeded two thousand, occasionally reached three thousand, and once were reckoned at five thousand. These meetings were in the open air. During part of the time, they were held on a ridge, having a deep, steep valley on the east and another on the west, while the mountain rose almost perpendicularly to a great height on the south. The people sat in a clear space near the house which I occupied—all around was covered with trees clustered with grapes. We had a few simple hymns, expressive of adoration, gratitude, and praise. The tunes usually sung were the Portuguese Hymn, Old Hundredth, and Martyrdom; and there were few who did not at least attempt to join in singing. You may imagine the interest of such a scene in a Popish country!

"In some places the general topics of every-day conversation, in walking along the roads, or resting a little from labour in the fields, were the Word of God—the one sacrifice for sin—free salvation—the security of God's promises—the love of the Lord Jesus Christ—peace with God—the hope of glory—the folly of image-worship—the uselessness of penance. Often, too, the hymns of the Sabbath were heard through the week among the fields and vineyards; and there was much searching of the Scriptures, to know the Lord's declarations on the subjects brought before them."

The circumstances which led to this awakening Dr Kalley thus traces:—

"Gratuitous medical aid induced many to visit me, and experience of benefits which they prized led them to regard me as a friend. When conversing with them about the diseases of their bodies, and the remedies which they were to employ, it required little effort to turn their attention to the disease of the soul, the Physician, the remedy, and the result; and thus they listened with less prejudice than they would probably have done in other circumstances.

"Regarding the Holy Bible as the only trustworthy source of information on these subjects, I advised them to search it, if they wished to attain certainty concerning God, the soul, heaven, hell, and eternity,—and shewed them, in as simple and familiar a

manner as I could, that the Scriptures contain a real revelation from God himself, by which He intends that men should learn and understand the things that affect their own happiness now and for ever. When they found difficulties in the Scriptures, and came to ask explanations, parallel and explanatory passages were pointed out. They were thus referred back to the Word of God, urged to apply to the Author himself for wisdom to understand His book, relying on the promise in James i. 5, and warned to beware of receiving anything as truth affecting their soul's eternal welfare unless it were clearly taught by God in His Word. At the same time they were shewn the reasonableness of depending on His testimony, as He could not be ignorant of the truth, nor have any inducement to deceive.

"Many, following this plan in simplicity, were taught of God, and felt that their hopes of peace with the Most High, and of the enjoyment of Him for ever, did not rest on the sandy foundation of human authority, but on His who will judge the world at last, and who said, 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away.' This gave them much stability in holding the truth.

"Some of them read the Scriptures for a considerable period without seeing that God in them condemns many of the doctrines and practices of Popery. When they perceived that masses, penances, purgatory, and indulgences for sin, were inconsistent with the all-sufficiency of the one sacrifice of Immanuel, and the declarations of God concerning it, many, being alarmed, consulted their priest, and were exposed to some degree of persecution for talking, or daring to think, about such things.

"This led to farther inquiry as to what is really the truth; and by the examination they were the more confirmed in it. This fitted them for a more bold maintenance of the truth, and this again for greater trial, sometimes in private, and sometimes more publicly; and by a repetition of this kind of process they were prepared for heavier sufferings. The ground is loosened round the roots of a sapling when it is shaken by a smart breeze, and so the fibres more easily strike into the soil. Each succeeding breeze contributes to its security, even till it may sustain the force of the tempest without being rooted up. And in a similar way did the Lord seem to temper the wind of persecution to the strength which He had himself conferred, and to cause the opposition of His enemies to promote the strength of those who trusted in Him."

Dr Kalley further notices evening schools for adults. "Of these," says he, "there were a considerable number at different times and places. I believe that about twenty-five hundred persons attended them for a longer or shorter period between 1839 and 1845, and that upwards of one thousand, between the ages of fifteen and thirty, learned to read the Scriptures intelligently, and were thus enabled to search them for themselves."

The work at length provoked the open hostility of the ecclesiastical authorities. At their instigation, a document was issued by the police, requiring the teachers of the schools "henceforth not to teach any living being." Not long afterwards, two converts, who, in the spring of 1843, had openly renounced Romanism by sitting down at the Lord's table with the Presbyterian Church in Funchal, were formally "cursed" by the Romish bishop. And these were no idle threats. The civil sword lent its willing aid. "The Governor," continues Dr Kalley, "commanded me, in the Queen's name, to abstain from speaking to Portuguese subjects on religious topics, either in my house or out of it. After that, he issued a proclamation ordering the people to desist from coming to hear me. Many persevered in attending, but came early to avoid the police. This being known, the police were sent earlier (seven A.M., the meeting being at nine A.M.), but a goodly number had arrived before them. They were sent earlier and earlier, till at last they were at their stations at four A.M.: but still they were too late; for some of the people came on Saturday night to the worship, and remained to enjoy the Sabbath together.

"A warrant," he proceeds, "was now issued for my arrest; and I was accordingly imprisoned in July 1843, being refused bail on the plea that the crimes laid to my charge were punishable with death. Though the friends of the prisoners in Funchal jail have leave to see and converse with them for six or eight hours daily, the jailer warned many not to visit me, and took down the names of some who did it notwithstanding, in order, as he said, to their being prosecuted. Afterwards they were allowed to enter by threes; but then intimation was officially given, and the document fixed on the prison door, that 'there was to be no reading' or 'singing of the Bible' there. On Sabbaths, from seventy to a hundred friends used to visit me; and, being admitted by threes, there was generally a number waiting their turn about the door. The cathedral is near the jail; and Romanists, on their way to

and from mass, would sometimes shew their zeal by spitting upon the heretics, while these shewed their spirit by praying for those who thus used them despitefully. I was released from prison in January 1844, and resumed my former course, as the only competent judge who had yet given a sentence respecting it had declared that it was not a violation of the law or constitution of Portugal. The police were again employed as before; nevertheless, the average attendance during summer in Santo Antonio da Serra was about six hundred on Sabbaths, and thirty on other evenings."

Another scandal was by and by enacted. Mrs Maria Joaquina Alves had, by her holy walk and by her zeal for the Lord in her neighbourhood, drawn on her the eye of the blood-thirsty persecutor. Snatched from the bosom of her family of seven children—one of them still an infant, she had been committed to Funchal jail, and been detained there month after month, in the hope that her bonds might compel submission. But, instead of swerving from her steadfastness, she had often been heard praising the Lord that she was counted worthy to suffer shame for His sake. And, stung to the quick, her persecutors had resolved that she should die. Accordingly, on 2d May 1844, after an imprisonment of sixteen months, she was brought to the bar of the Supreme Court. "Do you believe the consecrated host," asked the judge, "to be the real body and real blood, and the human soul, and the divinity of Jesus Christ?" On the answer she should give, her life, she was assured, depended. "I do not believe it," she calmly replied. Instantly the judge rose and pronounced sentence of death.

Meanwhile, "assassination," Dr Kalley continues, "was suggested in the public papers as an easy way of being relieved from annoyance; the free use of the cudgel was recommended as an argument which country people could feel and understand; and a repetition of St Bartholomew's Day or the Sicilian Vespers was not obscurely recommended,—and this without any reprehension from those in power, so far as I ever heard. It was, therefore, no wonder that atrocities were practised. Some were most cruelly beaten—some stoned,—three houses were burned down—two more were set on fire;* and all complaints against such treatment seemed only to bring aggravated injury upon the sufferers. In se-

* These five houses were all in separate parishes: the fire broke out in them simultaneously.

veral instances, families were refused any place to inter their dead except the public highway; the stones were then taken up, and the body was brought and buried under the inspection of the police.

"In the end of September following," he proceeds, "horrible atrocities were committed upon a portion of the parish of Antonio da Serra. For three days, fifty soldiers were quartered on it and allowed to plunder and perpetrate every cruelty, as if in the land of a vanquished enemy. Twenty-two of the most peaceful and well-behaved men and women of the island were taken to Funchal in the *Diana* frigate, and cast into prison among the most depraved and degraded. No food was given them as jail-allowance —the provisions in their homes had been consumed or destroyed by the soldiers—and their relations were in hiding to escape participation in their sufferings—consequently they were without food. Friends, both English and Portuguese, knowing this, sent food for them, and it was refused admission. Still they were not only patient and resigned in these circumstances—they were happy. They took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing that they had in heaven a better and unfading inheritance. Their love to each other, their happiness and firmness in what they believed to be the truth of God, were widely known; and, though an attempt was made to represent them as criminals, their own countrymen were well aware that their real offence was reading the Word of God and endeavouring to obey it.

"In the beginning of their imprisonment, the streets around the jail often resounded with their hymns of praise to Him who was with them there; afterwards, their singing was declared to be a violation of the regulations of the prison, and they were silenced. One of the hymns they loved, resembled and was sung to the tune of, 'O, that will be joyful!' and the sound of their happy voices from the jail could not be endured by the enemies of the Book which produced such results. Obscene songs were not prevented.

"During their imprisonment, it was ordered that mass should be said, and that all the prisoners should attend it every Sabbath and holiday; though, while there were none imprisoned for religion's sake, there was no mass then. The prisoners from the Serra, and others, were driven to it at the point of the bayonet, or dragged by force, and, when they would not kneel, were forced down to the floor. When down, some sat still, according to custom, on the floor; others bolted up as soon as the pressure was removed. Se-

veral of them were put into the 'bomba,' the most loathsome and putrid of the filthy rooms of that wretched place, and that merely because they refused to take part in worship which they believed to be condemned by God. I may close this notice of these prisoners by saying, that, after upwards of twenty months' imprisonment, they were brought to trial before a jury of their countrymen, and fully acquitted, but refused leave to return to their plundered and ruined homes till they should pay jail-fees.

"About the end of 1844, orders came from Lisbon that I should be prosecuted for having stated, in meetings of Portuguese subjects, doctrines condemned by the religion of the State. There was little doubt that, if the law-proceedings then pending were pursued, I would be expelled from the island in virtue of the laws of the Inquisition (though it had been abolished), but in violation of the existing law of Portugal, and of the treaties with Britain." Desirous of avoiding expulsion from the island, he immediately sailed for Lisbon. The British Foreign Secretary having claimed damages for his false imprisonment, it was ultimately agreed that the threatened proceedings should be stayed, and that the claim for damages should be withdrawn. Dr Kalley returned to Madeira; but, not many days after his arrival, a warrant was again issued for his apprehension. He was allowed bail, however; "and, for aught I know to the contrary," he adds, "my name is still on the list of criminals, and I am a prisoner on bail."

Feeling that his presence in Madeira was of greater value to the cause, even though himself comparatively silenced, than that, by continuing the meetings, he should incur certain banishment, Dr Kalley resigned into other hands the privilege of conducting the work which he had so successfully begun. "At Lisbon," he writes, "I met Mr Hewitson, who had, without my knowledge, been appointed in Scotland, some time previous, to labour in Madeira. He accompanied me on my return to the island, and entered with much zeal and love upon the labour for which God had so graciously and remarkably fitted him. His presence was most truly providential. May the Lord of the harvest send forth many such labourers into His harvest!"

Such is the share borne by this Christian physician in the Madeira work. His labours had been eminently blest. Twenty-six rejoicing "prisoners of Jesus Christ" in the dungeon of Funchal, and one not less rejoicing prisoner under sentence of death,—these were his "epistle, known and read of all men." Nor was this all.

Other disciples there were, but as yet "secretly, for fear of the Jews." There was abroad, moreover, among the people, a spirit of anxious inquiry, a hungering for the bread of life, which told undeniably how largely the Lord had been working by him. Another agent now was to take his place. No one rejoiced more cordially than Dr Kalley that such an agent had been provided. On March 27, 1845, in explaining to the Free Church of Scotland his altered position since his return to the island, we find him writing:—"Were there no one to enter on my labours, I should feel very much embarrassed; but I thank God we have here a better hand for polishing the stones than I could prove."

CHAPTER XI.

1845.

Arrival in Madeira—Meetings with Inquirers—Preaching in Portuguese—Baptisms—The Carpenter—Divine Teaching—Jeronymo—"Things that are not"—Progress of the Work—Zeal of the Converts: their Sufferings, Faith, Patience—Communions—Opposition of the Priests—Threatened Indictment—Precautions—Imprisonments for Reading the Bible—Exterminating Warfare against the Word—Source of Converts' Joy—Portuguese Imprisonment for Teaching to Read—Growing Thirst for the Gospel—New Attempts to arrest the Work—Communion under cover of Night.

"Mr Hewitson's arrival in Madeira," writes the Rev. J. Julius Wood, who at the time was resident there, "was exceedingly opportune, and a striking interposition of Providence on behalf of the work then going on among the Portuguese. Not many had at that time actually renounced Popery—I believe only between twenty and thirty; but a large number were impressed, were inquiring, were reading the Scriptures, had given up confession, and were evidently in a transition state. These now found themselves as sheep without a shepherd. The authorities, roused and urged on by Popery, were willing to trample on all law, in order to keep out the light, and protect the reigning superstition and darkness. But, braving all difficulties and dangers, Mr Hewitson proceeded to put himself in communication with those who had been deprived of the privilege of Dr Kalley's meetings. At this time, he came to live with me, and a room in my house was set apart for his expositions."

He now began to receive daily a small number of the converts and inquirers. Many would have assembled; but prudence dictated the necessity of limited meetings. "Since I came," he writes from Funchal, on 11th March, to a friend in Edinburgh, "I have met and spoken with a considerable number of the converts—many of them very interesting persons, and resting, to all appearance, with great simplicity and childlikeness of faith, on Jesus. Some of them seem to enjoy unbroken peace, and, expecting to suffer in the flesh for the name of Christ, have sat down and counted the cost. One of them, whose heart overflows with love to Christ, said, when I first saw her, that she would rather let them put her to death than hear them malign the truth without defending it. I have begun to have meetings of the people in the mornings. They come in small numbers to me. I endeavour to speak with them, read Scripture, expound it, and pray in Portuguese. The difficulty with me of speaking the language is not so great as that of understanding it when spoken by others. The good people, when I request them to speak more at leisure, in their desire to make themselves intelligible, speak all the faster. In this thing I have need of patience. Many have applied for admission to the Lord's table; and their answers to the questions put to them have evinced considerable intimacy with Bible-truth, and clearness of apprehension as to the true nature of the Lord's supper. Last Sabbath I baptised two children. The parents, both fathers and mothers, had come in from St Antonio da Serra, which is four hours distant, on the preceding evening. We intend having the Communion on the Sabbath after next. It will be in the evening, 'the doors being shut for fear of the Jews.'"

Not the least remarkable element in God's preparation of His servant, was the extraordinary power which he had so rapidly acquired of speaking to these people in their own tongue the wonderful works of God. "His fluency in the language from the time of his arrival," writes an English resident, "though he had only studied it for two months in Lisbon, was wonderful; the people spoke of it as being 'a gift from God.' You know the unction that pervaded all he ever said and did, and how he spoke and how he prayed in his own tongue; but you can hardly imagine how he suited himself to the peculiar habits of thinking and circumstances of these uneducated but intelligent and inquiring people. I have heard many of them go over his addresses, or his particular illustrations, with a delight and depth of feeling which

shewed how he had reached the heart!" No "cloven tongue, like as of fire," had "sat" upon him. But He who gave to Peter and to John, in an instant, the gift of tongues, had selected for Madeira one who, by his previous acquirements and habits of severe study, was able to grapple with and overcome an initial difficulty by which most other men would have been arrested until the door had been shut. As in the self-seeking but lettered student, sitting at the feet of Gamaliel, we behold him who afterwards, on Mars Hill, in presence of "certain philosophers of the Epicureans and of the Stoics," preached Jesus and resurrection;" so in the accomplished and disciplined, though still ungodly, scholar of 1835, we trace the missionary who, ten years afterwards, was, by his so singularly rapid equipment in the language of the inquiring islanders, to be fitted to meet an emergency so precious and so brief. Without supposing any miracle, they might well receive him as "a gift from God."

The work proceeded. "There is, I am more and more convinced," is his report to the Church at home, of date 25th March, "'a wide door and effectual' opened in Madeira; and, though there are many adversaries, He who has opened the door is stronger than all, and 'no man can shut it.' The Lord Himself will, I expect, shut it ere long. Now is the time to work. I believe that the good seed is being rapidly multiplied. Last Sabbath evening I administered the Lord's supper to thirty-four Portuguese converts. More might have been admitted, but there was not room for them. It was a blessed season. The greatest secrecy was observed."

One day a convert, who had been "a prisoner of Jesus Christ," came to Mr Hewitson desiring baptism for his infant child. "He is an Apollos in the Scriptures," Mr Hewitson writes, "and has, on more than one point of divinity, puzzled and discomfited the parish priest. Dr Kalley once expressed to him his surprise at his having, within so short a time, attained such knowledge of Divine things. He in turn appeared to be surprised at his making such a remark, and said, 'God could teach me more in five minutes.'" "The man," says Dr Kalley, referring to that scene, "was a carpenter in a large village, five or six miles from Funchal, on the south side of the island. When I was staying one summer for sea-bathing on the north side, the carpenter came to consult me. He was so blind that he had to be led by the hand across the mountains. After I had seen, prescribed, and performed a little

operation for him, he asked what he had to pay—rather an unusual question from such visitors. I had learned from him that he could not read and was very ignorant about the things which it is most important for us to know—as blind in soul as in body; more so;—and I replied that I did not want money from him, but that, if God blessed the remedies and he wished to pay me for my trouble with him, what I would like was that he should learn to read—read God's own Word, and do as He bids. And so he went away. Next summer I was there again, and the carpenter came to me as blind as on the first occasion. I talked with him on many scriptural subjects, and found a wonderful progress in knowledge. Often in the course of our conversation he said, 'You will find a proof of that in such a chapter and such a verse.' He told me that his sight had been quickly restored; he had gone to school, learned to read—read much in the Scriptures, with prayer for God's teaching—had married, and latterly lost his sight again. It was on this occasion that I asked how he had learned so much, in these circumstances, in so short a time, and received the reproof and lesson—'God could teach me more in five minutes.'"

The reader will have observed an allusion by Mr Hewitson to a triumph won by the carpenter over the parish priest. "Having got a small tract with the ten commandments," Dr Kalley proceeds, narrating the incident, "he took it to the vicar of the parish, and asked him if these were the true commandments of God. The priest declared that they were adulterated and false. The carpenter replied that I had given him the tract, and assured him that they were a correct translation of those very words which God had written on the tables of stone. The priest was not very complimentary to me in his reply, but the carpenter wanted to have the evidence of his own senses; so he told the vicar that surely the Padre Vigario must have a Bible of his own, and, when told that he had, begged that it might be examined. To this the priest made sundry excuses; but the man stuck to his point, and at last the Bible was actually produced. The priest turned to the beginning, the middle, and the end; but the law he either could not or would not find; so the carpenter asked to see the book, and immediately turned to the 20th chapter of Exodus. Then, giving the priest the one, he read the other; and, on comparison, the Bible and the tract were found exactly to correspond. Not long after, the priest was heard declaring that if the Medico-

Inglez ever entered his parish, he would not leave it except piecemeal."

The victory cost the carpenter his liberty. "Afterwards, one day," adds Dr Kalley, "the carpenter's house was visited by some persons, carrying a little flag with the figure of a pigeon on the top of the staff, and begging alms—as is done in Madeira once a year —for the Holy Ghost. Having knocked and been invited to enter, they did so, and asked alms for the 'Espirito Santo' (Holy Ghost). 'That,' said the carpenter, 'is not the Espirito Santo.' 'We,' replied the petitioners, 'know no other Holy Ghost.' 'But,' said he, 'the Holy Ghost is a Spirit, and that is a piece of cloth fastened to a stick.' The men went and told the vicar;—the vicar reported the case to the judge, who summoned this criminal to the court, and condemned him to imprisonment in the common jail. The term of his imprisonment was, I think, two months. He bore it joyfully."

Another illustrative example occurs. "One day last week," writes Mr Hewitson on 25th March, "in course of expounding Scripture, I said that those who had found the 'hid treasure' were willing to part with all for its sake, and then asked a man if he understood my meaning. He came forward with the manner of one who was bruised and suffering pain, and said that he did understand it, and that he had been severely beaten on the evening before for Christ's sake. The man referred to often sleeps, I believe, on a stair all night, that he may not be exposed so much to the violence of the adversary. He is truly a happy man. He has found the 'hid treasure.'"

It was Jeronymo. "He was a poor fellow," Dr Kalley writes, "who had had a severe illness when he was about seventeen years of age, in consequence of which his mind continued feeble—his hands, feet, and head tremulous,—and his appearance altogether imbecile and boyish, though he was, I believe, about thirty years of age when I first saw him. He had learned a few words of French and English, and used them in begging from strangers. The boys often teased him, to amuse themselves with his stammering words and strange movements when in a rage. One Sabbath, in the spring of 1843, when the police were stationed at my door to prevent the entrance of those who wished to hear the Word of God and join with us in worshipping Him, Jeronymo took a fancy to come in. One or two persons had been beaten, and two or three taken to prison, for daring to enter; but the police did not

think it worth their while to hinder him. Before the commencement of worship in my house, Jeronymo was noticed; and as his idiotic appearance excited the suspicion that he would cause disturbance and distract others, he was sent away without my knowledge. But He who has chosen the weak and foolish ones had purposes of mercy towards poor Jeronymo. He would not be thus dismissed; and when I began worship with the little company in the afternoon, he was seated among them. His attention was riveted; his naturally unintelligent features became full of interest, as he sat, with mouth and eyes open, drinking in the wonderful things of God. He returned again and again, and, when he had learned the gospel for himself, endeavoured to make it known as well as he could to others. He resolved to learn to read; and though it was very hard work, yet by patient and prayerful perseverance he at last succeeded. He gave up his idle habits, too, and contrived to support himself by his own labour. While I was in jail, he came in from time to time for supplies of Testaments and tracts, on the sale of which he was allowed a small profit."

Like the carpenter, he did not escape persecution for Christ's sake. "Canon Telles," continues Dr Kalley, "who headed the mob at Miss Rutherfurd's, once gave him a terrible beating for daring to offer heretical books for sale at his door. He was also imprisoned; but that was no great hardship to him. The jail was as comfortable an abode as he was accustomed to; and his enemies, knowing that, very soon dismissed him. He was joint-proprietor of the poor hut in which his sister lived, and had an equal right to make it his house; but, after remonstrating with her and her husband on the folly of image-worship, and finding them incorrigibly resolved to retain their idols, he declared he would not stay in the same house with 'such brutes.' When asked afterwards where he slept, he replied, with an air of independence, that he 'could sleep quite well at any door, and the Lord always provided him a piece of bread.'"

"One Lord's day," Dr Kalley adds, "when in my room in the jail with some friends, the conversation turned upon the resurrection of the body. Poor Jeronymo, on hearing it, was observed to look down to his hands and feet very much grieved. He had hoped, that, if once dead, he would be done with the frame which he found so cumbersome; and the idea of its being raised again seemed quite to dishearten him. But when told that the bodies of such as die trusting in the Lord will, at the resurrection, be raised

like to His glorious body, the expression of his face changed. He looked again at his trembling limbs, and then upwards, his face beaming with wonder and delight at the thought of having that body made like his Lord's."

The Word continued to have free course. "Not a few, in different parts of the island," writes Mr Hewitson, on March 25, "are being taught to read the Scriptures; and those who are already converted are not slack in profiting by the opportunities they have of encouraging one another, and of doing good to the souls which are still in darkness and in the shadow of death. Many of the converts have, through reading and prayer, become intelligent and enlightened members of society—able to give to all that ask them a clear and distinct reason of the hope that is in them. The apprehension which they have generally of the way of salvation is extremely simple, and their confidence in Christ very childlike. Some of them seem to be altogether free from doubts and fears, and to be filled with joy and peace in believing. A woman said, in reference to Sabbath evening last, 'I should have liked if it had lasted for ever.' Another, expecting to suffer, says, 'I am weak in the flesh, but strong in the Spirit of the Lord.' Remember me and Madeira. The door is standing open, though there are many enemies. What will be the end is one of the uncertainties of the future; but 'bonds and imprisonments,' perhaps, await many. Oh, to be strong on the Lord's side and in the Lord's grace!"

The enemy became alarmed. "It was soon found," writes Mr Wood, "that the meetings were attracting the attention of the priests and the authorities, and they were given up. But Mr Hewitson still continued to carry on the work. The people were invited to wait upon him individually, or two or three at a time—an invitation to which they most gladly responded. Indeed, the hungering and thirsting of these poor people after instruction in the Scriptures was remarkable and affecting. Often would they stop me, and inquire when it would be their turn to come to the minister. And I was sometimes not a little provoked by their want of caution and prudence, when I saw a number of them, as was often the case, plant themselves right opposite my door, patiently waiting their turn for being admitted to Mr Hewitson.

"This mode of carrying on the work," Mr Wood adds, "was exceedingly laborious and fatiguing. Mr Hewitson was usually engaged with different parties or individuals, from a little before

ten till about one o'clock, and sometimes later. To add to the labour, he was conversing all that time in a foreign language but recently acquired, and with the idiomatic phraseology of which he was as yet imperfectly acquainted. Nothing, in my experience, is more wearying out than conversation for a lengthened period, on the same or similar subjects, with successive individuals or groups. Yet, weak in body as Mr Hewitson was, he never shrank from this labour. All his regret was, that he had not more strength for the great and deeply interesting work that called him. Sometimes he was very much exhausted, as day after day he toiled in instructing the numbers who eagerly resorted to him. But it was wonderful to see that his health did not suffer. Labour that might have prostrated a man in robust health—though it often wearied his feeble frame—did not seem seriously to injure him. Those who waited on his instructions grew rapidly in knowledge and in grace."

Of these pleasant labours, not the least exhausting was his preparatory dealing with applicants for admission to the table of the Lord. As each new soul was touched by Divine grace, the individual came desiring the privilege of sitting down with the little flock at the Supper. It was affecting to see one after another, though at the peril of imprisonment or even death, thus boldly, yet meekly, confessing Christ. After a course of instruction, Mr Hewitson received them one by one into the fellowship of the Church.

The communions were seasons of peculiar refreshing. "His first communion," writes an eye-witness, "was on the 23d of March, when betwixt thirty and forty Portuguese converts were present, of whom I think about eighteen only had been previously received as communicants by Dr Kalley. On the 20th of April he again administered the communion, at which I was present, and three or four other Scotch friends. It was a very solemn service, after sunset, on the Sabbath evening. Thirty new communicants were admitted, and sixty-one were present. Many were deeply affected. Mr Hewitson spoke on the 'prodigal son.' It was the first time I had heard him preach in Portuguese; and I was indeed amazed with his fluency, his command of the language, and the correctness of his pronunciation."

How did he speak to these souls? What words did the Spirit use in melting and in gladdening them? "We are slow to believe," he would say, "that we have so gentle and kind a Lord to deal with. Jesus is 'meek and lowly of heart.' He bears with

much ingratitude, coldness, and provocation—with our needless disquietude and alarms—our infidel doubts and jealousies; He strengthens our feeble-mindedness, and supports our weakness. In the spirit of meekness, He restores us when we are overtaken in sins of infirmity and of sudden and strong temptation; He stands up as our Advocate with the Father, and through His own righteousness He prevails. When we leave Him, He looks after us with pity—His bowels are moved for us—He condescends to follow us; and when He sees us falling, He cries out, 'Return unto me, for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity.' He forgives not seven times in the day, when we confess we have offended, but seventy times seven. He is a merciful and faithful High Priest, one that can have compassion on us, one that can be touched with a fellow-feeling of our infirmities. Jesus once had 'compassion on the multitude:' is His heart now callous and insensible? Once 'Jesus wept:' has He now lost all His tenderness? Is He altered now that He is in glory? Ah! He is 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' 'He will not quench the smoking flax, nor break the bruised reed.' We may be like smoking flax—there may not break forth in our souls any flame of Divine love, and zeal, and joy; on the contrary, grace may be in us so feeble, and there will arise, like smoke, dark doubts and fears and troubles; but the Lord will pity us, and deal gently with us—'He will not quench the smoking flax.' The fruit of the Spirit, even in the believer, is 'long-suffering, gentleness, goodness.' Christ has the Spirit without measure; how boundless, therefore, the riches of His long-suffering, and gentleness, and love! Oh that we may be able to comprehend more fully 'what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and may know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge!' Oh that we may have such knowledge of the heart of Jesus Christ as Paul had when he said, 'I beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ!'—to lie in the bosom of Jesus, and feel the beating of His heart—the pulse of infinite love! Gentle is the embrace of His everlasting arms. His eye is upon you, beaming with ineffable grace and tenderness. God's love and fulness are thus manifested in the feelings of a human heart and the looks of a human eye in Immanuel—God with us—God with publicans and sinners! 'What think ye of Christ?' Is He not 'fairer than the children of men'? Is He not 'altogether lovely'?"

He who "hath the key of David," who "openeth and no man

shutteth," was hastening forward the blessed work during the brief season of the "open door." "It has never been my expectation," writes Mr Hewitson on 1st May, "that the enemies of the truth would long suffer the good work to continue; and it will not surprise me though it be soon stopped. The Roman Catholic priest of the parish in which I have recently been holding my meetings has come to know about them, and he will not cease making endeavours till they be put down.

"How pleasant," he continues, "it has been to meet with and speak to the dear people here who love Jesus! Many of them are simple-minded, and confiding in God like little children. Some of them have made much progress in grace and holiness; and their greatest joy is to see the work spreading, and new souls coming into the fold. The Lord is carrying His gracious work forward, especially in private, through the reading of Scripture. The work was perhaps never in a more flourishing state than it is at this moment. But the enemy is determined, I believe, to use all means to stop it. It is the Lord's own work, however, and He will sustain it till the gathering in of all His elect has been completed. The poor people who know and love the truth have nothing before them but the prospect of suffering for Christ's sake. Meanwhile they wait on the Lord, daily praying and praising God. In this way they are becoming, I trust, strong in the Lord against the day of trial.

"I found," he adds, "that Mr Wood's house was too public to continue the meetings in; and, following the advice of friends here, I have been led to take the lease of a house for a year—one in a more retired situation, having a little garden on one side of it, and a large garden, or fazenda, as it is here called, on the other. I have not yet begun to live in it, but have had my meetings in it with the people for about two weeks."

And again, to another correspondent, on May 2:—"When I looked forward to Madeira as a place of danger, I was not altogether, as events are beginning to shew, without reasonable grounds for my apprehensions. There has been another communion—fifty-nine or sixty Portuguese converts being present. No suspicion, I believe, exists as to our having had such a meeting. There are many applying, besides, for admission to the Lord's table. The work is going forward. No man can stay the hand of the Almighty Workman. There are many dear children of God in this place, whose sincerity is put to the test by many

adversaries. They suffer much in private in their own homes and neighbourhood; and though naturally, I believe, an extremely timid people, they are bold in their God and strong in the joy of their Lord.

"It is a few hours," he adds, "since I wrote the above, and I am since all the more convinced that decided steps will be taken to arrest, so far as the enemy can arrest, the progress of the work here. 'The Lord reigneth.' Pray that my faith may not fail, and that, amidst the siftings of coming trial, the dear people may be enabled to abide in the Lord. Weak am I in myself, and naturally disposed to shrink; but it is my prayer that, in the everlasting arms of my faithful covenant-God, I may be borne safely through. God be glorified in me—spirit, soul, and body! We are but pilgrims here; we are travellers to our Father's house Oh that our chief desire may be to glorify God our Saviour now, that we may be glorified in Him, and with Him, at His coming!"

And to another, at a later hour of the same day:—"I fear that my meetings here will soon be stopped now. Yesterday several policemen were on watch round the house in which we met, for the purpose of ascertaining who the persons were that had assembled for worship. Seeing them on the spot when I rode up, I did not go in, but went past. After they had watched for two hours or so, they went off, and the few people who were in the house then went away home. The policemen were again watching to-day, and I rode past them. They will perhaps continue to watch for some days to come; but they will be disappointed, for while they keep watching, I will, of course, as an act of prudence, discontinue my meetings. I am afraid lest the disciples here may have to suffer still more than they have suffered in the cause of their Lord."

His health, in spite of all these labours, was improving. "Yesterday," we find him adding, in the postscript of the letter last quoted, "Dr Kalley again examined my lungs; and this time, notwithstanding all the work that I have had, his report is somewhat more favourable. The disease seems not at all to be active."

The narrative proceeds. "On Saturday last," he writes, May 8 (1845), to the Committee at home, "several persons were examined by the administrator of police; but, so far as I am aware, the information communicated by them was not sufficient to afford ground for bringing an indictment against me. The

police continued to watch daily till Sabbath; and though now they do not personally continue their vigilance, I have reason to believe that they are taking means to secure information as to my proceedings, being resolved, it is said, to put me down. The people with whom I have been in the practice of meeting, so far from being terrified at the threatening demonstrations of the enemies of the truth, would continue to visit me as usual if I did not consult for their safety more than they do themselves. Their numbers are so considerable, that I have been all along obliged to restrain them from coming except at reasonable intervals; and their love of the truth, like that which discovers itself at home during seasons of revival, is such as leads them to make little account of the obstacles which rise up in its way.

"For some weeks past," he continues, "I have been contemplating the ordination of three or four elders. On Tuesday last, I intimated to a godly young man that I wished him to become an elder, asking him if he would object to undertake the office. He answered that he would refuse to do nothing that was agreeable to the will of the Lord; and, evidently referring to a threatened attempt on the part of the enemies of the truth to force him into military service, he added, that he would gladly enlist himself as a soldier to defend the Lord's cause and people. The young man in question is a devoted servant of God, with intense love of Bible-truth. He knows much of that truth, and quotes Scripture with great readiness and felicity. He has a strong understanding, an excellent memory, and fluent utterance. He is very anxious to acquire the English language, as it affords such advantages for increasing knowledge in Divine things. Do not you and the Committee think that, in consideration of the exigencies of the native church in Madeira, and in accordance with apostolic practice in cases of similar exigency, the young man referred to ought, after acquiring the key which the English language would give him to such stores of scriptural knowledge, to be set apart to the office of the holy ministry? For my own part, I have no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that he ought. The time may not be far distant when I shall be obliged to leave Madeira by the strong arm of persecution; and it would be a great comfort to the afflicted church here, amidst their privations, to have the prospect of so soon receiving ordinances at the hands of one of their own number.

"I am still permitted by God," he adds, "to cherish the hope

that, by going on quietly, and so as best to elude the eye of hostile observation, I shall be enabled to labour a little longer in the work of the ministry among this people. There is much to do in the way of building up as well as in the way of ingathering. I have reason to believe that the latter part of the work is going forward.

In a "*P.S.—May* 10," he says—"Yesterday, a woman, one of the Lord's flock here, was put in prison for teaching her neighbours to read the Bible. Another imprisonment has likewise just taken place at Santa Cruz, a town at some distance from this, in the case of a man who had been similarly occupied. The adversary sees that the progress of the good work cannot be stopped but by precluding all access to the Word of God, and they seem determined to take this means of stopping it.

"Since writing the above, I have met with some of the disciples here, and find them triumphing, in the joy of the Lord and in the hope of glory, over every fear and danger. 'The joy of the Lord is their strength.' Their faith is very simple and confiding. They are 'little children.'"

And in a "2*d P.S.—May* 12," he adds—"The horizon is becoming more and more cloudy. Two or three days ago, at a dinner party, the Bishop of Madeira declared exterminating warfare against the Bible. He said that he had all the authorities on his side, and that he was resolved to put down all dissent from the Roman Catholic Church. Yesterday, while the bishop was preaching, he fell down in a fit. This might teach him that the Lord is mightier than he."

An eye-witness describes a touching scene which occurred on the day when the former of these Postscripts was written:—"*Saturday, May* 10.—At half-past four this afternoon, our house was again privileged to be the spot where another of the little ones of this poor persecuted people was given to the Lord in baptism. Mr Hewitson says the mother reminds him of Mary, who wiped the feet of Jesus with her tears. She was one of the most devout and bigoted papists, but now she has burned all her images."

A week later, Mr Hewitson writes:—"There is reason to believe that conversions are still being effected through the Word, and that former converts are growing up into the Lord, and becoming more and more courageous for the encounter of a still more fiery trial than as yet has tried them. A few days ago, one

of the women who visited me was literally trembling for fear lest the watchful adversary should see her coming; and two young men, lambs of the flock, told me the same day that their enemies were threatening not only to beat them, but even to put them to death. The malignity manifested against the Word of God is rancorous and virulent in the extreme. The Word of God is daily reproached and blasphemed. But 'wisdom is justified of her children,' and *they* hunger and thirst after the Word—they long for it as the hart for the water-brooks."

Surrounded in Madeira by the manifestations of the Lord's presence, Mr Hewitson began to inquire, with a growing concern, why at home that presence was so little known. "I hear," says he, "that Jedburgh and some of the surrounding parishes have been refreshed recently with a shower of blessing from the Lord. Have any of the rain-drops fallen on your waste places? Some desperate unbelief there must be in the churches, which so clogs and locks the wheels of Immanuel's chariot. The Word of God is what it was in apostolic and in Reformation days—the Spirit of the Lord is not straitened—the love of the Father is not waxed cold—the bowels of Christ still yearn over lost souls; but, oh! the curse of Nazareth seems to be upon the churches—'The Lord could not do many mighty works there, because of their unbelief.' Unbelief in God's children keeps sinners asleep."

And, writing to Mr Dickson, June 5 (1845), he says:—"If we would let God's thoughts, as they are revealed in the Word, come in and fill the chamber of our minds, how different our views and feelings would be regarding both God and ourselves, both His thoughts towards us, and our standing in His sight! What an ado unbelief sometimes stirs up within us, as if all were over! What weeping and dirging, as if of minstrels waking the dead, sometimes are to be heard within! Were God's thoughts then to be let in, it would be like Jesus coming into the midst of the mourners, and saying, 'Why make you this ado, and weep? The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth.' As the minstrels and other mourners were put out of the house by Jesus, so must our thoughts be put out of our hearts by God's thoughts. Then, all being still, the sweet voice of the Redeemer will be heard, 'Tabitha, arise.' Longinus says of Homer that he makes his gods mere men: we may say of our unbelief, that it makes the saving strength of Jehovah our Saviour less than the rebelling strength of our indwelling sin. If we would but have patience, and, instead of running hither and

thither in the panic of our restless spirits, wait, wait on the Lord, we should sooner, in every case, be delivered out of our troubles, and have the new song put again into our mouths. The wrigglings and strivings of the child, impatient under its sufferings, will not let the kind hand of the physician pour the healing balm into the sore or apply the styptic to the bleeding wound. Therefore He waits on us, till, recovering from our impatience and panic-alarms, we begin to wait on Him. 'Therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto you: and therefore will He be exalted, that He may have mercy upon you: for the Lord is a God of judgment; blessed are all they that wait for Him.' When unbelief is raging, and storming, and darkening the air with black, thundery clouds, what thoughts rise up within, all tending and tempting to despair! But God says, 'Ye know not, but I know, the thoughts that I think towards you—thoughts of peace and not of evil.' His thoughts are fixed; a storm cannot blow them away, however it may shake our present faith. A storm is so far from indicating any change in God's thoughts of love and grace, that, after he rebukes the storm, He rebukes also our unbelief: 'O ye of little faith, wherefore did ye doubt?' God's thoughts be always ours!"

Continuing the narrative, he writes, June 12:—"Hitherto He has shielded my labours wonderfully; for though there were many who, if summoned as witnesses, might have deponed that much of my doctrine was contrary to that of Rome, yet only a few persons were examined, whose evidence did not afford ground for interfering with me, so that, by means of keeping my meetings as secret as possible, I am still able to hold them almost daily. The work of persecution, however, is going forward against the converts. A brother of Francisco, my servant, was, about ten days ago, tried for reading and speaking of the truths of the Bible in his own house, and sentenced to six months of imprisonment. Yesterday, four others were imprisoned: three for twenty-five days each, being a husband, his wife, and one of their children; they had been teaching their neighbours to read. The fourth, an excellent young man, who should be made an elder of the Portuguese Church in Madeira, had, on a person saying to him 'that the Church of Rome was the mother of us all,' replied, 'Then keep her to yourself.' For merely saying this, he has been sentenced to lie in jail for four months. Others are being threatened with similar prosecutions for similar offences.

"Dr Kalley and his family," he adds, "intend to leave Madeira,

on a visit to Scotland, in the same vessel with Mr Wood. They will probably be absent for three or four months. Mr Wood leaves his furniture and pony in my hands. A pony is quite necessary here for invalids, the country is so steep. Walking up the hills would soon be the death of a consumptive person. Funchal lies along the shore, and up-hill along the mountains, which rise rapidly above it to a height of about four thousand feet. The country is grand; but to my eye, it is not beautiful. In point of beauty, I think Scotland surpasses it."

And to another correspondent:—"A great flame of indignation was kindled in our neighbourhood, by the suspicion having gone abroad that a child had been baptised in the Presbyterian form. The suspicion was well-founded, but no eye-witness could be found. About twenty persons conspired to assassinate Dr Kalley, on the suspicion that he had baptised the child in question; but they discovered that it was not he who had done it. My health is as usual—no greater strength. Imprisonment would weaken me very much, in all likelihood; but I expect, with the Lord's help, to continue at liberty for some time yet. I believe that bonds await me; but even this the Lord can keep me from suffering, if it seem good in His sight. To do His will, and to suffer His will, should be our every-hour wish and aim."

Bold in his God, he held on his way unshrinkingly, conferring not with flesh and blood, "It was reported a few days ago," says he, 11th July, "that a Writer was to be posted at my door to take down the names of the people who might enter; but as yet he has not made his appearance. Meanwhile, public notice has been given by means of placards, I believe, fixed at the church-doors, that all who have not been attending the Roman Catholic Church, and not going to confess to the priest, are required to confess, or attend church, within the space of ten days, at the risk of being imprisoned. The ten days have not yet expired. Maria Joaquina was liberated from prison on Thursday of last week. I saw her a short time after her enlargement, and on Saturday morning she was present at our meeting for worship. She had been in prison for two years and some months. She is an applicant for admission to the communion."

A crisis now seemed at hand. "On the morning of Saturday, the 26th of last month," he writes, August 15, to the Church at home, "I was visited by a public notary, who served me with an intimation from the Administration of Police, warning me to discontinue meeting

this mountainous land. The medical man who attended me, told me that longer delay would have made medical aid altogether too late. For two or three days, I scarcely expected recovery. I never went so far down the dark valley, nor got so steady a gaze over the verge of time into the depths of eternity. 'The Lord was with me, so that I feared no evil. His rod and staff, they comforted me.' My convalescence has been slow. I am now quite recovered from the disease; but I have little strength, and am more emaciated in body than ever I was in my life. When I look at my limbs, I think that I shall never again recover strength; but the Lord can make me strong,—He *can* do it—and what He can do, He *will* do, if He be pleased yet to use my services in the world. Yesterday was the sixth Sabbath that I could not meet with the Scotch congregation. For two of these weeks I have been in the house of a Christian, Mrs Walker, who kindly visited me almost daily, when I was sick, to read the precious Word of God."

And again, to another:—"It has pleased the Lord to spare me yet a little longer. I bless Him for the correction of His rod. The sweetest weeks that I have spent in Madeira were the five last past, during which I have been either on the bed of languishing, or labouring under the infirmities of a tardy convalescence. 'We are complete in Christ.' This has been my sweet experience. If we would know in a way most satisfactory what the real ground is on which we are resting our hope of eternal life, we should cover ourselves with all our vileness and guilt, and do nothing to get peace but simply wait, looking on Christ, till, in spite of all our felt vileness and guilt, we obtain peace from Him. Looking steadily at Christ, as set before us in the Word, as lifted up before our eyes on the pole of Scripture, we shall experience an increase of faith; for it is a law of our being, that if we look fixedly, and steadfastly set our attention, on any truth, we come to clearer apprehensions and surer knowledge of that truth, and so have our faith in it more firmly established. The more we experience, by means of steadfast looking unto Jesus, an increase of faith in His finished work, the more steady and solid is the assurance that we have of our personal acceptableness and actual acceptedness in the Beloved."

Like those tropical regions whose "unimpeded commerce with the sun" clothes them with ever new verdure, Mr Hewitson seemed now, more than ever, to abide in the sunshine of God's face, and

thus to abound with ever new peace and joy. A touching note, written in pencil, from his sick-chamber, in acknowledgment of a little token of sympathy sent him by an afflicted disciple, indicates the mode of his daily Christian life:—

"*Friday*, P.M. [*Sept.* 12, 1845.]

"My dear Friend,—The Lord send you, fresh and in bloom from His own garden, and plucked with His own hand, sweet flowers; and may many a soft breathing of the 'south wind' come, and make them exhale their odours, that your soul may be filled with their sweetness! The rose and verbena you sent me yesterday are now withered and dry. So, too, even the sweetest flowers that come to us from the Lord's garden soon lose their bloom and freshness; for Christ would not that we should rest satisfied with His gifts and comforts and the tokens of His love, instead of saying, 'Thou only art my portion, O Lord.' He refreshes and gladdens us with the flowers and spices of Divine consolation, not that we may look away from Himself to them, but that, enjoying the sweet fragrance of His comforting love, we may render it back to Him in the breathings of joy, love, and thankfulness.

"When we find the Lord's flowers withering in our hands, we should not vex our souls, as we are apt to do; for He who gave them is Himself still the same, and we glorify Him when we rest in Him, and cleave to Him as our portion, even when we have none of the precious gifts of His comforting grace. Nor should we say, as Satan will tempt us to do, when the Lord's sweet flowers are all dried and dead, that we have sinned away our comforts, and that therefore the Lord is now again hiding His face from us. He is not hiding His face, though his flowers be dry; but He would have us be ever going again, through the gently dropping dews of prayer in the Holy Ghost, to knock at His garden-gate, and ask Him for a fresh gift of His choicest flowers. He withers the flowers we have, that we may always come to Him for more. Oh, matchless love of Jesus! He wishes us to come again and again; for He sees of the travail of His soul when we lift up the voice of prayer and shew the countenance of faith and hope before the throne. 'O my dove, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice, for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.'

"Let me give you to-day Isaiah xxxv. It is a bed of sweet flowers in the garden of Jesus. May you get some of them from Jesus himself, all wet with the dews of heaven! Lovely are those

flowers of the Lord; but the Lord himself is 'altogether lovely.' —With the affectionate regards of an unworthy brother in the Lord, yours most truly,

"W. H. HEWITSON."

And, a month later, to another:—"My weakness is a great trial to me in this one respect: I would sometimes serve the Lord in ways in which I cannot serve Him. This I know, however, does not affect my standing before God: it is a blessed, never-for-a-moment-to-be-forgotten truth, that our standing in Christ is entirely independent of any doings or endurings of our own—that we are already and altogether righteous before the throne. This truth is the fountain of joy in the Lord; and joy in the Lord is our strength. Will you, meanwhile, give from me these precious words to ——: 'Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful'? Here, God's righteousness or justice is linked with grace on the one side, and with mercy on the other. It is God's justice, as well as His grace, that pardons and justifies the believer: it is His law, as well as His Gospel, that, through a crucified Saviour, proclaims 'peace on earth and good-will to men.'"

He rose from his sick-bed animated with new zeal to do or to endure for Christ's sake. "If I should," he writes, October 15, "be recommended, as a matter of faithfulness, to go forward at all hazards, it was better that Dr Kalley should be here again before I exposed myself to the certain suffering of imprisonment. The answer of the Committee has not yet arrived. You will perhaps say that it would be wrong to go forward with the work at the risk of imprisonment; but the question, as it regards the honour of Christ, and the interests of His cause here, is not, I believe, to be so readily disposed of. I am at liberty, in the Lord, to pursue either course—I am not straitened in my goings so far as this point is concerned. I wish that Christ may be glorified in me in the way most likely to promote His glory. My prayer and desire is, that the Committee may be directed by Him to give me the counsel which is most accordant with His own blessed will; and I think it probable that, regarding their counsel as an intimation of His will, I will be led implicitly to follow it."

He now adopted a new expedient for furthering the work. Writing to the Church at home, Dec. 17 (1845), he says:—"Perceiving that the Lord was carrying on His work among the people at St Antonio da Serra and elsewhere, through the instrumentality

of meetings held from Sabbath to Sabbath, by some of the converts, in their own houses, for the purpose of reading the Scriptures, of exhorting one another, and of prayer,—seeing, besides, that the exigencies of Madeira could only be supplied by means of appointing such of the converts as had made greatest advancement in spiritual knowledge and experience to labour as catechists in their several neighbourhoods,—I have been led, I trust by the counsel of the Holy Spirit, to organise a class, drawn together from among the choicest of the converts, and am carrying them through a systematic course of religious instruction, with the view of furnishing them, under Divine grace, for the office and work of catechists. The class consists of about fifteen or sixteen persons, some of whom come from St Antonio da Serra, and from another place nearly as far distant. The father-in-law of one of the two principal judges of the island—being one of the converts, and deeply interested in the business of the class—is frequently present. The regularity of attendance on the part of the students, if I may so designate them, and the earnestness of their attention, are highly gratifying; nor is there a single circumstance from which I at first augured difficulty and even disappointment in endeavouring to carry out my views, which has not—thanks to the Lord for His goodness!—been hitherto overcome. By examining the class on what they have last heard, I can both ascertain whether they have listened with intelligence, and help to deepen in their memories the impressions previously made. At each meeting we have prayer twice. One of the prayers is conducted by myself, and the other by some member of the class. The manner in which some of them pray is affectingly simple and childlike; and from this, more than anything else, am I encouraged to entertain good hopes as to the issue of my present labours. Fruitless indeed were my labours, if those who are the subject of them were not enlightened, and led, and furnished by the Spirit of grace and of supplications.

"Now," he adds, "that I have become better acquainted with the character of those who have been converted from Romanism, and with the influences by which their character is affected, I am in a better condition to estimate aright the nature of the change which they have undergone. I believe that a good work is still going silently forward. Some are inquiring, under painful conviction of guilt, after the way of salvation. But the wicked one has likewise been busy, and that in other ways than by moving

persecution against the converts. Some have fallen into flagrant sin; and of these, three individuals, who are communicants, must be suspended from the Lord's table. I believe that many of God's people at home remember this place in their prayers, and I trust that I am not forgotten by the few who are acquainted with my position and work. The difficulties and discouragements connected with the work are peculiarly great; nor can I conceal the fact that the work is in some measure perilous. I trust that, for the glory of His own name, the Lord will give me the faith which will enable me to overcome."

The reader will have observed an allusion to the frequent presence, in the class, of "the father-in-law of one of the two chief judges." This was Senhor Arsenio Nicos da Silva. The story of his conversion is interesting.

"I think it was in the summer of 1840," says Dr Kalley, in a letter to the author, "that Senhor Arsenio first came to consult me about his daughter's health. After having prescribed for her corporeal ailments, we had a little conversation about the soul. In a few days he returned; and, after several visits at the hospital, he expressed a wish to converse with me at my own house, privately. We sat down together, and I inquired on what subject he wished to speak.

"'About the way,' was the reply, 'in which a guilty man can, under the government of a just God, escape the punishment which he deserves.'

"'Well,' I said, 'tell me what you think about it.'

"'I understand,' said he, 'that in baptism the death of Christ is applied, so as to free from original sin;' and then he went on to speak of penances, &c., for actual transgression.

"I interrupted him by saying, '*I* understand that the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin.'

"'What?' he cried.

"'I understand,' I repeated, 'that the blood of Christ cleanses from *all* sin, of every kind.'

"'Tell me that again!'

"'No,' said I, 'but read here, and here,'—and I pointed out several texts.

"Great tears came coursing down his cheeks, as he read words of God, attesting the wondrous truth;—and the doctrine of His free favour, in pardoning the chief of sinners, seemed for the first time to break upon his soul.

"He had often been mentioned to me," Dr Kalley adds, "under the epithet, 'o avarento,' 'the miser.' At the time of the interview related, I was furnishing a small hospital. He sent me a large basket full of sheets, towels, and other articles for it,—with a note saying, 'My heart was gangrened; it has felt the power of the love of God; and I send you the first fruits of it.'" Some of the subsequent fruits of that love, in his life and in his death, we shall afterwards record.

The persecution waxed hotter. "The Serra people are still in prison," Mr Hewitson writes to the Committee, December 17; "and when their trial will come on, it is impossible to foretell, as, in this island, judicial procedure is not regulated by law, but is entirely dependent on the caprice of the judges. The number of prisoners now in jail for reading the Word of God and for other offences against the Man of Sin, is twenty-eight persons. Six of these were arrested and imprisoned a few weeks ago. Their crime was, that they had met one Sabbath evening to edify one another by reading the Word and by social prayer. I am informed that the usual practice in dealing with cases of so-called religious delinquency is, first to prepare the sentence in writing, and afterwards to go through the empty form of trying the case and hearing evidence. Those who have embraced the truth have, with only a few exceptions, remained firm under the assaults of persecution. Many who were just beginning to taste the good Word of God have shrunk back through fear, their danger being greater than, with so little light as they had on Divine things, they were able to encounter. I believe—I know for a fact—that there are some here who read the Bible in secret, and look to Christ alone for salvation, without having boldness enough in the Lord to confess Him openly. Elijah was the only public witness for God in Israel, yet God had in Israel seven thousand hidden worshippers. It is well to worship the true God, even in secret;—it is better to be an open witness, an Elijah."

How holily he himself meanwhile walked, may be gathered indirectly from a case in the English congregation, with which he was called at this time to deal. "This morning," he writes, December 19, "a member of the Presbyterian congregation called on me in a state of soul-distress. She has been losing the savour of Divine truth amidst the worldly society with which she has been too freely mixing. A Christian friend having warned her of her manifest declension in personal godliness, she was at first

offended; but, on a second and third repetition of the same warning, she was led to consider her ways. She finds that the stream of the world has been insensibly bearing her downward, and that her steps have been turned away from Jesus towards the pit. She is cast down under a sense of her backsliding; but again, with thankfulness for the warning she has received as it were from God himself, she is turning her face Zionward. Experience shews her the necessity of coming out and being separate from the world. She sees that she cannot have fellowship both with the world and with Jesus. The world that knew not Jesus when He came is the same world still. Jesus, who was despised and crucified by the world, is the same Jesus still. Are we in Christ? Then Christ is formed in us, and dwells in us, and Christ in us lives and feels, even as He lived and thought and felt when He was in the world. The love of the world is enmity with God."

During the winter and spring, the chief object of his solicitude was the class. "The members," we find him writing to Mr Dodds, on 31st January (1846), "are gathered together—some from the immediate neighbourhood of the city, and others from as great distances as twelve and fifteen, and, I believe, even sixteen or eighteen miles. For a considerable time, I have been engaged in lecturing to them, twice in the week, on the various doctrines of a consecutive but simply-arranged course of Bible theology. Their attendance is regular, and their interest in the business of the class such as to afford me great encouragement. There is one weekly examination on the topics of the lecture last delivered; and an opportunity is given, at the close of each lecture, of putting questions with a view to the elucidation of what may not have been fully understood. The concluding prayer at each meeting is conducted by some one of the members of the class. Some of them pray with considerable emotion, and some with touching *naïveté* and simplicity of manner. One of them, who had on the preceding day been released from jail after an imprisonment of six months, came to me, after conducting prayer in a very childlike and confiding spirit, and said, 'Excuse me'—he referred to literary defects—'Excuse me, for I can only pray as I have been taught by the Holy Ghost.' Would that all were taught only thus to pray! More abundant would be the return of prayer from Heaven. The class consists of about fifteen persons. One of them, a marked man in his own parish, went a fortnight ago to the jail of Santa Cruz, a town about twelve miles from this, to

visit a friend who was then imprisoned for the truth's sake; and once within the walls of the jail, he himself was detained a prisoner, and is to be tried on a charge of being a heretic and a blasphemer—the crime deponed to being that he had denied the real presence of Christ in the Host. When I shall have concluded my course of expositions in the class, if the Lord permit me to bring this work to a conclusion, I intend to ordain as elders those members of the class who, being married men, may seem to possess, in the highest degree, the qualifications essential for that sacred office. As yet, none of the converts have been set apart to the office of the eldership."

But other work was not abandoned. "Last Monday," he writes in the sequel of the same letter, "we had a refreshing communion in the house of one of the British merchants. I preached and dispensed the Lord's supper to thirty-three communicants, all of them Portuguese except two individuals. The text was Heb. viii. 10–12. To-day I preached again to about forty Portuguese on the text—'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' Every Saturday forenoon, if the Lord will, I intend to have a diet of worship, admitting about thirty persons." And in a postscript, a day or two later:—"The vessel is still in the Bay, and does not set sail till to-morrow. On Wednesday last we had another and a truly refreshing communion—the most refreshing to myself that I have ever had among the Portuguese. The King sat that day at His table, and the spikenard of not a few sent forth a sweet smell. Some washed the Lord's feet with their tears, and anointed them with ointment. The room was filled with the fragrance of grateful and humble-hearted love." And on the day following:—"Dr Kalley has just called to let me know that the bishop is currently said to have made a representation against me again to the civil magistrate. Before you hear from me again, I shall be perhaps in prison. You are aware that imprisonment and persecution are unavoidable, if I continue to minister in Madeira. The great object in the meantime is to seek grace that I may be enabled to follow the Lord fully, doing His will. The people are hungering for the Word. Some of them occasionally say to me, 'When shall we come, for we are very hungry?' 'Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.' The Lord will not cease from working till, in spite of man's opposition, He have gathered in all His elect."

With that judiciousness which throughout tempered and guided

his zeal, he now urged upon the Church at home the necessity of providing a native ministry. "There are among the converts in Madeira," he writes to the Committee on February 6, "two young men of considerable promise, whom I should like exceedingly to see engaged in a course of study with a view to ministerial work amongst their countrymen. My object in troubling you with this note is, to request that the Colonial Committee will charge itself with their education. You could not confer a greater benefit on the converts in Madeira, or do anything more likely to be honoured by the Lord as an instrument of farthering the good work which He is carrying forward among this people. I am sure that no one, looking at the manner in which the apostles met and provided for similar exigencies among their converts, would demand more than such a preparatory course of training as was absolutely essential. The young men are, so far as I can judge, taught by the Holy Ghost, and their lives are in unison with their profession of faith. They are both members of my class of catechists. Interdicted already, and exposed at this moment, as I believe I am, to an actual prosecution, I do not expect that my labours will be of much longer continuance in this place." The proposal was adopted, and with the happiest results.

The door seemed at length about to be shut. "Soon after writing the note which I last addressed to you," he writes, February 26, to the Committee, "the civil governor charged Dr Coelho, one of the two judges *de Direito*, to proceed against me according to law. The latter declines, on the ground of my not being under his jurisdiction. He is the only acting judge at this moment, as the vacancy created by Negrão's retirement has not yet been supplied. There seems to be now, more than ever, a determination on the part of the authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, to put down 'the heresy,' as they call it. The bishop lately left the island for Lisbon, where he intends, as intimated by him in a recent Pastoral, to use all possible means for that end. Once or twice I have preached in the house of an English merchant; but he has been served with an interdict, prohibiting him from permitting any meetings of Portuguese for religious purposes to take place in his house, and in consequence I have been obliged to abandon my intention."

It was deemed advisable that he should withdraw for a time from the scene. "I have been led, in the providence of God," he proceeds to say in the sequel of the same letter, "to form the

resolution of leaving Madeira for some months, and of afterwards returning to resume my labours, if so be that the Lord shall be pleased to keep open here a door of usefulness. This, I am convinced, as is also my friend Dr Kalley, is the most likely expedient for securing to the converts in this island a somewhat longer continuance of what services I am by grace enabled to render 'for their furtherance and joy of faith.' My physical incapability of working, without serious injury to my health, under the relaxing influence of summer-heat in Madeira, makes the step which I have resolved on taking, if the Lord will, all the more expedient."

But before withdrawing, not a little preparatory work remained to be done. "Before leaving the island," he continues in the same letter, "I intend to finish the course of divinity through which I have been taking my class of catechists, and to set apart some of the members of the class to the several offices of the eldership and deaconship. This work will yet occupy at least two months longer. During the same interval I shall have likewise to administer the Lord's supper to all the communicants. In the course of three weeks lately, eighty-seven Portuguese converts received the Supper. Of almost all I may say that they afford good proofs of being born again. Besides these, there are more than one hundred who would gladly be admitted for examination with a view to communion. Of these, I intend to examine such as are well reported of by the brethren as walking wholly in accordance with their profession. To-day I examined, and admitted on the communion-roll, a man who gave me both of his conversion and after-experience an account most beautiful and affecting. There are here, at this moment, hundreds—there are thousands—who would gladly listen to the preaching of the gospel, if the iron hoof of spiritual oppression did not keep them down. The work of the Lord is prospering."

It seemed uncertain if even this preparatory work could be carried through. "Whether I may be allowed," he writes to the Committee, "to prosecute my labours for the space of two or three months to come, even in the most secret manner possible, is at this moment extremely doubtful. The circulation of the report that I am intending to leave the island will probably induce the authorities to connive a little longer. There is no doubt they have connived already, in the expectation that I would be led, by the threat of a prosecution, to abandon my work and leave the island. I have too good ground for apprehending that the persecution of the Lord's people will ere long wax hotter. The adversary is

enraged, for hitherto all his efforts put forth against the truth have been frustrated. The Lord has still vouchsafed to keep His arm stretched out for the deliverance of His elect. He has said, with more than the emphasis of words, 'I will work, and who shall let it?' So far as I can judge, there never was a time when the work of the Lord here was in a more prosperous condition than at the present hour."

The high tone of spirituality among the converts is indicated by an example noted in another letter:—"Yesterday I examined and admitted on the roll of church-members a man who gave me a very interesting account of his experience. He told me that he found the best means of overcoming the corruption of his heart was to have immediate recourse, whenever he felt the uprising of sinful thoughts within, to prayer or praise. 'Sometimes,' he said, 'I lift up my heart to the Lord in prayer, and at other times I break forth into singing praise to God; and always, by this means, I get rid of the evil thoughts that trouble me, and have my heart filled with joy. When I awake at night in my bed,' he continued, 'I always remember the Lord, for I don't know the day nor the hour when the Son of man will come. He will come in an hour when men think not.'"

And in the postscript he adds,—"A few minutes ago I have heard of a wicked man's conversion. His wife called to ask me to visit the house." That man, we understand, had been one of the chief tools of the priesthood in carrying into effect their deeds of violence. The plucking of his soul as a brand from the burning contributed not a little to hasten the crisis.

The class of "students" he was enabled to conduct without interruption till the beginning of summer. "He has been giving," wrote Dr Kalley to the Committee, February 5, "a systematic course of theological instruction to a class of Christian men two days in the week. I am confident that his work will produce glorious results." Two women also attended that class—Antonia da Correa and her daughter. "The former," says an English resident, who was often present, "was among the most intelligent and advanced Christians of the little community; and so influential had she been in bringing her friends and neighbours within reach of the truth, and in helping them on, that it was said of her by the enemies that she had an enchanted cup, of which if any drank they certainly became 'Calvinistas.' As she had thus many opportunities of instructing others, she came, with her husband, who was

a small proprietor and vine-dresser, and who was afterwards made an elder. During the scenes of the following August, their conduct was in beautiful harmony with their profession. They were driven from their homes, and found a refuge on board the ship which took them to Trinidad, leaving joyfully all they had to follow their Lord."* The class was continued till the month of April, when, after a careful examination, he proceeded to ordain six elders and several deacons, to conduct the meetings, and to regulate the business of the little church during his approaching absence.

He left Madeira in the beginning of May 1846, intending, after an interval of a few months, to return to his beloved flock. But the persecution, so long restrained, was now to burst forth in awful fury.

On the morning of Sabbath the 2d August, there assembled in the house of an English family betwixt thirty and forty of the converts, to listen to a Pastoral Letter from Mr Hewitson, in addition to their ordinary exercises of prayer and praise and reading of the Word. Meanwhile, a ruffian rabble had been mustered by one of the canons of the cathedral church. As the little congregation was about to retire, the rabble had arrived at the gate, headed by the Canon in full canonicals, and shouting defiance and revenge. The first to leave the house was Senhor Arsenio da Silva, the elder who had been conducting the worship. The instant he appeared, the Canon thrust in his face an image, bidding him "kiss it," and "adore his God!" Heaping on him all manner of abusive epithets, he knocked off his hat, as a means of inciting the mob to personal violence. With great difficulty Arsenio escaped, along with three or four others who had come out behind him.

Till eleven at night the house was besieged by the mob, at the instigation of the canon and several other priests who were present, and under the connivance of the civil authorities. "At last, towards midnight"—we quote the words of a British naval officer (Lieut. J. Roddam Tate, R.N.) who witnessed the scene—"the smashing of the windows, and crash of the bludgeons on the door,

* Dr Kalley mentions that he has seldom seen any one who seemed so overflowing with love to Jesus as did this remarkable woman. When she first came to him, she appeared to be labouring under a mortal disease; but God blessed the remedies employed, and she recovered. She had learned to read when a child, but had forgotten it: she now learned again, taught her daughters, and set them to teach others. She was greatly honoured in bringing souls to Jesus. In Trinidad, her husband, when out alone one day, got his leg broken. When found by some fellow-workmen, he was singing, "The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want." His leg was afterwards amputated.

announced that the money and liquor of the enemy were fearfully doing their work. Amidst the yells of the mob, the cry was still heard for admittance; when Miss Rutherfurd, addressing them in that calm, gentle, temperate, yet firm and dignified manner which distinguished her conduct through the night, begged them to withdraw, urging the danger they were incurring by so acting in violation of the law. 'Naõ ha leis pelos Calvinistas' (there are no laws for Calvinists) was the instant reply—shewing that the impression produced by the long preceding course of authorised persecution was, that Christians were outlawed by the fact of being readers of the Word of God,—with a further threat, that if the doors were not immediately opened, they would burn the house to the ground! Another smash of windows followed. Meanwhile, Miss Rutherfurd, and Clarke, her English maid, were exerting themselves to conceal the poor Christians from the anticipated murderous attack. They consisted almost exclusively of women—of harmless, quiet, inoffensive females; but they were Protestants—they had not been to mass, nor had they lately paid the fees of confession. And so their sex was no protection from the bludgeon of the ruffian! After a few more crushing blows, the door of the house flew open. Still none dared enter. Soon after midnight, just as arrangements were completed above, lights were distinguished on the staircase, and almost immediately they entered the drawing-room. Off this room was the invalid's chamber, and thither the rioters directed their course. Six or eight of the ruffians, preceded by boys carrying lights flashing in their faces, daringly entered the room and demanded the Portuguese. They were informed that the Portuguese were not there, and would not be given up; and they were desired, moreover, not to come further into the sick lady's room. They whispered together for a few minutes, and then went grumbling and muttering away. A guard being left in the drawing-room, they proceeded in search of their victims—a rather tedious process by the way, in a house with twenty bedrooms and six sitting-rooms, besides a chapel and closets of all kinds. At length we heard the yell of triumph. The victims had been found. Resistance was not thought of, but they were all on their knees in prayer to God. One was seized—his head laid open to the bone, and himself thrown over the banisters to the ground. Here the mob were beating him with clubs, and dragging him out to be murdered in the garden, 'for it is a less crime,' said they, 'to kill him there.' At the very moment of

opening the door by which to drag out their intended victim, the police and soldiers entered. The mob were asked by what authority they had entered that house, to which they replied, that 'they did not care for authority or law.' Two of the ruffians were then secured, marched off, and lodged in jail."

But the catastrophe was only beginning. About two in the morning of Sabbath the 9th of August, as Dr Kalley was escorting to his outer gate a friend who had been concerting with him measures of self-defence, he overheard the guard of soldiers, which had been sent at his urgent demand to protect him, in familiar conversation with men disguised in masks, one of whom was sharpening a large knife on the door-lintel, preparatory to "the killing on the morrow." Dr Kalley, finding that even the guard was treacherously abetting the enormities contemplated, at once determined to provide for his safety by flight. Disguising himself as a country peasant, he hastened to the house of a friend, unobserved by the ruffians, who, at the beck of the priests, were already repairing in all directions to the devoted dwelling.

It was now near mid-day. The services in honour of "our lady of the mount" had been concluded. In the streets were seen groups of excited worshippers, talking with evident delight of the intended work of the day. At last a rocket rose hissing into the air. It was the signal for proceeding. "Those who are in that house," said one of the people in the hearing of Mrs Kalley, as she was escaping in disguise through the street, "would need, to-day, to be sure of salvation." At length a dense mass surrounded the house. The door was forced. The ringleaders rushed into the apartments, the mob watching till their benefactor should be dragged forth.

Chagrined to find that he had escaped, they committed his library and papers to the flames, and hastened away in search of himself. By this time, Dr Kalley, disguised in female attire, and concealed in a hammock, was escaping for his life to the Bay. As the bearers, attended by Mr Tate, were hurried reluctantly along, the cry was raised—"Kalley! Kalley!" The infuriated mob, catching the cry, and raising three cheers, ran towards the pier. As they reached it, the hammock had just been lowered into the boat—the boat put off—in a few minutes it was alongside the steamer in the Bay—the hammock was swung on deck—Dr Kalley was safe."

The converts were now to enter the seven-times-heated furnace.

"The removal of Dr Kalley," writes another eye-witness, the Rev. Charles Nairn, to the Committee, August 18, "was to them the signal to expect all manner of cruelty and oppression. Many of them immediately fled from their houses to the mountains, where they have been savagely hunted by their relentless persecutors. It is truly heart-rending to hear of their sufferings. When discovered in their hiding-places, they are mercilessly beaten, to extort from them a promise that they will go to confession. A few days ago a man was most brutally murdered, and several women have sustained injuries from which they are not expected to recover. I am glad to learn that nearly a hundred are now on board of an emigrant ship, with the prospect of being soon removed to some other land, where they may find rest from the fury of their oppressors. There has been manifested by many of these humble disciples a spirit of devoted attachment to the truth, of simple, steadfast faith in Jesus, and of patience in the midst of great tribulation, which must commend them to the sympathy, and secure for them the prayers, of the people of God."

During the few following weeks a noble testimony for Christ was borne by these afflicted people. "This ship," is the touching description given by an English resident, in a letter to Mr Hewitson, dated "On board the 'William,' Funchal Bay, August 18, 1846"—the writer also having been obliged, along with twelve other English, to take refuge there from the fury of the mob—"This ship is to take away two hundred of *your* flock to Trinidad. Seventy are already on board. The sound of the hymns is very sweet as it rises from the hold. It is a great privilege to be near them in this time of need, and to see that their faith does not fail. They never speak against their persecutors—they only mention them with pity. Sometimes I overhear them in prayer, praying for their enemies, and for those who have turned back again to the *Casas d'Idolatria*. They have all been in hidings on the mountains—their houses broken up and pillaged; and many of them have nothing left but the clothes they wear. The soldier's mother was taken out of her house on Sunday morning the 9th—beaten till she was seemingly dead—then dragged down, and thrown on the grave of the Protestants buried on the road at Santa Luzia. She revived again, and was carried by police to the hospital. After dressing her arm, which was broken, they ordered her to 'confess.' On her refusal, she was taken to the police station, where she remained all day in a hammock. Next day

she was taken to the hospital, but, refusing to conform to the Church, is kept in a hammock instead of a bed. Alas! now the door in Madeira seems closed indeed—your flock scattered in other lands."

These two hundred sailed on 22d August for Trinidad. Soon after, three hundred and fifty followed. Ultimately, the number of the exiles, sent to Trinidad and to the other West India islands, rose to about eight hundred.

A goodly "cloud of witnesses," truly! Ye persecuted, but not forsaken! ye cast down, but not destroyed! cast not away your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward. Meanwhile, be ye not high-minded, but fear. What have ye, which ye have not received?

Longing after them, for the exceeding grace of God in them, and all the more because of their abounding afflictions, the self-denying pastor shall yet be met by us on the scene of their exile, comforting his scattered flock.

CHAPTER XIII.

1845, 1846.

Ministry in Madeira—Source of its power—Preaching of Christ—Pastoral Letter—Daily Walk—Notes of Conversation—Tenderness—Notes by Dr Kalley.

"Mr Hewitson," wrote Dr Kalley on 5th February 1846, "has been a source of incalculable good to Madeira. I feel *myself* to be very much a hewer of wood or drawer of water." In recording the labours of Brainerd among the Indians, President Edwards asks, "Is there not much to teach and excite to duty us who are called to the work of the ministry, and all who are candidates for that great work?" A lesson not less instructive is before us here.

The power of Mr Hewitson's ministry among the Portuguese lay in the simplicity, and fulness, and unction wherewith he preached Christ. A touching illustration of this occurs in the Pastoral Letter referred to in the preceding chapter. That letter may be regarded as a summary of his preaching, when he spoke to them face to face. It has an additional interest, as being the last

message delivered to the little church in the land of their fathers. He writes:—

"DEARLY-BELOVED BRETHREN,—Grace, mercy, and peace, from our Father and our Lord Jesus Christ, be greatly multiplied to you. I remember you every day in my prayers before God, giving thanks to Him who called you out of darkness to His marvellous light.

"It is true that formerly you were children of darkness, dragged along to eternal perdition by the prince of darkness; but now ye are children of light, being born of the Spirit by the Word of the living God. Walk in a way worthy of the Father of lights, who shone into your hearts to enlighten you in the knowledge of His divine glory in the face of Jesus Christ. Walk constantly, very dear brethren, after our beloved Lord Jesus Christ; for He assures you, in the Gospel of John, viii. 12, 'I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.' It is evident, then, that we cannot walk in the saving light which brings us eternal life, without continuing to walk after Christ. Light, life, salvation, the hope of glory, all spiritual and eternal blessings, are found in Christ Jesus our Lord; neither can they be found anywhere else. Christ is the storehouse of all the heavenly goods—Christ is the treasure of all the riches of divine goodness—Christ is the fountain from which rivers of living water are always flowing—Christ is the sea, without either bottom or shore, which makes all the waves of grace, mercy, and love, pass on the believing soul—Christ is the Sun of the highest heavens, which scatters and throws all the rays of divine wisdom and knowledge both among the angels above and the believers below. Whatever blessing you need, seek from Christ Jesus. It hath pleased the Father that in Him should be fully, and abundantly, all things. In Christ dwelleth all the grace and glory of the Godhead bodily. It is in Him that ye are full.

"If ye depart from Jesus, ye are poor, miserable, blind, and naked—ye have nothing: coming to Jesus, ye become partakers of His riches, His white robes, His light, wisdom, happiness, joy, grace, and love—His kingdom and glory. Come, therefore, nearer and nearer to Jesus, and never leave off living and walking with Him. Be very close to His pierced side. Hide yourselves within His heart. Bathe your souls in the waves of His eternal love—bathe your consciences in His blood—bathe them every morning and evening—bathe them continually. There is no pardon—none—

for those who will not take it solely from the blood of Jesus; because, without the shedding of His precious blood, there is no remission of sin, nor can any sinner be ransomed.

"If you do not trust in Christ only, who about eighteen hundred years ago died on the cross for our sins—the Just for the unjust—you cannot be saved. Christ is the only Saviour. And Christ saves none but only through His blood. If you trust in your tears, prayers, works, persecutions, or tribulations, borne for the sake of Jesus—if you trust in such things, you are certainly wrong, and walk far from the way of salvation. Such things are not Christ—such things are not your Saviour. Do not trust in them, but only in Christ; for out of Christ there is no salvation whatever.

"It is good to shed tears of sadness, thinking on your sins; but shed them looking to Christ crucified. It is good to pray, and to pray more and more earnestly; but you ought to pray, trusting only on the merits of Christ. It is good to do the good works of faith and love—it is good to increase more and more in fortitude, charity, purity, and meekness; but see you don't put any confidence in your own works. Put all your confidence and hope in the perfected work of the holy Son of God. Confidence in your own works will bring to you condemnation and death. Faith in the death of Jesus Christ will make us partakers of the merits of His death, and consequently of the blessings of His resurrection. It is good, if necessary, to suffer persecution, shame, and death itself, for the sake of the name of Jesus. But we ought always to remember, that it is not for the sake of our personal sorrows and sufferings, but only for the sake of the sufferings which Christ endured, that we are saved.

"In Christ we have redemption through His blood—the complete forgiveness of our sins. In Christ 'all things are ours.' Out of Christ we have nothing. Do you wish for pardon and peace?—go to Christ. In Him you will find all you want. Do you wish for light and wisdom?—do you wish to understand more the meaning of the Word of God?—go to Christ. He will send you the Spirit of light and truth. Do you wish for growth in grace and in holiness—more faith to overcome sin within and the world without?—go, my brethren, go again and again, to Christ. Christ has for you all the gifts of faith, of strength, of grace, of holiness. Anything you want, either for the soul or for the body—for the life which now is, or for that which is to come,—go to

Christ; all things are found in Christ. Christ is ready to give you all things abundantly. To be far from Christ is to be far from light, from life, from mercy, and from heaven—to be far from Christ is to be near death, misery, hell—to be without Christ is to be without God, without hope in the world. If we have Christ, we have all; without Christ, we have nothing. You can be happy without money, without liberty, without parents, and without friends, if Christ is yours: if you have not Christ, neither money, nor liberty, nor parents, nor friends, can make you happy. Christ, with a chain, is liberty; liberty, without Christ, is a chain. Christ, without anything, is riches; all things, without Christ, is poverty indeed.

"Therefore, my brethren, 'persevere in the Lord with full purpose of heart.' 'Be firm in the faith, and strong in the grace which is in Christ Jesus.' 'All things are yours, whether it be the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come—all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.' 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? In all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' Christ, who loved, and still loves, and will love us for ever, is Lord over all in heaven and in earth. Therefore fear no evil.

"Be steadfast, waiting on the Lord. Now you are persecuted: wait with patience, beloved brethren, a little longer. The Lord is about to come to judge the world. 'Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him; and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him. Even so. Amen.' The Lord grant that ye may be filled with the Holy Spirit, following after holiness, having compassion on your enemies, praying for them that they may be saved, waiting for the coming of the Lord. Pray for me, that I may be filled with the Spirit of God. I endeavour to pray for you, remembering all your afflictions. Grace be with every one of you.—Your brother that loves you, "W. H. HEWITSON."

Brainerd writes that "it was remarkable, from time to time, that

when he was favoured with any special freedom in discoursing of the ability of Christ to save sinners, and the need they stood in of such a Saviour, there was then the greatest appearance of divine power in awakening numbers of secure souls, promoting convictions begun, and comforting the distressed." Similar was the experience of Mr Hewitson. "It was delightful," writes Dr Kalley, referring to his own and to Mr Hewitson's ministrations, "to witness the effects of the belief of God's Word—to see tears of joy gushing over the cheeks as the truth burst upon the soul for the first time that the offended God himself acquits the ungodly—that He in His own Word assures the sinner that He delights in mercy, and, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sin, sent His Son to redeem them that had incurred the curse of His broken law. 'He sent His word and healed them.' The spiritual results were as striking and more precious than any even miraculous bodily cure. The eyes of the blind were opened, the ears of the deaf unstopped, the lame leapt, and the tongue of the dumb sang. They were 'begotten' of God by His 'Word of truth;' they grew by the sincere milk of it; it was sweeter to them than honey—more precious than gold: the words of Jesus were spirit and life to them. They appeared to feel that the words of God were addressed to them individually—that the gift of God, even eternal life by Jesus Christ, was freely offered to them, each personally, by the Lord; and, believing this and accepting it, they enjoyed peace through His blood—they rejoiced in the Lord."

But Mr Hewitson not only preached Christ—he *lived* Christ. He carried Christ with him into every scene. Brainerd used to say that he met with many who talked *about* religion, but few who "talked religion itself." All who saw Mr Hewitson felt that his Christianity was not a cold abstraction, but a living fellowship with a living Lord. Some extracts from the diary of an English resident, who enjoyed Mr Hewitson's almost daily private ministrations during that period, will indicate how he spoke and walked:—

"*Madeira, Saturday, April* 12, 1845.—I had a visit this afternoon from Mr Hewitson—the first time I have seen him. His whole conversation and manner made me feel that he was one who 'walked with God.' His spirit dwells above the atmosphere of this world. Speaking of the love of Jesus, he said, 'We can imagine a mother, the tenderest of all earthly relatives, about to die, and leave her little helpless orphan children without any one

in the world to care for them. What a pleading for them would there be in her last parting prayer! But could she frame one more tender, more affecting than this—"And now I am no more in the world, but these are in the world, and I come to Thee: Holy Father, keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given me"? His is a tenderer, deeper, and far intenser love for those He left behind, than even that of the tenderest of mothers.'"

"*October* 31.—Mr H. spoke of 'grace reigning,' of self mixing in everything we do, even in our holy things—that in our sanctification we must look to Christ alone—every day, every hour, continually. Remembering and acting upon this, 'we are complete in Him.' He also spoke of Phil. iii. 8, 'For whom I have suffered the loss of all things.' 'Paul,' said he, 'means he must give up, and has given up, all his own righteousness upon which he once rested—his circumcision on the eighth day—his blamelessness concerning the law, &c.;—all these things, which once were to him "gain," he now casts away as nothing—as dung—so that he may win Christ. The giving up of all things—of all earthly possessions—of father, mother, sister, brother—is easy, compared with giving up all our fancied righteousness—our own works. This is the last and most difficult thing that the Christian has to do. We often fancy, and even say with our tongue, "None but Christ! I place my whole dependence upon Christ; I know I am nothing, can do nothing—He is my complete Saviour;" and yet all the time we are trusting to, and looking for, something in ourselves. There is nothing so insidious as self-righteousness — unbelief. What is it but this that prevents our continued, uninterrupted peace and joy? for if we simply believed Christ's own words—simply and singly took hold of His righteousness as ours and His finished work as our own,—how could we help having peace, feeling that all is ours because Christ is ours? I am quite sure he is not a Christian who has not found this the most difficult of all—to break away from self—to live on the righteousness of Christ alone. This it is alone which causes the believer so often "to walk in darkness," instead of "rejoicing in the Lord always." John says, "He that believeth not hath made God a liar," &c., "for this is the record, God hath given to us eternal life." Now, if we really believe this record, we *must* rejoice—we must have peace.'"

"*Thursday, November* 6.—To-day Mr Hewitson read some verses of Psalm liv. He came in full of the Spirit. When speaking upon verse 3, 'Strangers are risen up against me, and

oppressors seek after my soul,' he said—'To the children of God, the children of the world must ever be strangers—they can have nothing in common—they "hate them," and "rise up against them" to destroy them. Satan pursues from without; and, oh, he knows how to oppress, if he is not able to destroy, the soul of a child of God! He rouses up the "old man" within; and how insidiously he causes the soul to doubt and distrust its God! how he tempts it to look away from Jesus—to burden and overwhelm it with a view of its own sinfulness apart from Christ, and thus to darken its spiritual light! As David, when feeding his sheep on the green pastures of Bethlehem, overcame both the lion and the bear which were carrying off the lambs of his flock, so will our David pursue, and overcome, and bring back the weakest lamb of all His fold. It is an easy thing for the lion and the bear to carry us from the fold; but it is also an easy thing for Jesus to follow and overcome—our Shepherd has said, "None shall pluck out of my hand."'"

"*Saturday, November* 8.—Mr Hewitson spoke of the Spirit's work—on the nature of justification and sanctification. 'Jesus is our complete salvation. He does not justify, and then leave us to work out our own sanctification. He gives all, and freely. Jesus bought all for us. Jesus wrought out all in the twelve hours of His long toilsome day—by His own meritorious works; and this is His reward, that we receive all freely, as His gift. It is our little knowledge of Jesus that makes us so slow to believe. The more we know Jesus, the more simply and believingly will we accept of His free gift.'"

"*December* 28.—Mr Hewitson read Matt. xiv. 23-32. 'When the disciples were being tossed on the sea, though Jesus was not present with them—not manifestly present, yet He was not forgetting them—He was on the mountain-top praying for them. So, when we are not enjoying the manifested presence of Jesus,—Jesus, though out of sight, is not far off—He is only on the mountain-top praying for us. The "ship" may be tossed amid the waves,—the rough and stormy blasts of a "contrary wind" may be blowing hard against it—the contrary winds of temptation and inward corruption,—the night may be dark, to add to the danger; yet we need not fear, for Jesus is not far off—He is thinking upon us—He is on the mountain praying. "And in the fourth watch," &c.; that is, at the dawn. The fourth watch will soon be here; the dawn will soon appear over our stormy

sea, and we shall see "Jesus walking" towards us in the midst of the waves—we shall hear Him saying, "It is I; be not afraid." When Peter saw his Master, he called out, "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto thee on the water; and Jesus said, Come." Peter, when he saw his Lord, could not wait patiently in the ship till He should come—he must go and meet Jesus. Jesus loves this impatience. He does not rebuke Peter —He bids him come. Jesus loves to see us longing for and desiring His presence. He loves to see in us a holy impatience for His coming. He bids us come to Him. "When they were come into the ship, the wind ceased." How blessed is it when Jesus comes into the ship! Then there is a sweet calm. When He comes into the ship—into the heart that has been tossed amid the waves and billows of corruption and temptation—when the winds have been "contrary," blowing in strong gales —the night has been dark, and Jesus far away,—how blessed, when the day begins to break, to see Jesus walking amid the storm-tossed sea, and at last enter into the ship! How sweet is the peace, how great is the calm, that immediately overspreads the soul!'"

"*January* 2, 1846.—'The Good Shepherd often leads His people by a rough and rugged way; but it is the right way. It is a strait and narrow way, and He hedges it up with thorns; for He knows His sheep will be ever wandering. When God's children ask for sweet, He sometimes gives them bitter; but it is because He knows what they require.' And again he said:—'Predestination is one of the strongest bulwarks of the believer's faith. It is a most comforting assurance to know, that every step of our way, every circumstance in our life, however minute, has been all ordered and arranged for us by God.'"

"*Friday*, *January* 30.—Quoting 'I will write my law in their hearts,' he said:—'If we are children of God, the Spirit has written His law on our hearts. Satan may at times appear to have taken possession of the heart, to have set up his throne in it, and to keep, like Belshazzar, a feast there; but, like Belshazzar, too, in the midst of the feast, he descries a handwriting on the wall of that heart, which causes him to tremble."

"*Tuesday*, *March* 10.—Last night Mr H. remarked—'Nothing makes this world such a wilderness as desire after holiness. Like the Lord Jesus, we must often feel weary and thirsty—it is pre-eminently the "Valley of Baca;" but "the rain also filleth the

pools." Sometimes one pool, then another, is dried up: but it is a journey we are on; and as we move our tents, step by step, we shall meet with another and another pool, filled with the rain and dews from heaven.'"

These extracts convey some idea of Mr Hewitson's holy walk at this period. We have given them, not so much for their subject-matter, as to indicate that habitual heavenliness of the inner life which was a chief element in the life and power of his ministry. The Lord assigns, as one of the causes why certain ministers in the days of Jeremiah "did not profit that people at all," this very briefly expressed but most significent fact—their *lightness* (Jer. xxiii. 32). By this we understand, that they were one thing in the pulpit, and another thing out of it. They preached and prayed gravely, but they lived "lightly." They wore, in the house of God, a look of such fervour that they seemed to be at the very gate of heaven; but, disrobing their spirits of the fervour almost as speedily as they had disrobed their persons of the prophet's habiliments, they entered into the world's ways and pleasures with such heart as to manifest they were not only in the world, but of it. Their people not unnaturally came to regard their pulpit earnestness as a mere circumstance of their profession—very suitable and very pleasant to behold as a mere spectacle, but only a spectacle, to be seen and to be forgotten. Mr Hewitson was not "light." "I paint for eternity," said an ancient painter: the phantasm of an immortal glory made Zeuxis an earnest painter. In another and truer sense, Mr Hewitson preached and lived for eternity; and that transformed him into an earnest missionary.

The effect was seen in the hearts and lives of the converts. "Sometimes," says Dr Kalley, "the expression of their attachment to the Lord was very striking; and their sympathy and affection towards each other were truly brotherly. Their enemies witnessed changes upon them, which appeared very strange and unaccountable,—especially when they persecuted them. The gentleness and patience, the love and joy, of the sufferers, confounded even their persecutors, some of whom were reported to have used expressions like these—'We call these people ugly names, and they don't answer back; we spit upon them, and they don't get angry; we beat them, and they seemed pleased; we break open their houses and destroy their property, and they are happy; we put them in jail, and they sing—we can't make them turn, and we can't make them unhappy.' Some regarded it as a kind of monomania; some,

ignorant of any adequate cause, sagely remarked that they must be well paid for it; while many, there is reason to hope, were led to examine, and ascertained, the true cause, so as to participate in the peace and joy, and in the sufferings too. Thus the believers were epistles—living epistles of the truth. And they witnessed for the Lord, not by suffering only, or by giving a little money to pay a substitute to do the Lord's work for them, but, when they knew that He desires the gospel to be preached to every creature that all should know Him, trust Him, and be happy, almost every one seemed to feel responsible for making known to others—relations, friends, neighbours, or acquaintances—the wonders of God's love; and, though unlearned and ignorant, they felt that it was their duty, as well as their inestimable privilege and pleasure, to tell their fellow-sinners of the favour shewn to men in the redemption by Jesus Christ."

CHAPTER XIV.

1846.

Return Home—Correspondence—Conversation—Tidings from Madeira—Appointment to Trinidad—Arsenio da Silva—Characteristic Incident—Departure for Trinidad.

"AGAIN I am on British ground! The Lord has brought me so far homeward in safety. From Madeira I sailed to Lisbon in six days, and, staying there three days with a family very dear to me in the Lord, left for London in a schooner, which, owing to contrary winds and calm, was detained four whole weeks on the voyage. What portion have we in heaven or earth but the Lord? A parting word from the Bible—'Rejoice in the Lord,' for 'the joy of the Lord is your strength.'"

These characteristic words Mr Hewitson wrote from London on 12th June 1846. Many hearts were gladdened to see once more in the flesh this "dearly beloved in the Lord." "I left London yesterday," says he, writing from Ayr to Mr Dodds, June 24, "having preached twice at Brighton on Sabbath, and returned to London on Monday. To-morrow, God willing, I prosecute my journey onward to Dalmellington, and then, probably next week, will be in Edinburgh. Beyond that point I cannot as yet forecast with

anything like certainty what may be my movements; only I wish that they may be all movements in the way of the Lord; for if we will not walk with God in His way, He will not leave His way to join Himself to us, and walk with us in ours. It is our wisdom to give up all contending with God on this point; for our way is always out of the way, and His way leads us right. '*Amicus est pro vehiculo*'—and who so good a friend as God? We while away the time, and beguile the weariness of travelling, best in His company. The two disciples journeying to Emmaus were but poor company to each other; but when Jesus joined them, and blessed them with His sweet discourse, their hearts burned in them by the way. His presence made a mile a step, and an hour a minute. Have you been drinking deeply," he adds, "at the blessed streams of prophetic truth? They are streams of refreshment, and gladness, and hope. I hope to find that you are brim-full of truth, God's truth, no less respecting the glory than the sufferings of the Redeemer and His Church."

And, two days afterwards, to a friend in Madeira:—"I see not yet what the Lord's thoughts are regarding me, as to my future movements. I leave all, meanwhile, in His hand. He will guide me with His eye, whether it be back again to Madeira or not. I saw little of Madeira, but it will be more worth while to see it when the new heavens and the new earth are made. I care not though I never see the magnificent places of the earth till then. The children of God in Madeira!—I cannot but remember them at the throne. Let us all now be trimming our lamps, and making ready to meet our Princely Bridegroom. Then—it may be sooner—but at all events then, we shall meet again, with our heaven-lit lamps, and our blood-washed wedding garments, when the jubilee-cry is raised."

And from Dalmellington, June 29, to a friend in Edinburgh, intimating an intended visit:—"May our meeting be truly in Jesus, and our fellowship sweet through the shedding upon us of His sweet ointments. Life is weary, if Christ be not in us, revealing the name of the Father. 'As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God.' What an aching void, if we be not filled with grace and truth out of the fulness of Christ Jesus our Lord! What soul-satisfaction, when we are breathing the Spirit, and walking in the light, and enjoying the communion of the Father, and of His Son Jesus Christ! Truly then our joy is full.

"My desire," he continues, "is to know no man henceforth after the flesh, but to seek Christ and God above all things, in all companies and places. So much of Christ as there is in every one, so much of beauty and desirableness there is there, and no more. It is sad, in these degenerate and apostate times, in which, because of abounding iniquity, the love of many is waxed cold, to be obliged often to hide ourselves in the secret of God's presence from the strife even of some of His own children's tongues! How many speak to you with as much 'strife' or earnestness and interest, about the vanities of this passing world, as if they were still of the world, and not born from above! You would ever be looking unto Jesus; but they will have you to look away to something else, as if something else were more lovely than He who is altogether lovely. Mary sits and looks up to Jesus: even her sister Martha would have her look to something else.

"More converse with God," he adds, "and less with man, would be health to our flesh and marrow to our bones. We cannot converse with God in the company of our brethren, unless we meet in the name of Jesus. If we meet in His name, we have His word for it, that we shall not be without His presence and fellowship. When we meet a friend in the Lord, we should frame our hearts towards him into the prayer, 'Grace be with thee!' and when we part, the breathing of our hearts towards him should be, 'The Lord Jesus Christ be with thy spirit!' But on the bed of languishing, and in the furnace of Zion, you have conned these lessons of spirituality better, and to more practical purpose, than I, who am slow to learn and dull of spiritual discernment. Nevertheless it is good to stir up one another by way of remembrance, that we may be more earnest in the desire of walking, not after the flesh, but after the Spirit—of living, not unto man, but unto God. Grace be with you till we meet, and then, and for ever."

And, of same date, to A. A. Walker, Esq.:—"In this wilderness we meet with trials, and are visited by the Father with chastisement; and it cannot but be that sometimes we should be cast down. But it is written—'God, who comforteth them that are cast down, comforted me by the coming of Titus.' If we be privileged to meet, and either of us be by any means cast down, who knows but the God of comfort will make our meeting a means of mutual encouragement and refreshing and consolation? The Lord himself meet with us, or not let us meet; for, sweet

though the meeting be of brother with brother, yet it is only sweet when they meet in the Lord, as one spirit with Him, and so one with each other. The common fellowship which we have with God makes our meeting as brethren sweet. I should like to see you face to face. If we wait on the Lord, our joy will be full."

"Do you know," said he one day, "what the word *conversation* is derived from? It is from a term which signifies the going or turning together of the oxen in treading out the corn. Christians should walk in fellowship with each other, and in common fellowship with Christ, as they tread out 'the finest of the wheat'—the precious Word of God." Avoiding, and at times almost impatient of, fellowship which was not "in the Spirit," he rejoiced in a congenial companionship more than in any other earthly joy. "Don't you find," says he, writing on another occasion to the beloved friend last noted, and indicating the secret of his closest intimacies, "that there are some of God's children with whom you have more congeniality than you have with others? Does not this arise from your seeing in them more of the image of Christ? Wherever we see Christ's image, we should love it, for Christ is there; but it is natural to the new man to love that most in which the image of the Beloved is seen shining with greatest brightness and beauty. There is, in some whom we cannot but regard as children of God, such a residue of self and corruption still unsubdued, as, like an opaque medium, refuses to transmit the heavenly light of truth, except in faint and straggling beams, at the same time that, like an icy mountain, it freezes the warm breath of Christian affection."

Another of those welcome companionships is noted. "It will be pleasant to me," he writes to the Rev. A. A. Bonar, "to remember the times when our tents were pitched side by side in the wilderness. To me our common meditation of God was sweet. Often have I found the Lord present in the midst of conversation with Christian friends. On many such occasions has 'the south wind' come, wafting fragrance from 'the mountain of myrrh, the hill of frankincense.' Little do Christians think that they lose so much, when they waste their moments of intercourse in idle and unprofitable talk, or, it may be, in religious conversation, without seeking the presence and fellowship of the Beloved.

"The character and spirit," he adds, in the same letter, "of the now aged apostle John's conversation, are gathered from what he says to his friend, 'the elect lady:'—'Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink; but I trust to

come unto you, and speak face to face, that our joy may be full.' His conversation, on meeting with the brethren, was just a continuation of what he wrote about to them when absent; and in such conversation 'his joy was full,' for the Lord was present according to promise,—'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.' To get always a fulfilment of this promise, we should always meet in the name of Christ. If Christians ever meet to do or say what they cannot engage in doing or saying in the name of Christ, it were better for them not to meet at all; for the Scripture says, 'Whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.'" His own conversation was eminently of this heavenly type. "His most singular talent," writes Mr Dodds, "lay in his conversational powers. I do not speak of that literary, scientific, or general conversation in which many worldly men have eminently excelled, and in which he also, with his fine fancy, high scholarship, and extensive information, was, or could have been, no mean proficient. But his peculiar faculty was that of Christian conversation, in which he became such a master. During the latter period of his life, as he grew in grace and in holiness of spirit, he seemed to consecrate all his correspondence, intercourse with friends, and private conversation, to Christ. As others often strive to turn conversation away from spiritual things, so did he watch and strive to turn it into that channel. As an expositor of the Word in the family-circle, as a preacher of Christ in the house or by the wayside, I never knew his equal. He had none of that backwardness or false delicacy which is so frequently a snare to ministers who desire to be useful in private. With becoming boldness and resolution, yet with suitable tact and gentleness, he often succeeded in introducing a Christian element even into a worldly company; and, instead of yielding to the current of conversation around him, he would lead it in a different direction by the firmness and consistency of his deportment."

A distinguished member of the Scottish bar once remarked respecting his ordinary conversation—"He never opens his mouth but he utters something worth remembering." The reason was, he sought to utter everything as before the Lord. And his conversation was so fragrant of Christ, because he held so constant fellowship with Him through the Word. "I know not," says Mr Wood, who was with him in Madeira, "that I ever met with any one more thoroughly acquainted with his Bible; he was truly mighty in the Scriptures: he was also eminently a man of prayer."

Indicating the way in which the Word was studied, he writes to Mr A. Bonar:—"When the Word, as we read it, shines with the light of God's glory, what a token this is of His goodness towards us! When I read the Scriptures and find nothing, I cannot but attribute this to His fatherly displeasure. An earthly parent, when offended by the conduct of a child, observes an unusual silence, and his face is not toward the child as before. God deals with His children in the same way. Did not the Psalmist refer to such fatherly discipline, when he cried aloud, 'Be not silent unto me?' To be taught more and more, we must abide in the love of God. All the disciples wished to ask the Lord a question; but it was only the disciple who lay in the Lord's bosom that had confidence enough to ask it. 'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.'"

Moses, in his parting counsels to Israel, thus spoke:—"These words which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children" (Deut. vi. 6, 7), or, as the original word literally signifies, "thou shalt 'whet' them—thou shalt 'put an edge' upon them." A momentous counsel, truly! Mr Hewitson had learned to "whet" the Word. It was, in his hand, no edgeless tool. "All unsavoury peculiarism of manner," says he, using another figure, and adverting indirectly to one marked result in his own walk, "we ought to avoid, and will avoid, if only the chamber of our heart be kept fresh and pure by an uninterrupted circulation of wind from heaven. We need spiritual ventilation at home, that we may carry with us into every scene and circle the freshness and purity of a spiritual atmosphere. The sinner is overawed by what is holy—he is disgusted by what is sanctimonious. Christ was marvellous in being without personal peculiarities. What breadth, depth, catholicity in His character! He was living truth. Oh to be like Christ!"

During the autumn, he occupied various pulpits successively, in the room of absent brethren. For four Sabbaths he was with the congregation of the Rev. C. J. Brown, in Edinburgh; and double that number were spent at Linlithgow. But whilst keeping other vineyards, he took heed, with an ever-deepening earnestness, to his own. "Oh how delicate," he writes to Mr Dickson, August 8 (1846), "is the organisation of the spiritual economy! It needs to be kept as the apple of the eye. How holy is the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ! The smallest sin unforgiven

will interrupt our communion with Him, and 'heaviness will make our heart to stoop' till 'a good word' from the blood of sprinkling 'make it glad' again, and restore to us the privilege of lying down in the bosom of God. Speculation about these things is cold and dreary. To experience their power is—'Our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ,' and 'our joy is full.' A blank made in the circle of friendship, in whatever part of the circle it be—(my dear friend, Mr Mudie, of Glasgow, is no more in the camp of the wilderness—the tent is found no more—there is a sad blank where it stood), is a place all withered and desolate; but still the rest of the circle may be full of light and gladness. If the central point of the circle become a blank—if God be taken away, then the whole circle is covered with darkness and desolation—there is a dreary void, and joy is gone. Take away God, and leave all besides—we are in a waste howling wilderness and a land of drought. Take away all, and leave God behind, 'our joy is full.'"

Partaking of the sympathies of Him who wept with the sorrowing sisters of Bethany, he writes to Mr Dodds, July 28, thus:—"Tell Mrs Dodds, with my affectionate regards, that I sympathise with her in her bereavement,—at the same time that I think her happy, and you also, in being privileged to know that the spirit of the departed is now made perfect in holiness, and is waiting with Christ for the resurrection to glory. Blessed and sweet are the tears which wet the cheek that shines with the radiance of joy like this! It were to me as many salvations and as many heavens as I have souls dear to me, to see these souls each and all saved and in heaven. Alas! now-a-days most Christians are spending all their faith in laying the foundations of hope, which lie deep among the facts of history; and they seem to have little time for those heaven-reaching exercises of adult faith which fit the soul for dwelling among the prospective glories and purities of perfected salvation! Faith now-a-days looks back to the Red Sea, but not forward to the Jordan. It fixes its eye on the Alpha alone of redemption;—the Omega of redemption scarcely ever engages its thoughts. It thinks of what it is called from, not of what it is called to. Oh to know what is the hope of God's calling!"

And to another bereaved friend, Mr Dickson, on September 19:—"How unexpectedly the Lord has laid upon you and your dear family this heavy stroke! Heavy—but it comes from a Father's hand. You have my sympathy in this time of trouble. God has

taken from you, as it were, a pledge that you will live for eternity. The bereaved soul goes across the border of time in quest of the departed spirit, and so acquaints itself better with eternity and its unseen realities. How real is the distant isle to which a friend has gone, though it seemed formerly but a dim fog on the sea! How real is eternity when one whom we have loved, and love still, is there! 'One that I love is there'—that gives our hearts a local habitation in eternity. This event tells that we are nearer our journey's end now than we were yesterday. The Jordan is not far off. A few breathings of the air of the wilderness, a few steps across its dreary sands, and then we reach home!"

About the beginning of September he had a return of spitting of blood. "It is well," we find him writing, in allusion to it, on September 3, "to be reminded that this is not my rest. It is through much tribulation that we must enter the kingdom of heaven. Dear —— knows what tribulation is; but she likewise knows how it breaks the heart, and humbles under the hand of God. Tribulation *with Christ* is the beginning of heaven; enjoyment *without Christ* is the beginning of hell."

On a medical examination, however, he was pronounced very considerably better than he had been two years previously. Whilst still contemplating the probability of ere long returning to Madeira, the startling news reached him of the scattering of his beloved flock. "Ah! the tidings from Madeira," he writes to Mr Dodds, September 17, "are truly sad. The dear people, hunted like wild beasts on the mountains by their savage foes, and forced on the resource of emigration, as the only means of escape from the dreadful alternative of relapse into Popery, or of suffering, it might be, in many cases, to death! One man brutally murdered! Several women beaten almost to death! Popery would exterminate grace itself from the earth, if it could." And from Linlithgow, to a friend in Madeira, on September 28:—"I thank you most sincerely for your kind communication. It relieved my anxiety on account of the persecuted flock. Flight seems the only resource. Will you give to them the third chapter of First Thessalonians to read as from me? It is truly matter of thankfulness and rejoicing that the Lord has raised up friends for His persecuted flock in this day of trial."

It was proposed to Mr Hewitson by the Committee that he should visit the Portuguese in their place of exile. To this pro-

posal he at once assented; and his departure was only delayed until another measure should be matured.

There was at Lisbon at that moment a Madeiran refugee, who had once been a gentleman of great wealth in his native island. The reader may remember the scene on the morning of 2d August, when, as one of the worshippers was leaving the house where they had been assembled, a crucifix was rudely thrust in his face, and he was ordered to adore it as his god. Rome owed that man a grudge. Touched, as we have seen, by the love of Christ, he had left the brilliant circles of which he was the ornament, and, joining the night meetings of the persecuted Bible-readers, had esteemed it his highest privilege to stimulate and to pray with them. As the persecution waxed hotter, Senhor Arsenio da Silva was not a victim to be spared. He soon saw that his only safety was flight. A beloved wife, and an only and scarcely less beloved daughter (formerly noticed as being married to one of the two chief judges), still clung to Rome; and these, as well as lands and houses, he must forsake for his Lord. The parting scene was most affecting. "I was obliged," is his own account of it, since given by him on his death-bed, "to come from the interior to the city of Funchal, where my family reside, in the night. I engaged a man to stand at the corner of a certain street at an appointed hour. When the hour came, I met this man, who conducted me to a house where I should be concealed: I dared not visit my own residence, nor see my family. I sent to my wife and obtained a little money, and then sailed for Lisbon, without the privilege of personally saying 'Farewell' to those who were the dearest to me on earth." They were never again to meet. "I have a letter from my wife," he would be heard saying, years afterwards, in his imperfect English —"kind, friendly letter, but no good, no spiritual in it—no faith in Jesus Christ."

To Da Silva Mr Hewitson turned his eye, as the man of all others most fitted, both by gifts and by graces, to take the permanent oversight of the exiled flock. He had ordained him an elder before leaving Madeira. And now, at his suggestion, the Free Church of Scotland named him as its missionary. Arsenio joyfully went. And thus Mr Hewitson, ere he returned home, was to have the satisfaction of handing over to this dear fellow-labourer the care of the scattered church.

The interval occupied by this arrangement was spent chiefly at Blairgowrie. "You were blest greatly," we find Mr A. Bonar

writing respecting his four weeks' ministrations there, "to the nourishing of some souls, who have grown in grace ever since." "It is not only 'pleasant' and 'comely,'" he himself writes to Mr Macdonald on Nov. 24, telling how he lived before the Lord, and ministered, "it is likewise 'good' to sing praise unto the Lord. It is good, as a matter of expediency, of spiritual utilitarianism; for when we fail to observe answers to prayer, and to make them occasions of praise, may we not expect that God will, as a matter of discipline and chastisement, send answers to prayer less abundant, less marked? Our Lord is angry with the wicked for not considering 'the operation of His hands:' how much greater cause for anger He has, when He finds His own children not recognising, in His dealings with them, tokens of His love and faithfulness as the hearer of prayer? 'We should seek,' said a brother to me lately in London, 'we should seek to meet God in every circumstance.' In every circumstance, we should, I may add, by way of applying the observation, seek to meet God as the answerer of prayer. Praying without ceasing, and praising without ceasing, the believer can, without ceasing, walk with God.

'Bless'd are they in Thy house that dwell,
They ever give Thee praise:
Bless'd is the man whose strength Thou art,
In whose heart are Thy ways.'"

"Yesterday," he writes from Edinburgh, on December 10, to a friend in Madeira, "I came from Blairgowrie, and am now in the press of my preparations for setting out on my way to Trinidad. You have referred to our going together to the house of Antonio da Corrêa up the Caminho da Meio. Since the day referred to, the aspect of things there is sadly changed. The garden is a desolation; the pleasant trees which the Lord planted are almost all plucked up, and transplanted into a foreign soil. 'Woe to thee,' O Madeira! for thou hast not known the day of thy visitation. My heart is comforted, amidst all the evil that is befalling the Church and the world, by the prospect of a speedy coming in of the promised 'times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.'"

And to another friend in Madeira — a deeply afflicted but rejoicing sufferer: — "The cross now — the crown to-morrow. Now the bed of languishing — to-morrow the throne of Jesus. What encouragement to 'fight the good fight of faith!' The body now bears the spirit down; wait till dawn of day, and the spirit

will bear the body up. A few breathings more in this dull and oppressive element,—then all will be health and buoyancy, strength and gladness, purity and peace— the body changed, the heart all holy. Even now the Lord is with you; but you cannot see Him for the darkness of night. You walk by faith, not by sight. Yet you can say, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' He lives—He thinks upon you—He is with you—He will never leave you nor forsake you. He is a Friend, a Brother, a Lord; a Friend, to guide you by His counsel; a Brother, to sympathise with you in all your sorrow; a Lord, to defend you from all evil, and make all things work together for your good. No safety but at His side; no comfort but in His bosom; no strength but in His arm; no holiness but in his steps."

A letter of this period illustrates a feature of character which those who knew him will recognise. In conversation, he had been betrayed into warmth of argument: he had abruptly left the table, and sat alone on the sofa all the rest of the evening, uttering scarcely a word. "My last visit," he writes, on December 21, expressing, some time afterwards, the pain which his hastiness of spirit had occasioned him, "was, in one respect, to myself a memorable because an humbling one. The Spirit of the meek and lowly-hearted Jesus was grieved by my want of long-suffering. If my sin had been secret, I would have spoken of it to the Lord alone; but, when we sin in one another's presence, we should remember the words, 'Confess your faults one to another.' We are Christ's witnesses in the world, called on to shew forth His glory by our lives as well as by our lips. We must live over again the life of Christ on earth; we must breathe the breath of Christ among men; we must shew what He is, by being in the world even as He was in the world; we must be holy as He is holy. We need to walk circumspectly, ever identifying ourselves with Christ."

"I am sure," remarked Mr Hewitson on one occasion, "many think me very disagreeable." Without waiting for a reply, he added—"I never utter my mind on a subject till I have studied it, and formed my judgment. I like then to meet with sympathy, and shrink from those who cannot extend it to me." This often gave to him an air of dogmatism, which strangers did not relish. But the instance narrated will shew how tenderly alive he was to this failing. Indeed, others often wondered at what seemed to be an excess of tenderness of conscience. "I was surprised to hear

afterwards," writes the minister who was conversing with him on the occasion to which the letter we have quoted relates, "that he imagined he had felt any warmth of temper; for I never suspected it, and he did not betray anything of the kind." The silence of that evening, so little understood by others, was singularly significant. His conscience—

> "Quick as the apple of an eye,
> The slightest touch of sin to feel"—

was not at ease. Till he had taken the sin to the blood, he could not resume his fellowship with the Father. It was the suspension of that fellowship which had caused the silence.

At length he was in circumstances to set out for the West Indies. "I longed," writes Brainerd in his diary, "to be as a flame of fire, continually glowing in the Divine service, preaching and building up Christ's kingdom to my latest, my dying hour." The glow in Mr Hewitson's soul at this period is seen in some notes written on the eve of his departure. "I am on my way for Trinidad at last," says he, writing to a friend in Glasgow, on December 21. . . "By the earliest steamer I intend to leave Southampton. . . . O that the Church throughout the world were aroused from sleep! Faith is feeble to wean our hearts from earth and lift them up to heaven, unless its roots be in Calvary, and its branches aloft in the light of the yet unmanifested glory. Christ crucified is the ground of our faith; Christ coming in glory is the end. The first advent is the foundation of hope; the second advent is the object of hope. By this hope—hope so founded, and contemplating such an object—we are 'saved'—we are purified as Christ is pure. Meanwhile, 'Occupy till I come' is the mind of the Lord."

And, of the same date, to the Rev. Robert Macdonald:—"Have faith in God. Faith will be staggered even by loose stones in the way, if we look man-ward; if we look God-ward, faith will not be staggered even by inaccessible mountains stretching across, and obstructing apparently, our onward progress. 'Go forward' is the voice from heaven; and faith, obeying, finds the mountains before it flat as plains. 'God with us' is the watchword of our warfare, the secret of our strength, the security of our triumph. 'If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.' How strong faith is, when we are just fresh from the fountain of redeeming blood! A good conscience, and then faith will do all things; for it is in its very nature such as to let God work all. We

may say that it is most active when it is most passive, and that it wearies least when it does most work."

And a day later to a friend in Edinburgh:—"I just write you a few lines to bid you farewell before I leave Britain. Miserable it is to live with the name only, and not with the reality, of being in Christ. Blessed it is to be really in Him. No awakened soul should stop short of a realisation and experimental enjoyment of union with the Lord. No converted soul should rest satisfied, till it think every thought and speak every word in communion with Jesus. This would seem to a carnal professor, or to a child of God who is still to a great extent carnal, a standard far too high; but to have a lower standard is to be ignorant of our standing in Christ—of what we have in Him, of the closeness of our union with Him, and of the character we should maintain to be in keeping with our profession of faith in His name. My impression of the godliness of Scotland has been somewhat modified since my sojourn in Lisbon and Madeira. Scottish Christians, in general, seem not to realise everywhere—in all companies, and at all times—the presence, the indwelling of the Lord Jesus Christ,—nor to realise in any great measure that they are not of this world, but sent into it by God as messengers with a message from Him. But if this remark applies to Scotland, to what land does it not apply? Where is godliness more flourishing? Where profession more rife? Where the Church more conspicuously set on a hill before the world's eye? There being within *our* reach no means of Church-purification, we are called on to attend to the work of purifying our own hearts, of shining in our own homes, of carrying, wherever we move, a circlet of Divine light with us through the dark world. So will we spread the truth, diffuse the savour, glorify the name, of Christ. Christ dwelling in us—that is light, life, fragrance, holiness. Many seek Christ within before finding Christ without, and so cannot attain to peace; many, after finding Christ without, don't seek diligently to have Christ within. To have both Christ without and Christ within, is peace and purity."

Again, as two years before, many sympathising hearts "accompanied to the ship" the dear brother by whom they had been so pleasantly refreshed. "I can almost, with Paul, say," wrote one of his friends, Mr A. Bonar, on 25th December 1846, expressing what not a few others felt, "'I give thanks at every remembrance of you;' and I think I cannot fail to follow you with many prayers. It was pleasant for the Ethiopian to have fellowship with Philip,

while the Spirit himself was the guide of both. Yet their after-way was pleasant too, because of that Jesus whom they both loved better than they did each other, and to love whom better the one had helped the other. Still, dear brother, do you not think you hear the Ethiopian on his knees upon some Abyssinian hill, or under some fig-tree, remembering Philip before the Lord? How he prays for him! How his heart longs to meet him again! I feel this way oftentimes toward all that have been refreshing to my soul; and these words, 'our gathering together unto Him,' have often been to me unspeakably sweet. We will often pray for you, and for your scattered flock. The very God of peace be yours!"

CHAPTER XV.

1847.

Sails for Trinidad—Voyage—Madeira—Arrival—Joyful Meeting—State of Portuguese—Their Hardships—Spiritual Condition—Thirst for the Word—Portuguese Hymn-book—His Self-forgetting Zeal—Arrival of Arsenio da Silva—Church Organised—Leaves Trinidad—Death of Da Silva.

MR HEWITSON was a man of action. Living for the Lord, he was ever ready for the Lord's work. No details, however dry and tedious, which bore on the great end, did he regard as unimportant. This feature of his character was illustrated by his ministry in Trinidad. The object of his mission to the exiles, as he himself states it, was "not only to administer gospel consolation, but to re-organise them into a compacted church order." And the mission was not unsuccessful.

He sailed from Southampton on January 2, 1847. "To-morrow morning," he writes, when in sight of Madeira, "if the Lord will, we shall be anchored in Funchal Bay. It will be a great pleasure to me to see any of my friends who may be disposed to come on board. The voyage has, owing to contrary winds, been longer than usual from Southampton to Madeira. Among the passengers, I have come into contact only with one who seems truly desirous of walking with God. How many around me are walking without God, 'according to the course of this world!' Of such said the Psalmist, 'River of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy law.' What I see and hear makes me long for

the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. On 'that day' God will be acknowledged by all—His name be hallowed, and His Son glorified. Notwithstanding all our watchfulness, how sudden at last will that coming be! Prophecy forbids the expectation that there will be a general revival, in the Church, of 'the blessed hope' as so soon to be realised. Where all are drowsy or asleep, how difficult it is to keep awake in daily hope of our Lord's appearing! But the difficulty will more easily be got over, if only we habitually realise our present position, as those who are 'raised up and made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ.' We have not, since by faith we became one spirit with the Lord, a single foot of ground in this earth over which we will reign hereafter. 'We are dead' with Christ, and by death removed out of this world; and if we live with Christ, our life is hid with Him in heaven. It is a life in heaven, not on earth—a life 'in God,' and no longer among the men of this world. Do we feel the power of this blessed truth in some measure? Then the Spirit of glory and of God resteth upon us, and gives us an earnest of a meetness for, and a longing after, 'the glory which is to be revealed in us.' So we may be enabled to live in constant hope of glory, looking away from the vanities of the world, to the unfading inheritance which shall be 'redeemed' at the revelation of Jesus Christ.

Contrary to expectation, he was privileged to pay a passing visit to the scene of his former apostolic labours. "It will be two weeks to-morrow," says he, writing to his father from Barbadoes, on January 26, "since we reached Madeira. Danger of interception by the authorities ashore had made me averse to landing: but the kind conspiracy of friends, who were expecting me, forced me away from the vessel. I landed at a secluded point to the west of the city, and was escorted by two gentlemen to the house of a friend, in a retired situation. A palanquin, shrouding me from hostile eyes, conveyed me through the midst of the city to the house of ——, where I spent some time in pleasant Christian fellowship. While there, I was visited by several friends and acquaintances. I likewise had an interview with seven or eight Portuguese converts, or inquirers. Again, in the veiled palanquin, I threaded my way through the narrow streets of Funchal, passing, on a very limited visit, by the house of dear Dr Millar, and arriving safely at the house in which I had found asylum after landing. Leaving my friends there, and in company with a gentleman who had kept at my side during the whole adventure, I reached in

safety, and much refreshed in spirit, the steamer, which a short time afterwards was leaving Madeira in the distance. That I had been privileged to enjoy so much a visit so unexpected, in a place so full of painfully as well as joyfully interesting associations, and that I had been preserved by the Lord, my shield, amidst the dangers that attended such an enjoyment, was cause of thankfulness and praise. I may here," he adds, "set up my Ebenezer, and say, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped me.' Blessed be his holy name! Oh that the blood of the Lamb may be on all our door-posts, and the oil of the Spirit in all our vessels!"

"In the steamer which brought me from England," he writes at a later date to Mr Dickson, referring to an incident of the voyage already noted, "there was, among many ungodly, one who feared the Lord, and with whom I contracted an intimacy. He gave me £10 for my little Trinidad fund; and, a few days afterwards, on my presenting him with 'The Marrow of Modern Divinity,' which I had previously given him for a perusal, and with which he had expressed himself greatly delighted, he put an additional £5 note into my hand for the poor Portuguese, saying, 'This book is worth that to me.' Another, and to me an interesting, circumstance connected with our intercourse, was that, in the course of it, he was led to embrace the hope of Christ's pre-millennial advent. He was so deeply impressed with the solemnity of that subject, that on parting, as we did at Grenada, he said, especially in reference to it, 'I believe—nay, I am fully pursuaded—that it is of God that you and I have met. The subject of the Lord's coming is of the greatest importance, and till now my attention has never been fully directed to it.'"

A pleasant meeting awaited him on his arrival. "Passing by," he writes from Trinidad, February 4, "the meetings and greetings and embraces, the tears and laughings, of kind and cordial welcome on the part of many well known in Madeira,—I had a meeting for worship on Saturday evening, and on Sabbath I entered upon a regular system of ministration once more in a foreign tongue." The converts in the island numbered upwards of 450, and ultimately 700; exclusive of some who had found a refuge in other islands.

"Something," he writes, March 4, "must be done with a view to the more safe employment of the exiles. I am revolving a scheme which none but an Oberlin could carry vigorously into effect, and I am not an Oberlin. Every weak muscle in my body

echoes, 'Not an Oberlin.' But more will be required than an effective and animating superintendence; there will be need of more funds. English Christianity has placed £200 at my disposal." And another necessity of the exiles demanded his judicious and tender care. "I apprehended," says he, "as the almost inevitable consequence of so great a change in their outward circumstances, a diminution of their Christian watchfulness, and a relapse, by imperceptible degrees, into perilous conformity with this 'evil world.' My apprehension is already, in several instances, being sadly enough verified. The pressure of the iron hand of persecution—which was formerly a means of restraining, and so of concealing from the converts themselves, much of the natural corruption that was in their hearts—has now been removed: set free from that outward restraint, and solicited by the temptations of a world wearing the mask of friendship to the gospel, carnality has begun to break out and discover itself in various forms. The enemy formerly sought to overwhelm the little band of witnesses for Jesus with the tide of open battle, and then they were in arms, and on the watch; but here the enemy has recourse to a different system of tactics. He carries on his operations covertly, and seeks opportunity of surprisal. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that some should be thrown off their guard, and lulled into a false security."

How lofty had been the standard of personal godliness among these people in Madeira, we may gather from the character of the backslidings which now became the subject of his tender reproof. "I found it necessary," he writes, "to have dealings in private with some whose deportment had given evidence of a falling off from the degree of spirituality which they had formerly exhibited. One of the individuals in question said, 'In Madeira it was not so difficult as it is here to walk with God;' and again, 'I had some striking answers to prayer in Madeira, but here God has not given such answers to my prayers.' The reason of this latter experience was obvious. The person referred to had not been offering up for some time past such earnest and believing prayers to God, and had even begun to be indifferent about family-worship. Another, to whom the Word was once 'sweeter than honey or the honey-comb,' listened to what I said in regard to the things of his peace with a painfully cold expression of eye, and half averted countenance. The reason was, not that he disliked the truth, but that he had become careless and unwatchful, and so had lost the blessed confi-

dence toward God which he once enjoyed. 'Amidst the persecutions which I suffered in Madeira,' he said, 'I had great peace with God; but I have scarcely known what that peace is since I came to Trinidad.' These and similar facts are fitted to teach a lesson of jealousy and watchfulness over their own spirits to believers in Scotland, who are subjected to the same soothing and soporific influences of a world outwardly doing homage to Jesus, but in reality 'lying in the wicked one.' 'Ephraim, he hath mixed himself among the people. Strangers have devoured his strength, and he knoweth it not; yea, gray hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth it not.'"

"And he adds:—Though a few have, under the powerful influence of new temptations, declined somewhat in spirituality of mind, yet I have discovered no good ground for suspecting the sincerity of any whom I was accustomed to regard in Madeira as having 'the things which accompany salvation.' A considerable number seem to be truly desirous of growing in grace, light, and holiness. The elders and deacons have been faithful and exemplary. Three of the seven elders who were ordained in Madeira have come to this island, and four out of the nine who were ordained to the office of deacon. I found that eighty-five—a very large proportion—of the communicants had come to Trinidad. Since coming here, I have admitted eight new candidates for communion, after due examination. A considerable number besides have applied to be taken under examination—perhaps twenty individuals,—some of them well reported of by the elders, as being consistent and exemplary in their lives. We have had the communion thrice here, and once at Arouca, a place fourteen miles distant. Seventy-five or eighty communicated here last Sabbath"

The exiles were still arriving. "About three weeks ago," he writes, of the same date, "an American vessel arrived, bringing the additional number of eighty-eight Protestant Portuguese. These brought the intelligence that above one hundred more Protestants were preparing to follow them. Madeira is swept well-nigh clean of its choicest and worthiest sons. Now, in Madeira, 'a lily' is to be found only here and there 'among the thorns.' Still are there a few believers left, who mourn over the desolation that reigns around them, and who, did circumstances not forbid, would gladly join their brethren in the land of their exile. Still a very few remain to hold up there the banner of the truth, and to testify amongst the ungodly that 'there is a judgment.'" "It is a most gladdening

fact," he adds elsewhere, "that the good seed of the Word is still taking root among the Madeirans, in spite of the wrath of man."

Affecting were the scenes daily exhibited among those dear people. "Ten days ago," he writes to Mr Dickson, March 4, alluding to the incident just noticed, "another band of immigrants —I should rather say, of exiles—from the Gadarene-coast of Madeira, reached the shores of Trinidad, and, under Britain's Heaven-blest banner, they found themselves for the first time on ground where they were at liberty to hear God speaking in His Word, and to speak to God in prayer. Among the number is Maria Joaquina, whose blood was once likely to be poured into the cup of the drunken harlot, Babylon. Another was Philippa Rosa, who, like Peter, denied her Lord, and, in answer to prayer, was, like Peter, again restored amidst floods of—— I was going to write 'tears,' when I was interrupted, and called away to speak to one of my Portuguese flock, who, shedding tears, has just told me that she is persecuted in the family where she is serving—a Roman Catholic family—being treated harshly for refusing to do what involves a violation of her duty to God. 'I left Madeira,' she has just been saying, 'that I might be able to follow God, and for nothing else, and I wish to leave that family.' This is a specimen of the avocations which have occupied much of my time since I came here. Were it not that I got my servant, Jose Marques—a great and indispensable help to me in my work—placed as sentinel sometimes to receive the people who come to speak with me, and to question them about their wants, &c., I could scarcely find time for letter-writing, even on so small a scale. The specimen here given above of the nature of a very fagging portion of my labours shews that Popery has the same Gadarene-devil in it here as it had in Madeira."

And other labours occupied him. "Yesterday," he writes, March 17, to Mr A. Bonar, "I went to Santa Cruz—nine or ten miles from this—in search of Portuguese, and found twenty—twelve Protestants and eight Roman Catholics. The former were all together on the same estate; and, after they had finished their day's work, we had worship together. It was a refreshing meeting. The Roman Catholics that I met listened to the Word of God with apparently deep interest. Working in this hot climate suits me ill. I scarcely know what it is to be free from fatigue." *

* In another part of this letter he alludes, somewhat retrospectively, to an interesting little feature of his work. "Setting off," says he, "from Southampton by the steamer

And to his parents, on March 31:—"On Wednesday, last week, I left this in a gig at a little after six o'clock A.M., and, travelling ten miles, preached to forty Portuguese in the open air, under the shadow of a large tree. Afterwards I went a distance of six or seven miles more, and preached in an upper room to about twenty Portuguese. Then returning four or five miles, I preached again in Mr Brodie's church at Arouca, to a number of Portuguese, who assembled, after their day's work, from a distance of two miles. On Thursday morning I was here to breakfast, having left Arouca pretty early. If the Lord will, I shall be in Arouca again next Sabbath administering the communion, and preaching twice. Last Sabbath I administered the Lord's Supper here to eighty-four Portuguese communicants. All present were Portuguese but myself."

These were no ordinary labours. Most other men would have long ago laid themselves aside as disabled. But with a self-forgetting energy, and a holy elevation of spirit, rarely, if ever, surpassed, do we find this beloved servant of the Lord counting not his life dear unto himself, so that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus, that he might testify the gospel of the grace of God.

And the Lord did not leave his labours without a blessing. "Upon the whole, I may say," he writes to Mr M'Clymont, March 31, "that there is very much to stir up thankfulness to God. Among those who seem truly to have 'the things which accompany salvation,' there are at present evidences of a lively and fervent spirit, with much concern about the salvation of the soul. There have been some cases of backsliding from the 'first love' and the

on the 2d of January, I soon found myself lying sick in my cabin, and, unfit for almost every other species of effort, drawn away insensibly by a strange disposition to versify in Portuguese. I endeavoured to turn this disposition of mind to account; and the result was a metrical translation of the 23d Psalm, and of your sweet hymn—'The Fulness of Jesus.' [This is a mistake—the hymn is Mr H. Bonar's.] These I have got printed for the use of my Portuguese flock in public and private worship. Last night, at our ordinary meeting for worship, we sang part of the 'Plenitude de Jesus,' beginning with—

"Todo o meu vil peccado
Ponho, Jesus, sobri Ti:
Hum Cordeiro immaculado
Padeceste Tu por mi.'

The paraphrase is so wide, owing to the unaccommodating character of Portuguese words." The two metrical translations afterwards grew into a little book of psalms and hymns for the Portuguese church.

'first works;' but even in most of these cases I have reason to believe that there has been a repenting and a remembering of the former paths. For all the good, praise be to the God of all grace!"

On these scenes, and amidst these labours, he realised with new vividness the power and the responsibilities of the gospel-ministry. "Grace," he writes to Mr Dodds, "is manifestly working here, and upholding the goings of God's people. The vessel which contains the heavenly treasure is truly an 'earthen vessel;' but what then? It is manifest that 'the excellency of the power is God's, and not of man.' This is what we aim at, and oh! to be more direct, steady, and sure in our aim! Man is nothing—God is everything. As ministers of the gospel of God's grace, we ought always to look for, and surely expect, some fruit of our ministry. God in Athanasius against the whole world—what shall he find impossible? The whole world against God in Athanasius—it will contend in vain. 'Old Adam is too strong for young Melancthon,' it is true; but 'Immanuel—God with us' —is infinitely too strong for old Adam. When a minister desponds, saying, 'What can I do?' he may well despond, for *he* will do nothing; but when he girds himself for conflict on praying-ground, saying, 'What can the Lord not do?' he will go forth 'in this his might,' and do 'all things.' 'If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.' Omnipotence pledges itself to faith. The world cannot stand before a ministry that is strong in the grace of God. It can stand before eloquence in the preacher; it can stand before philosophy and before learning in the preacher; but, before grace in the preacher, it cannot stand. The sword of the Spirit in the hand of faith tells at every stroke. You cannot give faithful testimony to the world in vain: the effect will be 'unto death' in many; it will be 'unto life' in all who shall be saved. Oh! how solemn, how awful, the position of a minister of God pleading with—preaching to—lost sinners! He is the Sower's hand; he is the voice or mouth of God; he is the accredited ambassador of heaven."

His was indeed a ministry "strong in the grace of God." Giving expression to his holy longings, he writes, March 3, thus:— "Among other reasons for desiring the resurrection-state, there is one the weight of which makes itself many a time felt,—that the spiritual part in us will in that state suffer no impediment, nor enfeeblement, nor interruption, in the service of the Lord, from the weakness and weariness of the body. The redeemed, the

glorified Church—in symbolic language, the Cherubim—will ever have expanded, in readiness for service, the unwearied wing. And oh! is it not another great and pressing cause of desire after the state of glory, that then, Jehovah dwelling between the Cherubim, God having His resting-place and abode among the saints and within them, they will be incapable of sinning, and be now at length all 'holiness to the Lord'? To serve without weariness, to be holy without watching and beyond the possibility of sinning —what a contrast with this 'the day of small things,' the day of bodily strength often exhausted, and of sin always mingled with our accomplishment, as well as with our desire, of service! 'When I would do good, evil is present with me.' The Lord knows our case, and provides for it; and this affords no little consolation to me under the sense of feebleness and shortcoming. Were we perfect in strength and holiness, we should not have so many errands to Jesus, nor should we enjoy such experiences of His care as our Physician, of His love as our Redeemer, and of His faithfulness as our Friend. Cursed righteousness of Simon, which made him despise the Lord! Blessed unworthiness of the sinner-woman, which brought her weeping, with dishevelled hair, and humble, adoring gratitude, to the Saviour's feet! Why do I complain so much of the weakness and unperfected holiness which carry me so often into the bosom of Him in whom I have both righteousness and strength? Much-loving but little-loved Jesus! were it not for our helplessness and poverty, we should not frequent the doors of Thy house, nor come as we do to Thy strength and fulness. Were it not ALL of grace, what could we expect from our God and Saviour? But because it is ALL of grace, what is there that we may not expect with confidence?"

The organisation of the church was completed in April (1847); and he bade farewell to the exiles in the beginning of the following month. "When I left the island," we find him writing afterwards, "all was satisfactory and cheering. The refugee-church is now in good order, and everything is full of promise. They have the Lord's supper once a month, according to an arrangement made before I left them. I can say to them what the apostle said to the Colossians, 'Though absent in the flesh, yet am I with you now in the spirit, joying and beholding your order and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ.' Their pastor, Senhor Arsenio (who arrived about a fortnight before I left Trinidad), is well

qualified for the work, I mean especially by the grace of God. He is a dear brother in the Lord, and a zealous minister of the Church for the Lord's sake. The Lord is blessing him, beyond all his expectations, with grace and strength for the work. He seems to have the Bible always in his heart, and his heart always in heaven. 'Praise waiteth for Thee, O Lord, in Zion.'"

Though almost prostrated by a tropical sun, he visited St Kitt's, and preached there fourteen times, and twice administered the sacrament of the Supper. He found in that island about fifty members of his exiled flock. Before he left them, he provided them with regular ministrations, having brought with him one of the elders from Trinidad for that purpose. Failure of bodily strength obliged him to leave the West Indies without visiting St Vincent.

Not long afterwards, the exiles began to remove to the United States. Encouraged by the generous sympathy and aid of the American people, they were already arriving in successive groups in New York, when a bereavement overtook them which touchingly illustrated what God had wrought among them. It was the death of their beloved pastor, Senhor Arsenio da Silva. "I was with our much beloved brother," writes an eye-witness, "night and day for two weeks. It was quite a trial to keep the weeping anxious Portuguese converts from talking to the afflicted man of God, their pastor, for they were anxious to gather themselves around him, like children around the couch of a dying parent. It was a sight that might have made an angel weep, to see the affectionate tears rolling down the cheeks of the flock, while the pastor smiled in hope of the glory of God. On the 8th of January, he was evidently near the river of death. In his last prayer, he remembered most affectionately the Free Church of Scotland, his precious flock, his wife, and daughter, and grandchildren—prayed most earnestly for the conversion of his dear wife, and that his flock might not be scattered, and for all of them to abide in Christ in the bonds of love. After this, he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, in a spirit of sweet communion and great faith, 'Senhor Jesus, deixaime caminhar em paz, porque os meus olhos já virão a tua salvaçaõ.'* On the 10th of January (Wednesday), the doctor called, and said, 'We can do nothing more; he will not live through the day.' Brother da Silva was calm, with his eyes closed, during the last three days. Sometimes I would speak to him softly of the great

* "Lord Jesus, let me depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

love of Christ, and I would say to him, 'Senhor Ministro, meu caro Irmaõ, conheçeme?'* He would say, 'Sim, Senhor, perfeitamente; Jesus he sempre a minha esperança.'† And although he could not open his eyes, yet the affectionate tear of love towards his dear Saviour would roll down the emaciated cheek of the man of God. At ten minutes before three P.M., I knelt down with a number of our Portuguese brethren to pray. Before I had concluded my supplication, the happy redeemed spirit of our brother left for the heavenly land, without a struggle or a groan. It was a happy death—like one falling asleep. The funeral took place on the 12th. It was a bitter cold day; but many were present to pay their respects. The weeping Portuguese felt like Rachel. The large American audience also shed tears of sympathy for the bereaved flock.

"The Portuguese here," he adds, "are a very devoted band of pilgrims. They love one another. They search the Bible with great diligence. They enjoy a blessed prayer-meeting morning and evening. Sometimes eight or ten prayers will follow in rapid succession. My sister —— and sister —— are very active among the females, encouraging them to every good work. They are what Paul would call 'helpers in the gospel.' The brethren are also faithful in exhortation. They are all very industrious. Seldom a prayer is offered to the throne of grace, from any one of the flock, that I do not hear your name, and that of Dr Kalley, and the Free Church of Scotland. They will need a faithful, devoted pastor, one well able to instruct them in the deep things of God, and render assistance in the education of their children, Sabbath-school, &c. Can you, dear brother, come to Illinois next fall, and take charge of this interesting, precious flock? I know they all love you as they love their own souls."

At the time this letter reached him, Mr Hewitson was ministering to another flock; but one who was his own "son in the faith," and had nearly completed his college training for the ministry, was selected to be the pastor of his fellow-exiles. "The Lord seems now," said Mr Hewitson, one day in his sick-chamber, a few months before his death, "to be making all things ready for my departure. I have just received from America the gladdening intelligence that the dear Portuguese are at length settled in Illinois; their new pastor has arrived among them; they are

* "Senhor minister, my dear brother, do you know me?"

† "Yes, Senhor, perfectly; Jesus is always my hope."

organised into a fully-constituted church; and great grace is upon them all." *

CHAPTER XVI.

1847, 1848.

Voyage Home—Conversion of a Sailor—Death of Dr Chalmers—Labours—Singular Holiness—Correspondence—Call to Dirleton.

"I NEVER had a voyage like this," was the remark of the captain of the vessel in which, on the 15th July 1847, Mr Hewitson reached the Clyde. And so, we have been told, felt all the ship's company. Not a Jonah had been on board, fleeing from the presence of the Lord, but a Caleb, walking in the light of His face. Daily had they all assembled at his invitation, morning and evening, to pray and to hear the Word. There was something, besides, about his whole walk and bearing, which made them feel that one from God was among them. The Lord did not leave His servant without fruit. One of the sailors became a marked trophy of grace. "I am not in want of a closet to pray in," said he, one day, as the voyage drew near its termination; "I can just cover my face in my hat here at the helm, and I am as much alone with God as in a closet." The man had sailed from Antigua a careless sinner: Mr Hewitson now rejoiced over him as another of his many spiritual children.

And whence that so impressive walk? In a brief note, written during the voyage, we discover indirectly its source:—

"*Atlantic Ocean*, 40 *miles west of Cape Clear*, *July* 10, 1847. —[*To his Parents.*]—To-day I read Luke ix., as the chapter for our reading in fellowship. It is rich in truth, and full of blessing, because full of Christ. Christ is the life, and soul, and meaning of the Word of God; and if we seek Christ in the Word, we shall surely find Him, and have cause to rejoice more than one that findeth great spoil. The Word is the gold mine—Christ is the

* "I have great hope," wrote Dr Baird of New York, to Mr Hewitson, on 18th September 1849, "that the Saviour will call several of their interesting young men by His grace to preach His gospel. I greatly desire to see them trained up to carry the truth into Brazil, Portugal, and other countries where their language is spoken." This project, we understand, promises to be crowned with success.

gold itself. The Word is the well—Christ is the living water that fills it to the brim. Let him that thirsteth take freely."

On landing, a stroke fell upon him, by which he was deeply affected. "Dr Chalmers!" we find him writing, July 29, "the angels have carried him away to Abraham's bosom! I did not hear of it till I reached Ayr. Opening a book, I read the words —'The late Dr Chalmers.' This was the first announcement." And in another letter:—"Dr Chalmers! He is among 'the spirits of the just made perfect.'" Chalmers he had not only revered as a master, but loved as a father. "The childlike simplicity, the saintly meekness of Chalmers," he used to say, "always made me feel at home with him. He relished spiritual converse. He was one of the humblest men I ever met."

"We are travellers; we go 'from strength to strength' (no weakness in the pilgrim-journey of those who are one with 'the mighty God'), till 'every one of us in Zion appeareth before God.'" So wrote the Rev. A. Bonar to Mr Hewitson respecting their mutual journeying. The words are strikingly descriptive of his remaining course. "I have much work before me," he writes, August 12, "some of it not pleasant to my sluggish nature; but the Lord can make all things pleasant, if we do them unto Him. Oh! it is a sweet service, the service of the Lord; because His smiles are sweet—his very frowns are frowns of love! He is altogether 'wonderful,' and 'altogether lovely.' If we be going to spend eternity in looking on His glory, surely we will not grudge to look often on His glory during time. The more we look to Him, the more blessed we are."

A growing mellowness was the characteristic feature of this period. "Don't you long to be filled with the love of Jesus," he writes, August 19, "and to be holy altogether, as He is holy? The time is drawing nigh when this longing shall be satisfied. We shall soon see His face. We shall soon be with Him in glory; and we shall be like Him then—free from sin—all spiritual, all pure, all heavenly-minded. The wounded hands, we shall see them soon; the pierced side, we shall soon behold it, and fall down before the Lamb. Yet a little while, and He will appear in His glory. Let us watch and be ready. Hope looks forward and exults even in the midst of tribulation. Tribulation cannot separate you from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord; but the love of God will in the end separate you from tribulation, bring you out of it, and give you fulness of joy. Lift

up your head, for your redemption draweth nigh. May you be sealed till that day, and have the earnest of the Spirit continually in your heart! The Spirit of Jesus loves the humble and broken heart; and He abides there, sprinkling the blood, and creating peace."

And to another, on 29th September:—"I wish you and Mrs —— all joy. May your journey towards the 'Holy City' be in one respect like that of the two disciples to Emmaus! May the Lord Himself be with you, and abide with you, until your journey be ended, and you set up your last Ebenezer in Gilgal, on the other side of the Jordan!" And, two days afterwards, to another:—"Have you seen A. Bonar's work on Prophecy, entitled, 'Redemption Drawing Nigh'? The more I study Scripture, the more am I convinced that the Lord is at hand—in other words, that His arrival must be previous to the 'thousand years.' When He comes, may we be found of Him in peace, without spot, and blameless! We shall lose nothing by being always watching and always ready. Love is, in its nature, a thing full of expectation, and waiting, and longing. If the object of it be absent, and especially if He have sent beforehand an intimation, 'Behold, I come quickly,' love, catching at the intimation, cries out, 'Even so, come!'"

For several months, he visited successively different parts of the country, preaching on Sabbaths and on week-days, and leaving behind him, in every place, the savour of his heavenly walk. "May the Lord be with us to-morrow," he writes, "and make our fellowship exceedingly sweet and edifying! What privileges we have as God's children! We need to exhort one another to live, in some measure, according to our privileges. It is one of our privileges to have the Holy Spirit in our hearts; but few of God's people now-a-days seem to believe even that the Holy Ghost is in them at all. I feel the effects of the deadness which is reigning all around. There is a much-to-be-lamented want of lifelikeness and of spiritual sensibility in the Church at the present hour. Oh that these brassy heavens were rent!"

His own "fight of faith" went forward. "If my health were perfect," says he, October 12, "I should have more frequent opportunities of letter-writing than I can now command. The Lord sees good to keep proud nature under, by making bodily infirmity subservient to the interests of grace. I may truly say, 'I had fainted unless I had hoped to see the goodness of the Lord

in the land of the living.' A time is drawing nigh, when 'there shall be no more sorrow nor crying, neither any more pain; for the former things shall have passed away.' If the enjoyment of comfort in the Lord make us to abound in hope,—abundance of hope, in its turn, conduces to the increase of comfort. Whatever spiritual disease we labour under, the cause of it is, invariably, and in every case, the existence in our hearts of some desire incompatible with the desire of Christ. The battle will be sore, the disease painful, if the desire of Christ be not supreme and reigning within us. We should search out the rebel-desire which hinders our growth and straitens our goings. We should seek to have it laid low under the heel of grace."

Not in a spirit of censoriousness, but in real grief of heart, he writes from Dalmellington, October 13, thus:—"I preached here on Saturday afternoon, addressed the communicants on Sabbath at the table of the Lord, and, the same day, preached in the evening. Strange it seems that at this time there should be such a restraining of grace, such a general and prevailing drought over the land. 'Is my Spirit straitened, saith the Lord?' What is it in the Church that is causing the Lord's marked silence, and hindering the Lord's Word in the midst of us? Forgetfulness among God's people of their heavenly calling, and a cleaving of their souls to the dust, seems to be one great hindrance in the way of the truth. Men are content with a little grace and a little peace; they do not aim at or desire glory,—they do not long for the Lord's appearing,—they do not exhibit much love of Home. This is, no doubt, displeasing to the Lord. There are other causes of displeasure, besides. Next week I go, God willing, to preach in Salton for four weeks. Afterwards I hope to be in Kelso for a week or two. I commit my way to the Lord."

And, a month later, writing from Salton, where, with no little profit to the congregation, he preached for a month, in the temporary absence of Mr Fairbairn, he says:—"In every way the Lord has dealt bountifully with me. 'Praise ye the Lord, for the Lord is good, for His mercy endureth for ever.' We do not praise God according to His goodness and mercy. Well may we cry out, like Rutherford, 'Oh for a harp!' There is a sad want of communion among the saints. The live coals are scattered on the hearth instead of being piled up and kindled into a glowing flame. There is all the more need of seeking close communion with God Himself. Do not God's people walk in darkness because they

dislike the clear light, and shut their eyes? Most true it is that we cannot be walking in holiness, if we be not walking in the light. Let us welcome therefore with gladness every ray of Divine truth. Nothing but sin can keep us back from God; and even sin cannot keep us back from God, when we seek to draw near truly by the blood of Christ. If we do not believe that the Spirit of God is in us, we shall not fear sin as we ought, and we shall not triumph over temptation as we might. We will not give diligence to abstain from everything that would grieve the Spirit, if we do not know that we are 'sealed by the Spirit until the day of redemption.' To know the things that are freely given to us of God, and, in particular, to know that God has given us His Spirit, is a wonderful help and encouragement in the Divine life. A watchful spirit is necessary in crucifying the flesh. Watchfulness implies the fear of evil and the hope of good. Not to fear wrath, nor to hope for glory, creates unwatchfulness and feeds the flesh."

He continued his wandering ministry, but began to desire a more settled charge. "Next Sabbath," he writes, November 26, "I have promised to preach again at Dirleton, and likewise to hold a prayer-meeting on Monday evening. We must sow in faith; and, if we do, we shall expect success. We should not only walk in the Spirit, and pray in the Spirit, but we should likewise speak and declare the testimony of God in the Spirit. 'Who made man's mouth? Have not I the Lord?' The promise is given, 'I will be with thy mouth.' Abraham," he adds, "needed rest at Mamre, or elsewhere; he would have been brought low in spirit if he had been wandering daily from place to place. He liked sometimes to tarry where he had a fixed altar consecrated to the Lord. In such places he enjoyed lengthened seasons of repose and fellowship with his God. My movements after I return to Edinburgh, I know not what they may be, or whither. I too am a wanderer, a stranger in every way on the earth."

In the month of December, his spirit was greatly refreshed by a visit to the south of Scotland. "I have met," we find him writing, December 29, "not a few dear children of God in the south, who are living for eternity, and waiting for the blessed hope, and the appearing of the glory of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ." And to another:—"I purpose being with you on Tuesday next. On Thursday first, if the Lord will, I go to preach at Dunse, and on Sabbath have to preach for Mr Bonar. In Kelso I find many godly people, who are waiting for the Lord's coming.

Our hope is truly a blessed one, and much to be cherished. It has power, more than anything else, to make us feel that we are set down as strangers in a strange land, and to wean our affections from the things of this evil world. Anything that keeps us near the living person Christ Jesus, transforms us into His likeness; and the expectation of His advent is especially fitted to have this effect."

"The world," says Mr Cecil, "looks at ministers *out* of the pulpit, to see what they mean *in* it." Interpreted by such a commentary, it was not difficult to understand what Mr Hewitson's preaching meant. "The holiness and heavenliness of his whole conversation," says the friend whom he went to visit, after writing the note last quoted, "were such as to make me feel that he was more like a being come for a time from another world, to declare his message and return to it again, than like an ordinary Christian. The effect was to make ordinary Christians almost ashamed of the lowness of their attainments, and their distance from that purity and devotedness which ought to fill us all. By one individual amongst us, who was reckoned—truly, I believe—a sincere Christian, this effect was felt so profoundly, that she was seized with alarm that she had never been a Christian at all, but had only been mocking God with false professions."

None who knew Mr Hewitson will deem this picture overdrawn. These pages, we are persuaded, will meet the eyes of many throughout the Church, who trace to the time when they met Mr Hewitson a season of new searching of heart, of freshened love, of holier aspirations.

If to them Mr Hewitson's loss has proved an almost irreparable deprivation, there are others to whom it has been a relief. "When preachers," writes Richard Baxter, "tell people of a necessity of holiness, and that without it no man shall see the Lord, and yet remain unholy themselves, the people will think these are but words of course. As long as men have eyes, as well as ears, they will think they see your meaning as well as hear it; and they are more apt to believe their sight than their hearing, as being the more perfect sense. How many a faithful minister, and private man," he proceeds, addressing such, "is hated and reproached for the sake of such as you! What say the people to them?—'You are so precise, and tell us so much of sin, and dangers, and duty, and make so much stir about these matters, when such or such a minister, that is as great a scholar as you, and as good a preacher

as you, will be merry and jest with us, and let us alone, and never trouble himself or us with such discourse.' This is the very thoughts and talk of people, which your negligence doth occasion. They will give you leave to preach against their sins as much as you will, and talk as much for godliness in the pulpit, so you will but leave them alone afterwards, and be friendly and merry with them when you have done, and talk as they do, and live as they, and be indifferent with them in your conscience and conversation." To such Mr Hewitson's presence was distasteful. It was felt to be a silent rebuke.

Various vacant congregations were turning their eyes towards one whom the Master had so signally honoured, desiring to have him as their pastor. "I see no reason for declining a call from the people of Dirleton," he writes, December 29, in reply to an inquiry from Mr Dodds, "if they should think fit to give me a call to be their pastor. If the Lord see that another would be a means of greater good to souls there, and that I would be more usefully employed in some other corner of His vineyard, then my prayer is, that He may arrange things accordingly. 'The time is short.' Oh that we may win souls to Christ wherever we be! and win souls to Christ we shall, if we preach God's Word in God's way, and trusting in God's sufficiency."

Meanwhile, we find him pouring the balm into the hearts of bereaved and afflicted brethren. "Often in Madeira," says he, writing to a friend in Glasgow on January 11, "I had sweet fellowship in the things of the kingdom with you and your dear sister, who is now with the Lord. She has fallen asleep. Her grief is past—her joy is full. To sympathise with her is to sympathise with joy—joy unspeakable, and full of glory. The words with which the Lord would have His bereaved and mourning people to comfort one another, are words which tell that those who have fallen asleep in Jesus, God will bring with Him on that day. No words of consolation are more powerful than these. The more that their consolatory power is felt, the more earnest will be the cry, 'Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly.' The cry of the waiting, the afflicted saints, does not ascend unheard or in vain. 'Surely I come quickly,' says the Lord; and 'He is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness.' Yet a very little while, and those who sit weeping by Babel's streams, strangers in a strange land, shall be at home, and for ever with the Lord. It is difficult for me now to believe that my Christian friends who 'sleep' are

really gone away,—they are so near in the Lord. There is only a partition-wall between; they are in the next room sleeping. When the Lord comes and knocks at the door, they will awake, and come forth; and all together we will meet the Lord. The Lord make your tears a blessing to your soul, and wipe them away with His own hand!"

And to a friend in Malta, on January 15:—"In the vine, what can keep the sap from circling through the branches? In Christ, what can keep His life from flowing into our hearts? We have only to look to Jesus, to lean on Jesus,—and He does all within us. We have only to abide in His truth; and, by the truth, He quickens, sanctifies, strengthens, comforts. If we look away from Jesus, we droop; if we look to Him, we live." And he adds:—"'The time is short.' The last and greatest Antichrist seems now on the point of being manifested. The world is hastening to its crisis. The Lord is at hand. May we be counted worthy to stand before the presence of His glory!" What will 1848 bring forth? No 'still small voice' to the 'world' any more, till the Lord come! The 'world' has nothing now to look for, but the 'wind,' and the 'earthquake,' and the 'fire:' the 'still small voice' will come only to make the new earth glad. 'Woe to the inhabitants of the earth!' But peace to the Church of God—her 'redemption draweth nigh.'"

And to another:—"Just about this time last year, I visited you at Madeira, on my way to Trinidad. Great changes have taken place since we had so frequently the opportunity of calling together on the name of the Lord at ———'s bedside, or with the dear persecuted followers of the Lamb in some place of secret meeting. Mrs Walker, who grew in Madeira, and flourished like the palm-tree, is now translated into the immediate presence of Jesus. 'Arise, let us go hence.' The Lord, when arising and going hence, called on us to follow Him; and, one by one, saints pass away from amongst us, to wait, in the bosom of Abraham, for the day when the whole Church, re-united and in glorified bodies, shall enter into the rest of God. Then we shall see Jesus as He is. We shall see 'the Man who died for us.' We shall see God face to face, and not die but live. The Church has but little love to her Lord; the bride does not weary for the Bridegroom's arrival. Oh evil world, that seduces the affections and alienates the love of Christ's blood-ransomed bride! The blood that is in the Holiest of all is like a seal set also upon our sprinkled souls, declaring that we are the Lord's, and no more of the world. We

should therefore repel the world's claims upon us, and keep our hearts free and disengaged for Him who has bought us with His blood. So shall we be glad when the Lord comes,—glad now in the hope of His coming—gladder then, when we see Him as He is."

And, of the same date, to another:—"I was glad to receive your last letter. It breathed the air of the wilderness, and sighed after the rest of God—after the home of the redeemed in heaven. Even here we have a resting-place with Jesus. In seasons of darkness and trouble, what scope there is for the manifestation of a bold, all-venturing faith! To trust in the Word when you have nothing else to encourage confidence—to trust in the Word when everything else tends to create despondency,—that is faith in its simplicity—faith in its most God-glorifying exercise. That faith is like David, without Saul's armour, confronting the panoplied giant of Gath; it is like Jonathan and his armour bearer against all the host of the Philistines; it is like Israel 'going forward' at God's command, while yet no way has been cut, by miracle, through the waters of the Red Sea; it is like Job, afflicted and oppressed, and ready to die, saying, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him;'—to take a nobler and more amazing exemplification still—it is like Jesus, horror-struck, desolate, forsaken by God, still crying aloud, '*My* God! My God!' The Word of God is the anchor of our hope—an anchor sure and steadfast, and it enters into the Holiest of all. The Word is the pole on which Christ is lifted up. The Word is the glass which reflects Christ's glory. The Word is the staff which Christ puts in our hand. We know nothing of Christ but what the Word reveals: Christ's thoughts are not in us, unless our thoughts be according to the Word. When we lean on the Word, we lean truly on Christ. If the Word be in us, then we are in the Father and in the Son. To have the Word of God in the hand of faith is to have God—to have all things. By and by, when we are in glory, and have perfect knowledge, we shall see how exactly the Word glasses and reflects the heart of God."

At length his way was opened. The congregation of the Free Church of Scotland at Dirleton—a village in East Lothian, about twenty miles from Edinburgh—called Mr Hewitson to be their pastor. "When I went to Madeira," he writes, February 8, to Mr Dodds, "I did so against the likings of my own heart; but these were overpowered by the plain indications of the Lord's will.

If I go to Dirleton, it will not be against my own likings; for the harmoniousness of the call makes me feel something like a strong attachment to the people from whom the call has proceeded. Is it the Lord's will that I should go? That question settled, then my answer will be, 'Here am I, Lord; send me.'"

And, February 16, he writes:—"Yesterday I went to Haddington Presbytery; and, having fully made up my mind as to the way in which I should go, I intimated my acceptance of the call. Thursday, the 9th of March, has been fixed as the day of induction; and on the Sabbath following, if the Lord will, I shall begin my labours as the Free Church minister of Dirleton. Oh that it may be made by God, and by the Lord Jesus Christ, a blessed and fruitful ministry! Experience teaches me that there is a most intimate connexion between personal abiding in Christ and ministerial usefulness. When the truth is living in our own souls, it goes forth living from our lips, and makes a stronger impression on the souls of others. Nothing makes me feel such inability to preach or pray in the congregation, as being myself out of communion with God. Communion with God is what makes service sweet and easy, prosperous and successful. It is good to long for being filled with the Spirit—it is better to be filled. When we are, the Spirit himself preaches by us, and the Word is in Divine demonstration and power."

CHAPTER XVII.

1848, 1849.

Ministry at Dirleton—Method of Preaching—New Scene of Labour—Expectation of Success—Prayers and Pains—Communions—Specimen of Ministrations—Simplicity of his Faith—Trials and Consolations—Characteristics—Conversation

"He who would do some great thing in this short life," writes Foster, "must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces as, to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity." Above and beyond all other men is he who "concentrates his forces" on the work of winning souls pronounced by the world to be "beside himself." "But he," saith the Lord, "that winneth souls is wise."

As Mr Hewitson grew in likeness to the Lord Jesus, he grew in the intensity of his longings for the salvation of perishing sinners.

"Of all men," says he, writing to Mr Dodds, in immediate anticipation of his settlement at Dirleton, "the minister should be most like Jesus, in bowels of compassion towards souls, in travailing for their deliverance from death, and in consuming zeal of the Father's house. The more Christ-like that we are in the work of the ministry, the more Christ-like shall we be in having souls for our crown and joy on that day." And, again, elsewhere:—"We must realise a deep impression on our spirits of what heaven and hell respectively are, or, in other words, of what Christ once suffered, and of what He now enjoys, in order that we may be able to sympathise deeply with Christ in His affection for perishing souls. We never need Christ more than when we are in the pulpit. Then, most of all, we should be able to say, 'I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.'"

And, indicating the secret at once of his solemn walk and of his solemn ministry, he says, "God's Word heard, is God speaking to us; God's Word preached, is God speaking by us to others. The realisation of a full and abiding assurance of this truth is necessary to our own rapid growth in grace, and to our being abundantly prosperous in ministerial work."

And, again, unfolding the method of his ministry, he adds:—"A free, full gospel—pure objective truth as it is in Jesus,—that is what we are bound to exhibit with all fidelity and plainness: the Spirit of God working all subjective experience of the power of that objective truth,—that is what we are to trust in exclusively for success. The keen edge of the Word, and the Spirit striking it home in the hearts of the hearers,—the former is our weapon, the latter our strength."

On the 9th of March, he was inducted into his pastoral charge. "The season," says he, "was to me one of great solemnity, and I had a most comfortable sense of the Lord's presence. I desired to be inducted by 'the Good Shepherd' himself; and I felt that He was indeed with me." And, again:—"Thursday was to me a day of very great enlargement, and sweet fellowship with the Lord." On the following Sabbath, after being introduced by Mr Moody Stuart, he began his ministrations with a sermon on the text, "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." The text was the key-note of his ministry and of his life. In the pulpit and in the social meeting, in the sick-chamber and in the incidental conversation, in the house and by the wayside, his one theme was Christ.

Great was the joy of Neff when God shone into the hearts of the benighted Romanists of the Alps. But greater was his joy when, in settled congregations, the same Lord owned his ministrations by the conversion of the "outwardly moral and devout;" for this, he tells us, he regarded as a "more striking demonstration of the power of God." Mr Hewitson, like the Alpine pastor, has not laboured in vain among the poor victims of Rome, in Madeira. Now, transferred to a scene where all is "outwardly moral and devout," he is summoned to a work of even higher faith. Shall he find here, also, that the Word is "able to save the soul"?

The record of a silent Sabbath, spent elsewhere to recruit his exhausted frame, indicates how earnestly he continued to "lay hold on eternal life." He writes, March 20 (1848):—"Yesterday I communicated in Mr Baillie's church, but did no ministerial work whatever. The season was to me a very refreshing one, and the Lord was sensibly present; the Lord was at His table. Always when I go to the church seeking Christ himself there, and, as it were, to keep tryst with Him—always when I go expressly for the purpose of meeting Christ and having intercourse with Him,—I experience sweetness in the ordinances of His house, and have reason to return with the voice of thanksgiving. We fail of being blessed in family worship and in public worship, if we do not seek, while so engaged, to meet with Jesus, and to enjoy His Word and fellowship in the exercise of faith and love. It is Christ in the Word, and in all the ordinances of worship, that makes them refreshing and quickening to our souls. Religion is not a form, but a life; and it is not a solitary, friendless life, but a life of intercourse and company-keeping with God in Christ. To be religious is to be the friends of God—to realise a sense of His presence, love, and favour—to acknowledge Him as a living Person who is always near us, always ready to bless us, and always looking to us for a living obedience. This is our time of education for heaven—these are our school-days; and, alas! how many, who profess to believe, and to look for eternal life, neglect their soul's education, and play the truant's part, instead of attending the school of God! Time is near its end—eternity is at the door. Oh to be ready—all ready! For many will mourn and weep, when the time to make ready is past for ever!"

From the outset, Mr Hewitson looked for the quickening power of God among His people. Unlike the scene of the labours of

Neff, the scene around him had every outward charm. "Dirleton," he writes, "is the most beautiful village in Scotland. The houses are almost picturesque,—all clean, both without and within. The ruinous 'castle of Dirleton' is a romantic object. Berwick-Law lifts its conical bulk at a distance of three miles, and a little out from shore rises the memorable Bass. But, physically verdant and beautiful," he adds, "my field of labour is spiritually a wilderness, with here and there a fresh spot, adorned by a single 'lily.' The lilies are few, very few; but still there are some, or the sense of desolation would be intolerable. The soil cries out to heaven for rain." A faithful and earnest ministry had preceded Mr Hewitson's. The godly remnant in the congregation were, in a great measure, we believe, the fruit of that ministry.

"Nothing satisfied Neff," says his biographer, "but clear signs of spiritual life." Mr Hewitson's standard was not less decided. "The only thing now beautiful," says he, "in this sin-stained world, is love to Jesus. How the heart of the believer burns within him, when he hears expressions or sees evidences of love to the Lord! When there is not love to the Lord Jesus, I find nothing—thanks to the grace of God!—which I can contemplate with satisfaction, or with which I can sympathise."

But Mr Hewitson was no sentimentalist, looking for extraordinary results without the use of extraordinary means. "I have often thought," wrote Dr Payson to a missionary in the East, "that every minister, and especially every missionary, ought frequently to read, or at least call to mind, Foster's Essay on the epithet Romantic. If you have not his Essays at hand, you may perhaps recollect some of his concluding remarks. After shewing that it is highly romantic to expect extraordinary success from ordinary means, he adds words to this effect:—'The individual who should solemnly resolve to try the best and last possible efficacy of prayer, and unalterably determine that Heaven should not withhold a single influence which the utmost effort of persevering prayer could bring down, would probably find himself become a much more successful agent in his little sphere. Very few missionaries since the days of the apostles, probably, have tried the experiment. He who shall make the first trial will, I believe, effect wonders.'" Mr Hewitson was not romantic. "Prayers and pains" God had joined: these he did not put asunder, "Though enfeebled in frame and in constitution," writes Mr Dodds, now his neighbour and co-presbyter, "no sooner had he entered on his new sphere

than he set about his ministerial work with all energy and fidelity. Conscious that his ministry was a precarious, and would probably be a brief one, he laboured with all the more diligence, and with a perseverance greater than his exhausted strength could bear. His labours in the pulpit, in the prayer-meeting, in the instruction of the young, in visiting the sick and other members of his flock, and in the discharge of his duties as a member of presbytery, were as abundant, sustained, and various as those of the most vigorous and zealous of his brethren could possibly be. In the fervour of his zeal, in his love of souls, in his strong desire to see a revival among his flock at Dirleton, he seemed to forget, or deliberately to disregard, his extreme bodily weakness and exhaustion. In him the spirit, as I often thought, seemed to triumph over the feebleness of the flesh. He accomplished toils, weekly, and almost daily, which well might have tasked the energies of the strongest man."

By "prayers and pains," he took heed to his ministry that he might fulfil it. "The case of the man that you spoke of," he writes, April 3, "is interesting. May you have many such in D——; and pray that I may have many such at Dirleton. Oh for a time of rain! Oh that souls would awake! There is here, as well as there, great need of a revival. The congregation yesterday was about four hundred. They lie over a circle of territory of about six miles diameter; the church, which is in the village, being in the centre of the circle. I have found two or three godly people, who pray for blessing on the people around. As yet I have had much pleasure in visiting and speaking with my people. Intercourse with them is made exceedingly more interesting by the fact that they are my people, and that I am their pastor." And, writing to another, he adds:—"There is one awakened and anxious soul here—a young woman. Yesterday week, she began to tremble at the thought of wrath."

"Nothing," wrote Payson to a brother in the ministry, "tends more directly to give God the glory than social prayer. We explicitly acknowledge by it, not only to Him but to our fellow-creatures, that, in the conversion of sinners, He is all, and we are nothing." In the prayer-meeting, Mr Hewitson always took peculiar delight. "Last night," he writes, April 7, "I began a weekly prayer-meeting, and the attendance was considerably more numerous than I had anticipated. Oh that 'the Word may run, and be glorified!'" The weekly meeting was attended, during the

greater part of his ministry, by about seventy or eighty people, many travelling a considerable distance after the day's toil. He regularly prepared himself for its exercises, delivering several courses of lectures in succession.

"To-day I received your last note," he wrote, on April 13, to the brother whom he had invited to assist him at his first communion, "and am truly delighted at the prospect of having you with me on Sabbath. There will be three table-services altogether, and an afternoon meeting for worship. How needful what you write about—a melting tenderness of heart! That we may think as Christ thinks, and feel as Christ feels, is an important prayer. The Spirit, who searches the heart and mind of Christ, can shape ours according to the Divine model. As ministers, we should not rest without having a large degree of likeness to the Lord." And to his father, after it was over:—"Yesterday we had a full, or very nearly a full, church; and the season was exceedingly solemn outwardly. I trust that in many cases the inward experience was of a suitable kind, and that the Lord was working with power in many hearts. His own believing people seemed to be glad. We were in from half-past eleven A.M. till half-past four P.M., and afterwards from half-past five till, I think, nearly half-past seven. I am fatigued this morning, but have great cause to be thankful to the Lord for all the good which He yesterday made to pass before me."

We well remember that day. It was a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Sitting in his own room, after the protracted services were over, he said, with that holy, calm solemnity which so habitually characterised him, not only in the pulpit and at the communion-table, but in society and at his own fireside—"Oh for an immortal, a spiritual body, which should never grow weary in serving our glorious Lord!" And, as if taking to the Master's feet all the services of the day, and telling Him, like the disciples, all that he had done and taught,—he added, with an air of mingled confidence and awe, "Lord Jesus! what thinkest Thou of this day's work? hast Thou been seeing of the travail of thy soul?"

His Bible-classes he never allowed to be considered as a stepping-stone to the Lord's table. As the Communion approached—perhaps at the distance of four or five weeks, he invited any who thought they had tasted the grace of God, to visit him at his house on a particular day. The first question he put on such occasions

was—"What is your reason for wishing to go to the table?" The nature and tone of the reply usually indicated how matters stood. He regarded the opportunities of private and personal dealing thus afforded, as one of the most precious privileges of his ministry. Not a few, we have reason to know, owe to these seasons the searching which awakened them, or the setting of their feet upon the Rock.

The tone of his ministrations at this period may be gathered from a few brief paragraphs occurring in his letters. The clear presentation of Christ, the searching discrimination, the importunate urgency, the melting tenderness, which marked his pulpit-appeals, are here slightly indicated:—

"'Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.' Am I in a blood-sprinkled dwelling? Is the blood of Christ really on my soul? Have I peace with God through the blood of Christ? Have I no false peace—that is, no peace but that which the blood of Christ gives to my guilty soul? Do I see and feel that the blood of Christ destroys guilt, even as stubble is destroyed by the flaming fire? Do I know that the blood of Christ has extinguished the flames of hell which were kindled for me? or are these flames, in consequence of my unbelief, still burning?

"'Damned,' 'lost'—these are God's words; and, oh! who can fathom all the depths of horror, and despair, and woe, which they mean? When a sinner is dragged to hell, with these words, 'damned,' 'lost,' written upon his forehead,—who can tell the millionth part of the pang of anguish that pierces him through and through, and that is doomed to pierce him through and through for ever? Oh! 'who can dwell with everlasting burnings?' Who can endure the wrath of God who 'is a consuming fire?' Sin, loved and cherished, kindles 'a fire that never shall be quenched'—breeds 'a worm that shall never die.' Sinners little dream, amidst their sins, that it is—what the Scripture of truth declares it to be—'a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.'

"Oh to have the ear open, to hear God swearing, in His love, to sinners, 'As I live, I have no pleasure in the death of a sinner'—that is, of any sinner!—to have the eye open to see God, in His love and pity, long putting off the day of wrath, and day after day stretching forth His arms to embrace believing and repenting sinners! 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son.' Such love would melt the hearts of sinners; but sin hardens their hearts, and they despise God's love—they lift up the

heel against the bowels of His infinite compassion. What hard hearts even true followers of Jesus have,—or they would live in daily, in hourly, wonder and amazement at the love of God in Christ Jesus! The day is drawing nigh, when it will be made manifest to lost souls, that Christ long waited on them, and was willing, most willing, to save them, but that they themselves were not willing to come to Him and be saved."

"What a shadow Christ's is! How broad! there is room enough under it for all. How thick! not a ray of the burning sun can penetrate. Weariness and wandering for ever past; so far as our acceptance with God is concerned, 'we sit down under Christ's shadow with great delight.' We work no longer in vain—we sit down under the shadow of Christ's finished work. It is good to be here. 'Taste and see that the Lord is good.' He is free as the air we breathe, to you, to me, to all. None are put away that come. Let us never forget that He, to whom we come, is a living Saviour. He who is our Righteousness, is likewise our Friend."

He was a laborious visitor of his flock—not, however, for form's sake, or to go through a dry routine, but kindly conversing with each family about the great salvation, and always leaving behind him a heavenly savour. "To-morrow, God willing," he writes, May 8, "I begin the pastoral visitation of my flock, overtaking perhaps eight or ten households. On Wednesday, I purpose to have another diet of visitation. Both on Thursday and Friday evenings this week, I intend to have a prayer-meeting in connexion with the proposed Union. The three first days of next week, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, I have to attend meetings for prayer of ministers from various parts of the land. The Lord," he adds, "is gathering in some here to be His own for ever."

In the midst of his abundant labours, so harassing to his enfeebled frame, what sustained his spirit? "Often when I would have replied to your last kind letter," he writes, "exhaustion has prevented me. The infirmities that beset the present life give greater intensity to the longing for a state in which the blessings of redemption will be fully realised. Every feeble pulsation, every sleepless hour of the night, every desire to do the Lord service for which bodily strength is lacking, cry out, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!' Every stirring of sin in the soul, every sore temptation, every cutting reproach from brethren as well as from the world, every aspiration after a holiness yet unattained, cry out,

'Come, Lord Jesus!' The Church is low and depressed; the world is growing old and decaying; revolution is maddening the nations; creation is groaning and travailing together in pain;—all things around, as well as within, cry aloud for the coming of the Lord. It is high time to awake; 'our salvation is nearer than when we believed.' We need to cleave to the Lord, and to follow Him with our whole heart,—not running into darkness and trouble by looking too much at what is within, but looking at the fulness laid up for us in Christ, that we may walk in light and comfort. I have already been labouring two months in Dirleton among a people united and attached, and not without some marks of the Lord's gracious presence. The place is physically beautiful and fertile, but spiritually unshapely and barren." And to another, May 17:—"I remember that it gladdened me especially where you spoke of Jesus as 'your much loved Lord,' and expressed a desire for His return. Our joy will be full then. Bathing in an atmosphere of Divine, holy, all-pervading love,—our souls, no longer falsely dreaming of gladness or ravished with vain joy, will experience 'a sober certainty of waking bliss,' of which before they had only slight and transient foretastes. No joy, here or hereafter, except in having communion with God; and no communion with God except in loving Him who is God's well-beloved. The saints can have no true, no satisfying fellowship, unless they regard the Lord with common sentiments of supreme love and attachment. The basis of all friendship and of all fellowship is hollow and deceitful, if it be not a community of delight in God, of love to Jesus. These holy sentiments can only be cherished and strengthened, by looking away from things created, and by contemplating the Divine excellence, loveliness, and glory of the Lord. The more we look at Jesus, the more we love Him and the more we become like Him. The view of His glory is that which changes us into the same likeness. My communications are necessarily brief. We will, I trust, meet soon in glory. It is good to be always watching, and always ready. The last sun will soon rise on this world—the last clock will soon strike, and all will be over."

He continued to "endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." "To-morrow morning, God willing," he writes, June 8, "I set off for Newcastle, where I have to preach in the evening, and afterwards on Sabbath to assist Mr P. Miller in administering the Communion. On Monday I intend to return, as I have fixed

on Tuesday as a day of pastoral visitation. In visiting hitherto, I have not been supported and encouraged by finding anything like symptoms of life in many. How dead souls burden the hands of a minister, and oppress his spirit! You speak and pray as if the audience was made up of clods of the valley. There are a few here who know the Lord, and, I trust, a few who are inquiring their way Zionwards, though yet ignorant of what free grace is. These are a comfort to me. I would faint, nevertheless, but for the hope of 'seeing the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.' Present trials are rendered endurable by the prospect of a day when the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together. We reckon not the sufferings of this present time worthy to be compared with 'the glory which shall be revealed in us.' The greatest of present trials is that which indwelling sin occasions. To hate sin, and yet often be so fiercely assailed by it as for a time to succumb under its violence, as if it were lord and master of the will, is a cause of sore affliction to the child of God."

The sainted Martyn, alluding to the cold neglect of some who, when he was not so holy, had treated him as a friend, thus wrote: —"Is it not sweet, O my soul! to have a holy God to appeal to and converse with, though the world should turn their backs?" He felt the neglect keenly, less for his own sake than for the sake of the men who thus proved their secret disaffection to his Lord. Mr Hewitson was not without tasting this trial. The reader will have noticed an allusion to "cutting reproaches from brethren." In another letter, he writes:—"How mad a true minister of Christ must appear in the eyes of many! He breathes a spirit, and displays an ardour, which the world cannot understand. The more that we are like Jesus, whom the zeal of his Father's house consumed, or like Paul, whose enthusiasm in advocating what the flesh was unable to appreciate or relish, brought on him the charge of being mad,—the more shall we lie open to the ridicule and obloquy of the carnal. Eternity, with its unchangeable heaven and its unchangeable hell, rebukes the 'moderate' and the carnal, —calling on us to exhibit yet a more close resemblance to Paul in his mad-like enthusiasm, or to the Lord himself in His consuming zeal. Jesus coming into our closet, and breathing on us that we may receive the Holy Ghost, makes us able ministers, and therefore fools in the world's esteem."

Like Martyn, Mr Hewitson "had a holy God to converse with." He was "hidden in the secret of His presence from the pride of

man." "Daily resort to the fountain of blood," he writes, September 26, "is necessary to maintain our peace. In many things we offend all, while we are in the flesh; and we must be always coming again to Calvary, always looking again to Jesus. To have guilt between our conscience and the blood of Christ, is misery; to have the blood of Christ between guilt and our conscience, is perfect peace. Faith is a miracle-working acknowledgment of our weakness and of God's power. Whatever we need, whether peace of conscience or any other blessing,—we have only to cast a faith's-look on Christ, and the needed blessing is ours. A sight of Christ's empty grave wipes away the believer's tears. Look up, dear friend, to the right hand of God; that is our Lord in glory! Do you not see your name graven on His breastplate?"

And Mr Hewitson had other joys. "In the course of my pastoral visitations," says he, September 27, "I have fallen in with some inquiring souls of late. This makes my work here more interesting than it would have been otherwise. A few have lately found peace in Christ." And to another, on 13th October:—"To-day I visited one of my flock, who has recently joined herself to the Lord. My heart has been glad ever since I saw her,—she is so full of faith, and her peace is like a river. She can say, 'I am a new creature,' and 'Christ loved me, and gave Himself for me.' 'Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift!'"

Not a month had passed, since he began his ministry, without evidence that the Lord was adding to the number of the saved. In addition to all indirect work, which "the day" alone shall declare, he was privileged to know, on evidence which satisfied him at the time, and which subsequent experience confirmed, that, up to this period, not fewer than eight or nine persons had passed from darkness into light—from the power of Satan unto God.

Mr Hewitson was not surprised that the Lord was thus at work. Taught by his whole past ministry to expect success, he looked for conversions less as the exception than as the rule. "I think I have never preached," was his remark to a friend one day near his death, "without asking, in the opening prayer, that God would convert souls at that time. I remember, on one occasion in Madeira, when praying before service, I was tempted with the unbelieving thought—'God will not convert souls to-day.' I asked for forgiveness and for more faith. That day, there was a more abundant outpouring of the Spirit among the Portuguese

than I had ever witnessed among them." "God will have all the glory," said his friend. "And when He gets it," rejoined Mr Hewitson, "He will give the blessing. I am persuaded it is because ministers do not expect God to give the immediate blessing, that there is comparatively so little good done. Oh if men would but give God credit for sincerity!"

"But mark," he went on to say, on the same occasion, "the distinction between expecting that God will begin to work now, and that we shall see the fruit now. The former is warrantable faith; the latter may be presumptuous expectation." And yet, such was his experience of the palpable effects of grace, that, if grace was really there, he knew the fruits must speedily appear. It was no cushion on which he could complacently repose, to hope that the Lord might be working, whilst men continued manifestly carnal.

An affecting glimpse of the devoted minister opens on us in another letter, thus:—"Our friend would prefer, it may be, to depart, if the Lord so willed, and to be present with Him, than to linger out an existence of suffering and weakness in this evil world. For my own part, I have not for years past had any worldly enjoyment which could give me a feeling of attachment to the present life. I have had no hope as regards this world; and my desire has been, nevertheless, to live a while longer here, only not for the sake of anything in the world, but that I might serve my Lord by preaching the gospel of His grace. Even this desire has at times, in consequence of physical infirmity, been only feeble; for it is a most painful effort to go forth with the gospel, when the spirit, not always buoyant in its own frame, is clogged, besides, and impeded by a body devoid of energy. Yet it is well, nay, incomparably better, to be here, while the Lord sees it to be for His glory and for our good that we should remain. If, by remaining, we are the means of turning a single soul from darkness to light, or of helping forward a converted soul on its arduous way, how great the compensation for protracted suffering and trial!" And again:—"The file is rough, and the application of it harrowing to the soul; but all the more bright and lustrous will be the diamond, when, at length thoroughly polished, it shines forth in the royal crown of Immanuel."

The prophetic Word continued to occupy much of his earnest thought. "As to the great outline of the events that are speedily to transpire," he wrote, November 6, in reply to some inquiries,

"I have no great difficulty in coming to something like definite conclusions. That 'the mystery of iniquity' is hastening forward to its last development, everything in the sky of unfulfilled prophecy, and everything in the onflow of events, alike portend. That the last form of evil will be impersonated in an individual 'Man of Sin,' gigantic in stature above his predecessors, I have not the slightest shadow of a doubt. My views have been, however, undecided and fluctuating more or less for years, as to whether that Man of Sin will be a pope or an emperor. Sometimes my mind has leaned in favour of the one, and sometimes in favour of the other, of these views. At all events, he will be the joint-product of Popish and of Atheistic 'wickedness.' Or, to speak more correctly, he will be the head of the 'apostasy,' that has long been nursed in the lap of Popery, and that will reach its perfect growth under the influence of a pantheistic liberalism. The deification of man is the aim and drift of the times. 'The voice of the people is the voice of God,' is the watchword now of the apostasy. Let the apostasy under this form come to a head,—and what will the head of it be but the Man of Sin, who will sit in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God?

"I trust, dear friend," he adds, "that you continue firm and unshaken in the 'hope.' Yet a little while, and the descending Jesus will convert the hope into a reality. The 'Man of Sin' will be destroyed by the personal advent of our blessed Lord. Let us be steadfast and immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord,—forasmuch as we know that our labour is not in vain in the Lord. We shall see HIM, by and by, who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God. I hope that you are all well, and that the children of God in your family are learning more and more of their Father's love in Christ."

Like all holy men, Mr Hewitson loved the Lord's Day. "Don't you always find," he writes, "that the Spirit of God flows in upon you on the Lord's Day more than on any other,—and that the more devotedly you keep the Sabbath holy to the Lord, the more richly do you enjoy the communications of Divine grace? Both those items enter, I may say, uniformly into my experience; so that I can testify to the fact of God's having not only sanctified, but likewise blessed the Sabbath-day." Nothing more grieved him than to find topics uncongenial with its true sanctity forming the theme of conversation. To substitute, for news or business,

only sermons, or ministers, or doctrines, or ecclesiastical policy, he regarded as the mere shell of Sabbath-sanctity. His Sabbath evenings did not obliterate the holy impressions of the sanctuary.

One of his golden maxims was—"Owe no man anything." Often have we heard him express his surprise that Christians should deliberately run into an expenditure exceeding their means. Spirituality and the commercial virtues he held to be indissolubly linked. To live above his income was, in his eyes, a flagrant sin. But whilst shrinking thus sensitively from incurring debt, no one ever witnessed in him any unseemly strivings or mean shifts about money. Though careful in keeping his accounts, and regularly paying his bills, he evidently did this, as he did all, to the Lord. His heart was not in such things. "The world" was truly "behind his back" to the very end. So far, indeed, did he carry this feeling, that again and again he returned, or gave to some charitable object, sums of money which, in thankfulness for his spiritual things, well-meaning friends had sent. The Lord amply supplied his moderate wants; and he sought for nothing more.

He had a happy art of gracefully and naturally turning to profit any passing incident. "How the little birds," he said one day to a neighbour in one of his walks, "callow and helpless in their nests, open their mouths to receive the food brought to them by the parent birds! What an illustration of faith in the act of receiving! 'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.' Does the young brood trust in its winged parent, and shall we not trust in the Father of Christ Jesus, His and ours?" And, another day, in his usual kind and solemn way, to a woman who, as he passed along the village, was standing at her door with her child in her arms,—"how safe that child feels itself in your arms! The believer is as safe in the arms of Jesus. If the child felt itself falling, it would instantly cling to its mother's breast. Just so a believer, when ready to fall, stretches out his arms to the Lord Jesus.—Do you," he proceeded to say, "repose in this way on Jesus? Do you lean as confidingly on His arm?" He then went on to shew her her fallen state by nature, and that there was no safety for one moment but in Christ; and he urged on her an immediate escape to the refuge, lest she should be overtaken by "the avenger of blood." That conversation the Lord blessed to the awakening of the woman's soul.

Another example may be noted. "Where do you live?" said he to a member of his congregation, whose face he knew, but

whom he had not yet visited. "In the room up-stairs," was the answer. "Well, I hope you invite the Lord Jesus into your room to dwell with you. He always delighted to enter into the upper room in Jerusalem, with the disciples of old, to hold converse with them. And Jesus is the same to-day as He was then—still as willing to hold communion with the sinner. Would it not be blessed to dwell with Jesus, the eternal Son of God?" He spoke home to her conscience, and pressed on her the duty and privilege of immediately closing with Christ.

These are specimens of his way-side conversations, such as occurred every day in his walks. The words have in them nothing to strike or dazzle; but they were "whetted" by a heart so tender, and by a bearing so holy, that they seldom failed to impress. "Soon did he occupy," writes Mr Dodds, "a place in the affections and veneration of his people, which it is given to few ministers to obtain. His holy fidelity, consistency, and earnestness, both in the pulpit and out of it, impressed and overawed even those who could not fully appreciate his character, or disliked what they might call his rigour and severity. But his tender pity for careless and perishing sinners always appeared when it was most needed, and melted the hearts of many who listened to his voice or who came within the reach of his influence."

CHAPTER XVIII.

1849, 1850.

Tenderness in visiting the Sick—Conversation in Heaven—Correspondence—Ministerial Work—Church Courts—Visit to Southampton—Growing Meekness—Sermons to Children—Example—Increasing Weakness—Memorial of a visit to Dirleton—Last Communion Sabbath.

GRIMSHAW of Haworth was compared by John Newton to an instrument which is never out of tune. The figure happily describes Mr Hewitson's daily spiritual life. His holiness was not periodical or fitful. Heavenly converse, especially as he drew nearer to "the mark," became more and more his soul's rest and home.

It is not easy to express in words the peculiar attractiveness thus imparted to his ministrations in the sick-chamber and in the house of mourning. "An afflicted member of my congregation,

whom he occasionally visited," writes Mr Stevenson of Ayr, "regarded him with such veneration, that she spoke of receiving him as an angel of God." "It is no sign of an unfatherly heart in God towards you," said he, addressing a sick friend, February 5, "that you are now suffering at such a distance from your dear husband and your earthly home. God's love to His own is so great, that He cannot rest till He have won to Himself all their affections. He has led you into a wilderness, that, being thrown by circumstances more than ever on Him for strength and comfort, you may lean more affectionately, more confidingly, on His arm, saying, 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee.' While you go up through the valley of tears, leaning on your Beloved, you will tread at every step on spices and sweet flowers, that will breathe a heavenly fragrance around you. As where sin abounded, grace did more abound; so where sorrow is abundant in Christ, the consolation in Christ is much more abundant. Great is the consolation even in the midst of sorrow; but unspeakably greater when the Lord will wipe away every tear from His people's eyes. That day, with its unspeakable consolation, is drawing nigh. The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit."

And sending a message to the same friend, he writes, Feb. 14—(*James Crawford, jun., Esq., W.S., Edinburgh*):—"Will you let Mrs Crawford know, with my best Christian regards, that when I wrote it was not by any means in expectation of receiving an answer? If she can write a few lines at any time, it should be to yourself. I know that the exertion of writing is one which, in her present state, she should decline as much as possible. How blessed, that, when the soul is in a holy frame, the exertion of prayer is so little felt as not to oppress even the languishing body! The natural breathing of the holy soul is prayer, which enters into the ears of the Father."

Adapting his words wisely and tenderly to the spiritual condition of the invalid, he writes to another, thus:—"I am sorry to hear of your sickness; and it is my prayer that the Lord will be with you, both to make you well in body, and to sanctify the affliction to your soul. Your soul is precious above all worlds; and God, our Father, knowing how precious it is, seeks, now that He is chastening you with bodily weakness and disease, to bring you to Jesus, that your precious soul may be saved. You are now, dear ——, at the waters of Marah, and they are bitter to

the taste; but there is near, very near you a Branch which can make these waters sweet. Take the Branch, then, take the Lord Jesus, so freely offered to you by the gospel of God,—and you shall find that the well of Marah is the sweetest well out of which you have ever drunk. Jesus is near you—He is at your bedside and stretching out to you the hands that were pierced with nails—the bleeding hands. He is saying to you, 'Look unto me, and be ye saved;' 'Come unto me, weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Look into the face of Jesus—the face that was once covered with shame, the face that was once saddened with an expression of sore distress; look into the face of Jesus—it shews love, eternal love, to sinners. Trust in the love and righteousness of Jesus."

The dear friend, first named, Mrs Crawford, had "fallen asleep in Jesus." To her bereaved husband he writes, April 2:—"My sympathy with you in your sorrow is mingled with another feeling, in which you will yourself still more abundantly participate—sympathy with her whom the Lord has taken from you to Himself in her present joy. To be persuaded on good grounds that, though now for a season she is from home as to the body, she is at home with the Lord, full of unspeakable joy—how great is the consolation which that is fitted to afford you in your affliction! Your sorrow, however great, is not like that of many in like circumstances—a sorrow without hope. She is resting now from her labours and sufferings; and meanwhile she is waiting for the day when you and she again will meet—oh, in what altered circumstances!—before the throne of the Lamb. She looked forward to that day, when she was still with you in the body; and she is looking forward to it still. You and she are still looking forward, as before, in the same hope, to the same promised glory. There is a communion thus maintained between you still,—though now, in regard to it, you 'walk by faith,' and no longer 'by sight.' Yet a little while, and things invisible will be invisible no more. Then, radiant with immortality, and wearing the crown of righteousness—such is the hope you cherish,—you and she will have communion face to face; and a present Saviour, your one Bridegroom and your best Beloved, will make the joy of both to overflow.

"So far as she is personally concerned," he continues, "we are called to sympathise only with gladness of heart. The event which has put sorrow into your heart has put gladness into hers. What an alleviation this is of your sorrow! What a cause of thankful-

ness to the God of all grace, who called her into the fellowship of His Son! Many at their departure leave behind, in the breast of their sorrowing relatives the apprehension, infinitely more distressing than bereavement, that they have gone down into the pit. Far different—thanks to redeeming and adopting love!—is your case. Your dear wife has bequeathed to you, along with the bitterness of bereavement, the sweet consolation of knowing that, as to her concerns, all is well—well for ever. As to yourself, my dear friend, the change in your condition is painful and trying; but looking at it in the light of God, we have good reason for believing that in most important respects it will yet prove to have been for the better. The love and affection which you had towards her will naturally follow her into the invisible world, and up into the presence of the Lord. That love and affection were once placed on an object in time—they are now placed on an object in eternity. If often your heart will carry your thoughts away to the beloved spot where the mortal remains are laid, still oftener will it carry away your thoughts to the place, still more beloved, where the immortal spirit is with Jesus. God aims, by breaking the cistern of creature-comfort, at drawing your heart's desires more entirely out after Himself, the uncreated Fountain of life and blessedness."

The poet has written of the glow-worm, that—

> "Creeping in the hedge, she lighteth her evening torch,
> And her far-off mate, on gossamer sail, steereth his course by that star."

Mr Hewitson's "star" was "the glory," with its holy, unbroken fellowships. Guided by that star, he steered his course heavenward. Addressing a beloved "companion in tribulation," he writes:—"How indescribable the joy of fellowship with those who you are persuaded have their affections set supremely on Jesus! Communion, sweet and soul-satisfying, there cannot be, unless it be poised and balanced on the centre of a common love to Him. Nothing sheds such attractiveness and amiability around a redeemed soul, as the evidence which it gives of being drawn out to Jesus by the power of an all-pervading, all-hallowing love. What will heaven be? What the Holy City? How full of joy, because love to Jesus, love to His Father and ours, will be the element breathed by all! Happiness will be perfect there; for love to God and to the Lamb will be perfect, pure from the admixture of everything carnal and earthly.

"I find," he continues, "few that seem to love the Lord as the redeemed should love Him. Often do I feel longings for a higher

sort of fellowship than I am privileged to enjoy, at least with the saints: with the Lord himself we may daily enjoy the privilege of having fellowship of the highest kind. He is ever near, ever living, ever loving, ever watching, ever pleading, ever upholding. Are we defiled? Behold He has girded Himself with a towel, and is stooping to wash our feet. Are we exhausted, faint, and weary? Behold, His everlasting arms are underneath. Does the fear ever rise up within us, that the Lord has gone away? Are we ever afraid, as if He were not ours? 'Fear not,' He says, 'for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.' Is the pulse of Divine life in us very feeble? Is the breathing of the Holy Ghost in our hearts scarcely, if at all, perceived? Then, Jesus is the same this day as when He said, 'If I depart, I will send Him (the Spirit of truth, the Comforter) unto you;' He is the same as on the day of Pentecost when He fulfilled first that gracious promise; He is the same as when He shed on our own souls most richly the Spirit of life and joy. We may have to complain that with the saints we have not the satisfying fellowship which we long for; but with the King himself we may ever have such fellowship, that, even amidst trial, our joy will be full. A living sinner enjoying the acquaintance, the friendship, the intimacy, the love, of a living Saviour,—that is religion—that is godliness—that is the outgoing and exercise of a Divine, holy life.

"And oh!" he adds, "what a bright, glorious, unchangeable revelation of the Saviour's dispositions, tempers, habits, and ways is given to us in the Word! The Word is all-living; for there is in it everywhere the living Saviour. Here we see Him touching the leper; here looking kindly on a sinner-woman at His feet; here looking up, and saying to Zaccheus, 'To-day I must abide at thy house:' there we see Him in the midst of His disciples saying, 'Peace be unto you,' and shewing them His hands and His side; yonder, in heaven, we see Him shewing His hands and His side to the Father, and pleading that peace may be multiplied to His disciples here on earth. How worthy to be trusted, how much to be loved, is the Saviour revealed to us in the Word! How different a Saviour from that which Satan would fain surreptitiously introduce into the chamber of our thoughts, or, by hellish magic, present before the eye of our imaginations! I have seen souls as much afraid of Christ as if He were a God like Moloch, delighting in blood. Satan had set Moloch before their minds, and made them believe that it was Christ. Oh, then, let us make much of the

Word! and, whatever be our frames or feelings, let us trust in it, nothing doubting; for it reveals to us the true Christ of God—and, trusting in it, we are in very deed trusting in God himself, leaning on the arm of Immanuel. Jesus loves those most, who place most confidence in His love. Those will be nearest Him in heaven, who have best known His love on earth. May He shew Himself to you a very present help in your time of trouble, and bear you onward to the house of His Father, as on eagles' wings! He will come soon. We shall see Him!"

And to another (*J. H. Spencer, Esq., London*):—"It is long since even a note passed from either of us to the other. But we are near in Christ; for Christ is one with each of His saints, one with them all. Let us stand fast, dear brother, in Him; let us grow up unto Him in all things, making increase with the increase of God; and let us, as men in a race, who are determined to win the prize, press onward and onward, with an eye on the crown of righteousness. There may oft be hard struggling and panting for breath in the race, and the prize often may be intercepted from our view; but ere long all will be over—the race will be run, and the crown placed on the victorious brow. Heaven or hell!—who would not run so as to be winners in the race! Alas! many, instead of running, are lying on the course fast asleep. They shall have but a sad awaking."

With his eye upon the things unseen and eternal, how "light" and momentary did the present affliction seem! "Blessed the afflictions and trials," he writes, April 2, "that make time less cared for, and that help us forward in our heavenward race! When we are nearer to God than usual, and more fully in the light and air of His holy place, how comparatively trifling are all the ills of the present life!—eternity, with its heaven and its hell, its endless joys and its everlasting burnings, then makes so deep an impression on the heart. These shadows, which form the all of the world, are fast passing away; the realities, which, alas! even believers sometimes feel no more than if they were but shadows, will ere long be ushered in, and make themselves eternally felt. Now, we are like men in a journey, crossing a narrow stream, called life,—happy if only the Son of God be with us in the bark; for on yonder side, which we are so rapidly nearing, there are no changes for ever, either of heart or of condition. Hell would be our home to-morrow, if Christ were not ours to-day. If Christ be ours to-day,—while we are on our journey, and yet crossing the

stream, we may have, we must have, many trials; but heaven will be our home to-morrow, when the stream is crossed and the journey for ever ended. Let us then wait on the Lord, and be of good courage; He will ere long bring us into a wealthy place."

Some weekly entries in a note-book of this period indicate the ordinary tenor of his ministerial work:—"*Dirleton, April* 8—*Sabbath.*—Matt. ix. 27-31, and Gal. i. 4, 5. Visited at Ferrygate, and in the village—two days. *April* 15—*Sabbath.*—Luke xxi. 5-28, and Gen. xxviii. 12. Visited at Kingston, at Queenston, and in the village—three days. *April* 22—*Sabbath.*—Matt. ix. 32-38, and John xvi 8-11. Visited at East Fortune, Fenton Barns, and in the village—three days. *April* 29—*Sabbath.*—Matt. x. 1-15, and John iii. 3. Gullane in the evening—Heb. i. 3. Visited in the village—one day." The texts here noted were the subjects of his pulpit-ministrations, embracing a lecture and a sermon each Sabbath. In addition to the pastoral visitations, there was also the visitation of the sick and infirm. Bible-classes and the Sabbath-school, as well as the weekly prayer-meeting, though not specified here, formed a regular part of his ministerial work. The monthly evening sermon at Gullane, a village three miles distant, was never omitted even in the most inclement weather. His feeble frame might well have shrunk from such labours. But his own ease or comfort had no place in his thoughts. He indeed "endured hardness" for Jesus' sake.

"Nor did he confine himself," writes Mr Dodds, "to the more spiritual department of his office and work. Whatever duty devolved upon him as the minister of a congregation, or as a member of our various church-courts, he cheerfully and conscientiously performed. Though delicate health might have afforded him a fair excuse, he did not shrink from the society of his brethren, or from the meetings of presbytery; but, whenever his strength allowed, he was always at his post and undertook his full share of duty. All this shewed the peculiar decision and conscientiousness of his character, his high standard of duty, and his earnest desire to be useful in the Church in all capacities, according to the measure of his ability." The holy gravity of his deportment carried a solemnising and hallowing influence into such meetings. All felt, in his presence, that a man of God was among them. His face seemed always "shining," as if he had just descended from the mount. He was the Christian everywhere—living every moment for eternity.

An interesting illustration of his conscientiousness in discharg-

ing the duties of a member of church-courts occurs in an allusion to the General Assembly of this year. The case was one of discipline. "M——'s case," he writes, "tended to create not only anxiety among the members, but likewise solemnity. I spent about ten hours, in private, in reading the evidence in that case; and, without reading and weighing the evidence privately, I should not have felt myself at liberty to give a vote. It was a most painful case. It said emphatically to all who had to do with it, 'Be not high-minded, but fear.'" He preached before that Assembly. The text was, "God is love." A more striking, solemnising, and searching discourse, it has rarely been our lot to meet.*

He ministered for a month that summer at Southampton. "On Saturday last," he writes, June 13, "I reached this town, and preached twice on Sabbath. Here I am creeping, where Whitefield was wont to fly. O that I had wings like his! My ministerial life seems to me much to resemble that of the chrysalis. Something in me says 'Work,' but something else says 'No;' and, alas! the more ignoble instinct too generally prevails. How little of the spirit of Him who, anointed with the Holy Ghost and with power, went about continually doing good!" And to another, June 25:—"Yesterday morning I spat a little blood; but the Lord so strengthened my weak body, that I preached forenoon and afternoon without injury. The congregation yesterday seemed to be more impressed, and some not a little solemnised and moved. I trust the Lord, not hindered by the weakness and unworthiness of the instrument, was graciously working in some hearts. Weak exceedingly, we need always to be resting on the arm of God our Saviour. I often feel as if I were the weakest of all beings, and as if my being enabled to go forward were a mystery of Divine love, a miracle of Divine power. Less than nothing and vanity, what should we be but for Immanuel, God with us? May you all know Him, and experience His nearness, and have tokens of His kindness!"

He had a happy way of winning the confidence of distressed and earnest souls. Such were sure to meet in him a tender sympathy. Many who towards others maintained a silent reserve, opened up to him their spiritual maladies. "Your last letter," he writes, June 25, "was the most gladdening that you ever favoured me by writing. I well remember, as one of the most memorable

* See "Remains," vol. i., p. 159.

occasions on which I had fellowship with you in Madeira, the evening when—it was in Dr Kalley's house—you first told me of your spiritual condition. That was the evening when I first felt myself to be in true Christian fellowship with you; at least I began to have a more lively sense of fellowship with you than I had previously enjoyed. Your last letter vividly recalled the occasion referred to, but it afforded still greater joy; for joy in the evidences of a victorious and triumphant faith is more unmixed, though not more tender, than that produced by a faith discouraged and oppressed—a faith in conflict with the flesh, and struggling Christwards in the midst of darkness. Christ's sympathies towards us flow forth much in the same way as ours do towards one another. He doubtless rejoices most over us, when, most confiding in His love and Saviour-sufficiency, we walk before Him in light, liberty, and joy; but it is when the soul is in hard battle with the powers of darkness,—when, so to speak, the sweat of toil that seems well-nigh desperation is on its brow, and it falls down weeping and helpless at the feet of Jesus,—it is then, perhaps, that Jesus gives some of the most tender and heart-melting demonstrations of His sympathy and love."

Walking in ever closer fellowship with the Lord, he grew in self-abasing lowliness. Forgiven much, and loving much, he stood, like the "woman which was a sinner," at the feet of Jesus, "behind Him, weeping." "Your letters," he writes to another friend in Malta, on June 26, "are acts of kindness to one who is truly 'the chief of sinners,' 'less than the least of all saints,' the most unworthy and hell-deserving of all. As, in a glass, face answers to face, so does this heart of mine answer to the words of Scripture—'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?' You think too highly of my growth in grace, of my conformity to the image of the Holy One. He knows my vast unlikeness to Himself, my wandering of heart from His law, my readiness to forsake His fellowship and to fix idolatrous affection on created things. I think, if I had my will, I should even now become incapable of sinning. But, alas! sin besets me on every side—comes in upon me like water, as it were through a thousand pores, or oozes forth where it seemed to have completely vanished. Still sin has not breathed its last—it is only on its deathbed; holiness has not attained its cherubic manhood—it is still only in the cradle of its infancy. 'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this

death?' is an ejaculation often prompted, but often uttered with too much languor, too little earnestness. You say, dear friend, that you have lately seen more of the malignity of indwelling sin. I ought, if any other on the earth, to sympathise with you in that experience. Indwelling sin never manifested greater malignity and deceitfulness than here. The pardon of my sin will put into the diadem of Jesus an ornament more brilliant than the sun at noonday. 'His blood cleanseth from all sin.' It is more precious than thousands of gold and silver. Jesus is worthy of confidence to the sinner, and especially so to the chief of sinners. Let us believe in Him, let us love Him, let us follow Him, let us wait for Him till He come."

"Could an emmet," it has been said, "pry into itself, it might marvel at its own anatomy." There is a self-anatomy which, under the guise of humility, leaves the man "vain of his self-knowledge"—"proud of his discoveries of pride." Humility like this—how unlike the lowliness of those who, as they fall down in deepest abasement before the Lamb, sing the new song, saying, "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood!" This is true lowliness—the lowliness accompanying, not unbelief, but faith—not suspicion, but confidence. Mr Hewitson was growing in lowliness, because growing in his knowledge of the glories of the Lamb. "Go to Golgotha," said Neff to one of his Alpine catechumens, "and thou wilt see the odious nature of thy sins." It was as Mr Hewitson gazed day by day with ever-deepening love on the Lord who had died for him, that his "head" became more truly "waters, and his eyes a fountain of tears."

In the sequel of the letter last quoted, he adds:—"Nothing has more attractive and heart-weaning power than habitual contemplation of the Lord's living person. Our Redeemer is no mere abstraction, no ideality, which has its being only in our own shifting thoughts. He is the most independently personal of all persons, and the most absolutely living of all who live. He is 'the First and the Last, and the Living One.' He is so near us, as the Son of God, that we can feel His warm breath on our souls; and, as the Son of Man, He has a heart like these hearts of ours—a human heart, meek and lowly, tender, kind, and sympathising. In the Word—the almost *viva voce* utterance of Himself—His arm of power is stretched forth beside you, that you may lean on it with all your weight; and in the Word, also, His love is revealed, that on the bosom of it you may lay your aching head, and forget your

sorrow in the abundance of His consolations. The Living One, who died, we must contemplate—to Him we must look, that we may be weaned and won over wholly to God, that we may be strengthened, spiritualised, and sanctified. The hope," he adds, "of seeing you this summer has vanished. The hope of meeting when the Lord comes, through His grace, remains. Shall we be all holy when we meet again—holy as He is holy? It would be a happier meeting than any can be now."

In Southampton, as in every place where he sojourned, he left behind him the fragrance of "the ointment." It was the last of his many wanderings in the Master's service. Writing to his sister from Holly-Hill, in its vicinity, he says:—"Yesterday I came here on a visit to Lord Henry Cholmondeley's. This is a truly godly family, and the fellowship is very pleasant. All are premillennarians. May the Lord be with you all, now and for ever! May we diligently seek His face, and wait for his appearing!" And from Southampton to Mr Dodds, July 2:—"Since I left Dirleton, I have seen proofs of the growing licentiousness of these perilous times. Sin appears to be walking abroad with more than its former effrontery. My own heart tells me, alas! where the well-springs are of the moral evil that is seen in the world. Inborn sin, how active! how watchful! how mighty! how difficult to overcome! It has a thousand disguises, a world of allurements, a more than magic-power of fascination. It steals into the bosom of every thought—it clings, like a viper, to the hand of every holy endeavour. Would that it were slain! 'Oh wretched man!' has found, since it first came forth from the heart of the apostle, an echo in the heart of every believer; and in some heart will it ever continue to find an echo, till we see Jesus face to face, and a voice come forth from the heavens, saying, 'Behold, I make all things new.' Were it only that sin might be utterly and for ever destroyed—were it for nothing else whatever—we should have cause enough for the earnest prayer, 'Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly!'"

A characteristic little incident occurred, as he was leaving the house where he had been sojourning. "I hope you have been comfortable during your visit," said his kind host. "Yes," was his reply, "with the exception of one thing—I have been annoyed by so many people continually inquiring about my health." "He never felt comfortable," adds our correspondent, "when any one did so. I recollect, on one occasion in my presence, he said to

a friend of mine, 'I shall never be better than I now am, until the resurrection-day,'—meaning he was quite happy under all his infirmities."

The remaining eight months of his active ministry present little variety of incident. They were occupied chiefly with the care of the precious souls committed to his pastoral charge. Grimshaw tells us, regarding his dear people in the little parish of Haworth, that, of the greater part of them, so far as man could judge, he could give almost as particular an account as he could of himself. He knew whether they were progressing or declining. By his frequent visits and converse with them, he was acquainted with their several temptations, trials, and exercises, both personal and domestic, both spiritual and temporal, almost as intimately as if he had lived in their families. In Dirleton there was formed, secretly and unostentatiously—known, indeed, only to its members and to him whom most of them regarded as their spiritual father—a little circle of believers, with whose exercises, and trials, and triumphs of faith Mr Hewitson was not less familiar, and for whom he watched daily with a not less tender solicitude. These were the Aarons and Hurs of his ministry: held up by their prayers and sympathy, he fulfilled his course. As each new convert entered the little family, gladness pervaded all. During all the time of his ministry at Dirleton, he was never without at least one anxious soul. And rarely did the anxiety fail to issue in true peace.

He was now entering on his closing winter. Though enfeebled by his excessive labours during the summer, he allowed himself no rest. "Our exchange of pulpits on Sabbath after next," he writes to Mr Dodds, September 13, "I consider to be definitively arranged. I shall only say at present, in connexion with ministerial instrumentality—what occurred to my mind this morning during breakfast—that a well-tuned violin is not more necessary to the musical performer, than a heart in unison with the heart of God is to the preacher of the gospel. The skill of a Paganini will be vain, if the instrument be out of tune; the labour of the evangelist will be no less vain, so far as the personal element of his instrumentality is concerned, unless his heart be harmonised by the Spirit of truth and love. We must, so to speak, tune the instrument by means of meditation and prayer. Preaching will then be like a sweet melody in the ears of both God and man."

Even in his briefest notes, he seems to breathe more and more the air of the "celestial city." "My passing visit to you," he

writes to J. H. Spencer, Esq., Sept. 15 (1849), "seems now to have been merely a pleasant dream. Everything here is more like a dream than a reality. When the Lord comes, but not till then, will the hearts of His people be made fully and abidingly glad. May we be ready among His people to welcome Him when He comes! It is no easy matter to watch in this sleeping world." And to another friend, Mr David Sandeman, September 20, thus: —"I was glad to find you were at home again among your dearest earthly relatives. It will be sweet to be at home up yonder with the all-lovely One, our Elder Brother. Oh for vaster longings of *natural affection* after Him—intenser longings to see Him as He is! How I love Him for His sweet, infinite holiness, when the Holy Ghost only gives me a glimpse of that! I feel then as if I could not love Him but for His sweet, deep, wonderful, and Divine holiness. What a heaven it would be to be like Him! What a heaven, to have fellowship with those who bear most of His likeness! But it is the heaven of heavens to have unhindered, free, full, heart-in-heart communion with Himself. The Lord of the harvest needs reapers with sharp sickles. The time is short; soon many will be saying, in dolorous accents, 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.'" And to the author, October 12:—"Here, at present, those who are in the Lord seem to be going on their way steadily towards Zion; and I do trust that they are praying for a work of revival in the place. As a minister, I feel the need of being more abundantly replenished with gifts and graces suitable to the work, by the Spirit of Pentecost. Why are we not full of faith and of the Holy Ghost? Why do we not speak with a wisdom and spirit which none would be able to resist?"

Like Him at whose feet he sat, he loved "little children." "He had a gentle and winning manner," says Mr Dodds, "of speaking to the young. He usually addressed them directly upon the state of their souls, and upon the love of Christ; but in a tone of such tenderness, and with such simplicity of speech, as arrested their attention, and often moved them to tears." Writing from Madeira, on one occasion, to a friend's class in Edinburgh, he said: —"The place where I now am, is a far-off island of the sea; but though it be far off, it is yet surrounded by the same great sea which washes the shores of Scotland, your dear native land and mine. Yes, that same ocean, which you can so easily go and bathe in, reaches to this island, and the people here can easily go

and bathe in it too. How like the blood of Christ! For the blood of Christ is like a great ocean—one so very great; that it comes close to your very door in Scotland, and close to the very door of poor guilty sinners here in Madeira, so that you and they alike may go into it, and bathe your souls in it, and come out whiter than snow. Christ has many in Madeira who believe in His name and have washed themselves and made them white in His blood. Now I'll tell you what they think about Christ. They are hated, and threatened, and reproached, and buffeted, and persecuted for Christ's sake; but they think Him so worthy, and feel Him to be so precious, that they bear all with patience, and are willing to bear more. You cannot speak to many of them about the love of Christ in dying for sinners like them, without seeing them melted into tears of gratitude and love. And when you speak to them about Christ's coming again in glory, to 'receive His people to Himself, that they may be with Him where he is,' you may see their countenances lighted up with joy, and their hearts seem to bound with exultation at the thought of being with Jesus for ever and ever. They are not, like you, natives of a favoured land in which every one is free to read and obey the Word of God. They are in danger of their lives, if they be found coming to hear the gospel preached, and to sit at the Lord's table. The time seems to be near, when they may have to die by the hands of cruel men for 'following the Lord fully;' but 'worthy is the Lamb that was slain,' and they 'take up their cross,' willing to 'follow Him whithersoever He goeth,' even though He lead them unto death.

"From what I tell you about them," he continued on the same occasion, "you will understand what they think of Jesus. The Holy Spirit, who delights in glorifying Jesus, has shewn to them the Saviour's love, and righteousness, and glory. The Holy Spirit has taken them and bathed them in the blood of Christ; He has given them a simple, *simple*, childlike faith, and taught them to place all confidence in the love of God; He has taught them to look upon Jesus as very precious, and to bear with patience and with the hope of glory all that they suffer for Jesus' sake. There are some people who live so far from where I live, that it takes nearly five hours to walk the distance. They are so anxious to hear the Word of God preached, that they intend, on a certain day this week, to leave home about midnight, and to be here about sunrise, and to wait in an empty house till ten o'clock in the morning,

where public worship will take place. You will ask me why they intend to leave home so early. It is because they are afraid of their enemies, and seek shelter from persecution under the darkness and silence of the night when they come to hear the gospel. Remember this, whenever your souls become drowsy and careless about what you hear. Ah! think of the hell on the edge of which you are standing; think of the love of Jesus, who is shewing you His wounds and calling you to hide in them and be safe; think of Satan, who is cunningly standing between you and Jesus that you may not see the Saviour's wounds nor be melted by the power of His love.

"Before it be too late," he added, "before Jesus hides Himself from you, to come and speak to you with 'the still small voice' of His love no more—while yet you may be saved,—I send to you across the seas an earnest cry, 'Flee from the wrath to come;' flee to Jesus—He will receive you with open arms; come and bring with you to Him all your sins—He will 'in no wise cast you out.' Christ has one hand upon me here, and another upon you in Scotland. He is looking upon me now, while I write this; and He will look upon you when you are reading it or hearing it read. I will put the letter into His hand, and leave it there; it may be that when, in His providence, He brings its cry to your ears, you will hearken and flee to Him for safety. He is willing and mighty to save. I will give you a proof of this. Less than three weeks since, a woman, who loves Christ and believes in His Word, told me that her husband buffeted her and maltreated her cruelly for Christ's sake—that he raged and was mad against the truth. A few days afterwards, a good man, who was working along with him, told him solemnly that, if he continued as he was, he would go to hell. The words went to the heart of the miserable sinner, and, in fear of 'the wrath to come,' he fled to Jesus. He found Jesus willing, as well as able, to save him; and he is now a changed man, rejoicing in the Lord. He now prays in his family, and sings the praise of God. What the blessed Jesus does for sinners in Madeira, he is willing and able to do for sinners in Scotland—willing and able to do for you. Only 'taste, and you will see that He is gracious;' only believe, and you shall be saved; just go into the great sea of Immanuel's blood, and bathe your souls in it, and you shall be cleansed from all your guilt. Dear children, the grace of God be with you all."

Vinet once wrote—"A look, a single look, rids of all fears but

the fear of doing evil." The same simplicity of faith Mr Hewitson continued to urge upon all to whom he preached or wrote. "We are all grieved," he writes to his mother, October 18, "on account of your illness, and pray God to restore you if it be His holy will. My dear mother, you hear the sweet voice of Jesus, saying, 'Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.' A look saved the Israelites when they were wounded by the fiery serpent; and a look can save our souls—a look at Jesus. Oh! I fondly trust you can look to the wounded Jesus and say, 'My Lord and my God!' The love of God the Father, in giving His Son to die, is enough to give you confidence and to draw your heart out towards Him. The sight of God's love, in the wounds of His bleeding Son, is a sight well fitted to touch the heart and melt it, and fill it with hatred of its sins, and make it to rest on Jesus. O that Jesus may be very near you! and that, shewing you His hands and His side, He may say, 'Peace be unto thee!' O that He may breathe on you with His blessed lips and give you the Holy Ghost! He is touched with compassion to sinners. He is pleading, a High Priest, for all who come by Him to the Father. Draw near, then, my dear mother, with a true heart and in full assurance of faith."

Alluding to his ministrations at the weekly prayer-meeting, he writes, December 14 (1849), to Mr Crawford, W.S., thus:—"I received your kind note, and thank you for having got the other volume of Morell. Next time I come to Edinburgh, I shall bring the first volume along with me, which I have finished. Last night, in the prayer-meeting, we had, as the subject of meditation, the character of Moses as it was brought out in the wilderness. These features of his character especially were dwelt on:—1. His subjection to God's revealed will; 2. His subjection to God's leadings in all his ways; 3. His contentment in all conditions; 4. His long-suffering; 5. His meekness; 6. His godly indignation against sin; 7. His zeal for God's glory; 8. His faith; 9. His earnestness in intercessory prayer; 10. His holiness, breathing itself forth in aspirations like this—'I beseech Thee, shew me Thy glory;' 11. His close and constant fellowship with God. In all these respects we see One infinitely better and greater than Moses, when we turn to his antitype, Jesus Christ our Lord. Here we find all that is fair, lovely, glorious, and excellent—all in an infinite degree of perfection. Looking at Him, may we be changed into His likeness!"

The reader will observe in this note an allusion to Morell. Notwithstanding his engrossing labours in the Lord's vineyard, he had never ceased to mark, with the liveliest interest, whatever, in general literature, and especially in the domain of metaphysical philosophy, was worthy of regard. "He sometimes spoke," says Mr Dodds, "with all the ardour of his academic days, of mental philosophy and its proper connexion with theology. Even about this period, he seriously meditated writing one or two papers on metaphysical subjects which he thought of great importance in a theological point of view; and these it was his desire to publish in one of our influential periodicals. Had life and health been given to him, he would in all probability have carried his purpose into effect; and from his decided metaphysical taste and talent, sanctified as these were in him, there is little doubt that his contributions to the metaphysics of theology would have been of great interest and value. He often spoke to me, for example, of a paper or article on 'Power.' He regarded views like those of Brown on the subject as little better than atheistic; and, if I mistake not, his object was to shew that what we call 'power' is the direct result of the Divine will, and that the universe is literally kept together by a constant and infinite series of such volitions. This was a theme well fitted to exercise his subtle yet reverent and adoring spirit."

His health was beginning to exhibit symptoms more than ordinarily alarming. "You kindly inquire regarding my health," he writes, December 18: "I have had hemorrhage repeatedly since June last. Disease seems to be making progress in the chest; but, if so, it is doing only the will of the Lord who sent it. In the Lord's hands our concerns and interests are safe eternally." Fearing the effects of another winter and spring in Scotland, especially on the east coast, some friends had urged a temporary sojourn in Malta, offering to pay all expenses. But he declined. "No," we remember him saying, one day, about this period, "I cannot, I dare not, voluntarily leave my post here on account of health. I do not see my way to go." Similar was the resolution of Neff, when his friends, seeing him gradually sinking under his overwhelming labours, represented to him the danger of soon wearing himself out. "How," said he, "can I fold my arms, and sink into repose, when I see around me so extensive a field of labour and so few labourers?" The wisdom of the decision in both instances may be justly questioned. Satan has his snares for the

conscience. Did he not here tempt and triumph, as an angel of light?

But whilst the outward man perished, the inward man was renewed day by day. The flesh was failing, but the soul mounted up on wings as eagles. "When I say," he writes to a deeply afflicted friend, December 18, "that I scarcely ever know what it is to be altogether free from a sense of bodily weariness, you will see that my labours leave me but little strength for correspondence. It is sometimes my desire to have more strength for the Lord's work;—but His arrangements are the wisest and the best; the more of weakness and weariness now, the more sweet that rest of God into which we shall by and by enter. The Lord has in His view the part of the spiritual temple which we are to occupy for ever; and to fit us for our place is the end of all His dealings with us during this present state of preparation. We would fain choose for ourselves, when 'the flesh' is up and working; but when grace is prevalent, we lie quietly under the Lord's hand, and delight in hearing His voice saying to us, 'Be still and know that I am God.'

"That the prospect," he proceeds in the same letter, "of soon losing the society of a sister who had so long tenderly watched at your sick-bed should occasion feelings of a trying and painful kind, was only what was to be expected. To be incapable of such feelings, is to be a Stoic, not a Christian; to be the subject of such feelings, is not to be mourned over as a sin that is displeasing to the Lord,—it is a condition of trial, with which the Lord, gracious, compassionate, tender-hearted, may be expected to sympathise. There is sin in murmuring, in discontentment, and in rebelliousness against the Lord's dispensations: but there is no sin in duly feeling whatever is trying, painful, or afflictive,—there is no sin in being grieved or sorrowful amidst circumstances calculated to produce such emotions. Now, dear sister in the Lord, your comfort and enlargement of heart in walking with God will depend not a little on your rightly distinguishing between your sins and your sorrows. To take all your natural, it may be sometimes your Christlike, sorrows to the blood of atonement as if they were altogether sinful, would have the effect, not of softening your heart, but of hardening it—not of bringing light, but darkness into your soul—not of augmenting, but of diminishing, your love to Jesus. Oh, how Satan strives to make us believe that our Lord is 'an austere man!'

How he labours to give us false views and impressions of the character of our Lord! Believe nothing, about Christ, which the Word of God does not warrant. *You* know well what Christ is—you have been in His company—you have tasted that He is gracious—your experience has taught you that He does sympathise with you in all your afflictions. Come, then, to Him, with all your sorrows; and, oh! you will have good cause to say that He who wept at the grave of Lazarus is still the same—no less God-like in His power to comfort, and no less man-like in the flowing forth of His compassions. So long as sorrow is bounded or fenced about with a gracious disposition to acquiesce in and approve of God's arrangements, so long will the Lord shew Himself ready to sympathise, and to wipe away the silent tear. Grace comes not to destroy our susceptibilities of pleasure and pain, of joy and sorrow, but to refine and sanctify them and bring them into harmony with love to God. He has no delight in callousness of heart. He loves the sensibility which, with all its tenderness and when most lacerated, will yet say, 'Not my will, but Thine be done; Father, glorify Thy name.' You have many trials. In your thoughts keep them altogether distinct from your sins. Lay your sins on Christ as a sacrifice; and lay your trials on Him as a kind and sympathising Friend—a Brother made for the day of adversity.

"Your last," he adds, "contained not a little that deeply interested me, regarding your sanctification-struggles. Be of good cheer, and wait on the Lord; your struggles ere long will have a happy issue. The more you feel of corruption working, the more blessed and refreshing is the anticipation of the state of perfect holiness. To be altogether disburdened of this body of death—that will be heaven. To be Christ-like in every feature and lineament, in every desire of the heart, and in every movement of the will; to be fit for close, uninterrupted fellowship with the Father and with the Son;—that will be—O how great!—compensation for the painfulness of present conflict with indwelling sin. That our sanctification may go sweetly forward, we must ever bear on our hearts the words of Jesus—'Without me ye can do nothing.' What makes our struggles against sin often more difficult and painful is, that we forget Him who is our 'sanctification,' and set our face against the enemy in our own strength. Nothing can overcome what is earthly in us except what is heavenly; and what is heavenly in us is, not merely our renewed nature, but more especially the Holy Ghost, who is come from heaven. Yonder, in

the heart of Christ, is our sanctification as in its fountain; here, in our hearts, is sanctification as in its stream. If we cut ourselves off by unbelief from the fountain, the stream will cease to flow. May the day soon dawn when the stream and the fountain shall be liable to sundrance no more! That day may be near at hand. Let us watch till then."

A letter of this period, addressed to a college-friend (J. P. Hansard, Esq., M.D.), recalls his early days. In the interval indicated, how blessed a race he has run!—"I was surprised, as well as delighted," he writes, "by the arrival of your letter from Brighton. For years I have not had means of hearing about you, and could not tell whether you were still among the living, or had fallen asleep. I am glad that you have returned in safety to your native land, and I hope that you will now remain. Do you intend to do so? 'The time is short;' and wherever be our earthly tabernacles, or however far asunder, the day is at hand when we shall meet, I trust, according to the promise of the gospel, in the presence of our blessed Lord. Since we met, I have had many trials, and seen great afflictions, especially of a spiritual kind. I am located here, by the Lord's good hand upon me, at a distance of twenty miles almost due-east from Edinburgh. Here, as a minister of the gospel in the communion of the Free Church, I have been labouring for about two years. Before that, I was in another and distant part of the Lord's vineyard. My dear Hansard, the interval since we met is so long, that now we ought to be far forward in the Divine life, and acquainted experimentally with the things that are freely given to us of God, as we were not in those former days. It is good to be going forward and forward through Baca's valley, digging up wells as we go—to be pressing upward from strength to strength, till we stand perfect before God in Zion."

Notwithstanding his increasing weakness, he took part in a course of lectures that winter in Edinburgh on the Lord's Second Coming. He prepared the lecture with great care, and delivered it to two successive audiences. "The ardour of his advocacy of this doctrine," says Mr Dodds, "offended some; but his was the vehemence of strong conviction and true sincerity. What he felt to be so precious and full of quickening influences to his own soul, with characteristic energy he sought to establish in the minds and hearts of all his friends. Prophecy was his favourite study; and, whatever many may think of his views, that study was to him the

source of unspeakable joy, and the greatest spiritual refreshment. Were any doctrine to be judged of by the spirituality of him who believes in it, the doctrine of the Advent, as he held it, would indeed receive the strongest possible confirmation from his life and character."

The lecture in Edinburgh, except on one occasion when he preached at Prestonkirk, was his last public work out of his own pulpit. "Last week," he wrote to a friend, on returning home, February 18 (1850), "I was two nights in Edinburgh; but my engagements were such as to require all my physical strength, so that I could not have the pleasure of making you a visit. Whatever be the cause of it, I can no longer hide it from myself that my strength has of late been rapidly sinking. I mention this, merely as the reason why I did not see you, as usual, on the occasion referred to. Daily I endeavour to remember you in my prayers. The Lord himself is your hiding-place and your shield: He will preserve you from trouble and compass you about with songs of deliverance. Cannot you say with Paul, 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day?' Faithful is He who stands in the place of your Surety, and faithful also is God the Father who has called you into the fellowship of His Son. Rest then, dear friend, with implicit confidence in your God and Saviour.

'Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's love is thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven! canst thou repine?

'Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee—
God's own hand shall guide thee there.'"

His ministry was now drawing near a close. "I hope," he writes to Mr Dodds, preparing for what proved to be his last communion, "that you will be able to assist me on March 10. My communions in the Church-militant will in all likelihood not be many. My health seems to be speedily declining. Sometimes my heart bounds with joy at the thought of being soon present with the Lord. Nevertheless, I should rather labour on earth amidst hardship and trial for a while longer, if only the Lord had any end to serve by me here still; and it is possible that, if He bear me up under the withering influence of a Dirleton

winter and spring, I shall recover, amidst the genialities of summer air and sunshine, much of the strength that I have recently lost. Meanwhile, feverish irritability, nocturnal perspirations, occasional hæmoptysis, and other symptoms, warn me that the coming of death may be previous to the coming of the Lord. These things I write to you in the confidence of friendship: they are not for the ears of strangers." And to the author, February 26, thus:—"As you cannot be with me on the Sabbath, will you take the diet on the Thursday evening before the communion? If the Lord spare me till then, I intend to go, on the 18th of March, to Bruntsfield Lodge, and spend there a fortnight in doing nothing, if so be the Lord will bless the rest as a means of enabling me to weather the severities yet of another spring, and to set my face to the labours of another summer's campaign. Like a wounded soldier in the camp of Jesus, I must retire, at least for the time mentioned, from the field. The cold of this winter seems to have helped me well forward on my way to the valley, which, though dark, is not dreary or dreadful to the disciples of Jesus." And to the same, March 1:—"After getting your first note, I wrote to Kelso. Mr Bonar tells me that he had refused, for certain reasons, to be with you on the 10th of this month, and that these reasons were still as strong as ever for refusing to be from home on that day. But considering the special claim which, in my present circumstances, I had to his aid, he very kindly has agreed to come, and he says that he is sure that you, knowing the circumstances of the case, would approve of his doing so. Your second note breathes, like his, a spirit of brotherly love and sympathy, which I deeply feel, and trace up to the fountain-head of it in the heart of Jesus, the Elder Brother of the saints."

Our visit that week to Dirleton we shall not soon forget. A slight record of it we transcribe:—"*March* 6.—We went to Dirleton at four; found dear Hewitson very feeble indeed—more so than he has ever been; seems to anticipate possibility of his departure within a month; is quite happy in the Lord. *March* 7.—Had much conversation to-day; our dear brother very animated, and all his words fragrant. Spoke again and again on necessity of looking, not at our faith, but at Christ—at the person of Christ; this, he said, gave peace and joy,—but faith a very poor thing to look at—nothing but a broken reed, piercing him who leans on it. As he lay on the sofa, during intervals he was engaged in pre-

paration of sermon for Sabbath; was struck with his power of mental abstraction; he was unable to write a sentence, and yet he advanced as steadily and methodically in the work of composition as if every head and paragraph had been written as he went on. We went to the church at half-past six. After coming in, and as we were sitting in the Study, one of his people called to speak to him about a neighbour who had lately been awakened. Mr Hewitson had not been able to see the awakened person personally, and had sent for this individual, as one in whom he had confidence, to give a message suitable to the case; was much struck with his skill in dealing with the case; the inquirer had been grievously vexed and darkened by what Hewitson detected to be mere suggestions of Satan; was amazed and humbled at the masterly and tender way in which he separated the lies of Satan from the heart's own suggestions, shewing that the sin lay, not in being troubled by Satan's lying insinuations, but in listening to and entertaining them; and telling his visitor to urge on the inquirer the glorious grace of Christ, and to bid Satan get behind if he still insinuated that the Lord was not willing to welcome instantly, and forgive freely.—It has been said reproachfully, but with too much truth, that the less you know of some ministers out of the pulpit, the better. How different with dear Hewitson! He indeed 'walks within his house with a perfect heart.' His family-worship especially — not a dull, dry, tedious form, but instinct with life and freshness. Why? His soul always at the fountain; and so out of him there is flowing one continuous stream of living water. *March* 8.—We left Dirleton at half-past seven A.M. Much refreshed by the visit—never otherwise in coming into contact with that holy and heavenly-minded man. Invited H. to take his intended rest at Linlithgow; but he fears to go so far from home, as, in case of becoming decidedly worse, he should wish to be able instantly to return, and die among his people."

The communion took place on the following Sabbath, March 10. Dr Horatius Bonar, who was with him on the occasion, thus notes it:—

"On the 26th of February he wrote, asking me to assist him, and adding, 'Now I am too feeble in body to undertake all the services myself. This winter seems to have done more than any former one, to hasten me forward to the end of my journey.' And on the 1st of March he wrote to me again, making arrangements

as to his communion, and referring at the close, to his sinking condition of body:—'Unless my strength be still further reduced, I shall take my own share of the communion-services. Nightly perspirations have been weakening me much of late. But—it is well.'

"I went to Dirleton on Saturday the 9th, and, arriving there towards evening, along with our mutual friend, Mr James Crawford, found him sitting on the sofa, feeble, indeed, and emaciated, but not so much so as I had expected. He had his Bible in his hand, and, after friendly greetings, he turned to a passage which he had been reading; and this, along with one or two others, furnished material for conversation during tea and afterwards. He was most peaceful and cheerful, expressing his hope that he should be able to take the communion-services on the morrow.

"He was not able to rise to breakfast next day; but a little before eleven o'clock I found him all ready to set off to church. We walked together slowly, and he seemed to enjoy the freshness of the morning, with its sweet Sabbath-calm. He spoke to me of the sermon he had been preparing, expressing a little anxiety about it, as he had not been able to write, from his great weakness. He spoke strongly as to the duty of thorough preparation for the pulpit, but on the present occasion put himself wholly into the hands of God, feeling that it was He who had seen meet to prevent his more full preparation. His conscientiousness in this respect struck me much.

"We prayed together in the vestry, and he went up to the pulpit with some apparent strength. His countenance, at all times pale and thin, was now unusually so; yet he gave out the Psalm, and prayed with a clear and unbroken voice. His text was Micah ii. 10, 'Arise ye, and depart, for this is not your rest.' He spoke of the desire for rest exhibited in the saints from the beginning. Lamech called his son Noah, *i. e.*, 'rest,' in token of his desire and hope; but he found none here. It was for rest that Lot went to the plain of Sodom; but he found none. It was for rest that Jacob went down into Egypt; but he found none. Even in the land of promise, Immanuel's land, there was no rest for the saints. Micah's words were spoken long after the settlement in that land. Worldly men find no rest here, in this object or that, this friendship or that. Riches take wings, friends depart. No rest! The children of God have no rest, either, in this world. Christ found no rest here—driven about, tempted, persecuted. So with the

saint. He cannot find rest in such a world as this. To live in a world where there is not the love of God, is awful.* Arise, and depart; look to the cross; come to the crucified One. Press on. Get free from that weight of sin. See that the inward man is renewed day by day. The rest hereafter, when Christ comes again.

"He presided at the first table; and, at the close, he summed up all with an address on these words, 'As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness' (Ps. xvii. 15).

"He was able to attend evening-service, and next day was not worse: but he was evidently beginning to feel the effects of the labours of the previous day. He was able, however, to converse; and, as usual, it was on the Word of God. He lived on it; he fed on it; it was the joy and rejoicing of his heart.

"That Sabbath was a solemn day. The simple country church, the rustic audience with their earnest looks, the white tables with the sacred symbols, the pale death-like countenance of the minister, speaking, as many felt, or at least feared, for the last time, and partaking with them of the bread and wine, perhaps for the last time, till he should drink it new with them in the kingdom;—all these things threw a solemnity, a sacredness, a heavenliness over it, which one would not willingly forget, even if they ever could."

He now left home for a few weeks, as the only means of obtaining entire rest, and also to escape the prevailing eastern gales, so trying to his feeble chest. "I wish you just to give," he writes to his sister at Dirleton, March 27, "what your own heart prompts, of whatever there is in the house, to the needy and afflicted, especially those of the household of faith. Since coming here, I have not been out of doors. We must wait on the Lord. He will do all things well. I must rest during the months of April and May. It seems that, if I began to work sooner, I could not live many months or weeks. The Lord will supply my pulpit during the interval, and watch over the flock, as He ever does. He is the Shepherd of the sheep. Remember me with kindness and pastoral regards to all, especially believers, who personally

* "I remember well how he paused for a moment here, and then spoke in the most solemn way to the ungodly. He told them that it was agony to a saint to live among the ungodly. He spoke with great emphasis and power on this point for several minutes."

inquire after me." And, March 29, to Mr Dodds:—"Thanks for your kind exertions on behalf of myself and of my people. As yet I am not stronger. Whether the Lord will be pleased to heal or not, is yet extremely uncertain. It is a gladdening consideration, that He will do what is best. My ministry has, for the most part, been eventful, but it has been comparatively short. I have declared the whole counsel of God, without fearing or flattering any one, great or small. This I can say with a good conscience; but oh! what iniquities I now see to have been in my holy things—iniquities forgiven, but still to be deeply mourned over! Never did I feel my utter soul-nakedness more than during this illness. I rejoice in giving all the glory of my salvation to 'the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.'"

We visited him one day during this interval of suspense, at the house of his kind friend, Lady Foulis. "Oh! I am naked," said he, as we found him lying in bed the very picture of death, but his bright eye lighted up with a new brilliancy,—"I am utterly naked,—nothing—nothing but the righteousness of Immanuel. The sins of my ministry, how appalling to me now!—The blood of souls!—But the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin. My dear people had a blessed communion. They were refreshed at every diet." He spoke as if still he might be restored to them, but rejoiced to be in the Lord's hands.

CHAPTER XIX.

1850.

Last Days.

Patience in Suffering—Public Ministry closed—Rajahgopaul—Conversations—Tenderness in Preaching—Watchfulness over his Flock—Assurance—Visit—Increasing Weakness—Blessed Hope—Dying Testimony—Calm Peace—Silent Sabbaths—Familiarity with Greek Testament—Moral Gravitation—Prayer—Spiritual Judgment—Expectation of Success—Earnestness—Human Depravity—Divine Sovereignty—Agonising Sufferings—Parting Visits—Calm Triumph—Concern for his People—Death—Funeral Sermon—Reflections.

"Who am I," exclaimed Luther, on witnessing the unmurmuring patience of one of the Reformation-worthies, under the endurance of intense physical agony—"Who am I, a wordy preacher, in

comparison with this great doer?" The calm triumph of a deeply-tried sufferer is now to be witnessed in Mr Hewitson.

All the month of April he continued in Edinburgh, the flesh still fainting and failing, though not without the hope of being yet raised up. In the beginning of May we again visited him. He was on the sofa, and, as usual, with the Bible in his hand. The two subjects which chiefly occupied his thoughts, were—his flock, and the awakening of the Church to a deeper sense of the possible nearness of the Lord's advent. He spoke of "the holy Owen" and "the heavenly-minded Payson," as the human patterns which seemed most to attract him. But the Word of God, and Christ in the Word, formed his engrossing theme. One of his remarks we cannot but remember. "*I am better acquainted*," he said, "*with Jesus than with any friend I have on earth.*" The words convey the very impression made by his whole conversation and bearing. He looked like one sitting at the feet, and listening to the words, of a tender and compassionate human friend. And yet there was no unholy familiarity. It was "the man who is God's Fellow," at whose feet he sat; hence a deep reverential solemnity.

The suspense was not of long duration. "After writing you on Saturday," was the sad, though not unlooked-for intelligence of 21st May, "Dr Alison was again called in; and when he was asked to tell candidly what was his opinion of Mr Hewitson's case, he at once said that he had no hope of recovery, and that every symptom was that of the last stage of consumption. In consequence of this, Mr Hewitson is now most anxious to return home. He felt it his duty to make use of every means afforded here of promoting his recovery, so long as there was any expectation of these means being of any service; and he has for some weeks been only waiting Dr Alison's final opinion with regard to his returning home. We therefore purpose, if the Lord will, to accompany him to-morrow to Dirleton, where I hope you will find him on Thursday. He speaks with quiet, peaceable assurance of his departure. Truly he seems filled with the Holy Ghost, and already is enjoying immediate communion with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ."

Though preaching might be said to be his ruling passion, yet, now that the Lord had indicated that his ministry was closed, he meekly acquiesced. "The Lord has His own way of dealing with His servants," was his remark to a friend. "He is pleased to make one like a bowl of living water, which shall be handed round

to refresh many souls. And He takes the same bowl, empties it, turns it upside down, and puts it on the shelf, saying, 'I have no more need of thee.'" He had preached, not as a trade, nor to gratify a literary taste, nor to exhibit himself, but to win souls. And no sooner did he see that the Lord of the harvest had no further use for his sickle, than he calmly said, "Thy will be done."

Ere we follow him to Dirleton, we linger for a moment over the scene at Bruntsfield. Rajahgopaul, whose memory is so fragrant in Scotland because of his gifts and graces, had during these two months sojourned under the same hospitable roof. "Lady Foulis," he wrote, May 22 (1850), "is away to-day on an errand of mercy, on the work of a ministering angel, to watch over poor dying Mr Hewitson at Dirleton. He stayed with us at Bruntsfield Lodge for more than nine weeks. The doctors gave up all hope of his recovery; so he returned to his parish, to testify of Christ in his last hours. He has lived much, very much, to God, and near God. The truth of the prophet was never perhaps more fully exemplified than in him—'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee.' He looked to all of us more like one that had stepped down from the mansions of our Father in heaven, than one going to them. The patience, peace, and resignation, and yet the ardent desire he had for the glory of the Saviour on earth, seemed to say—'For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' Mr Anderson asked him yesterday, a few minutes before his leaving us for his parish, whether there was any promise more than another that he leaned upon and was precious to him. He said, 'Jesus the living Saviour, in whom all the promises are Yea and Amen, is more precious to me than all promises.' He has known the Saviour for a long time, and has held close fellowship with Him; and now he feels that he is going home to One whom he knows well.

"Two days ago," adds the youthful missionary, "when he was thinking about his flock, he made the following touching verses, and Lady F. took them down:—

'No more I help that vineyard's growth,
Though not detain'd by drowsy sloth;
My feeble frame's crush'd like the moth:
God's will be done!

'No more I reap that harvest field;
Its sheaves to others may it yield;
My call to hasten home is seal'd:
God's will be done!

'Shall I then preach the Word no more?
Are all these pleasant labours o'er,
And I so near to glory's shore?
God's will be done!'

I feel that, while his death would be a great loss to the Church on earth, what a gain it would be to himself! If he has served Christ on earth with infirmities and sins, in heaven he will serve Him like the angels of God. If he has had to cry, under the burden of sin, that 'to will was present' with him but how to perform that which was good he knew not, oh! with what alacrity, without let or hindrance, will he there serve his God! Last year, when we came to Edinburgh, Mr Anderson could hardly stir, and Mr Hewitson preached with great unction and power before the Assembly on 'God is love;' but this year it is changed—he is confined to his bed, and Mr A. is to preach."

We visited Dirleton on Thursday, 23d May. He was on the sofa with his Bible. "I have learned one lesson," said he, "by reading the Word in my illness. I see that even when I preached with what I felt to be some measure of tenderness, I scarcely knew what Christ's tenderness was. The Bible," he added, "gives not only the mind of God, but His heart. It is the latter, exhibited to men, which draws and wins. I could preach now, I think. I should be far more tender." This is a remarkable testimony from such a man. His tenderness had been all along his most marked characteristic. And yet now he felt as if he had never known what it was to weep over souls.

"Pectus est quod theologum facit."* So did the lamented Neander embody the lesson taught by the whole history of the Church of God. "We need not be ashamed of this maxim," he wrote, seventeen years afterwards; "shame rather to those who were bold enough to ridicule it. They have pronounced sentence on themselves. It was the watchword of those who called forth theology from the dead forms of scholasticism to the living spirit of God's Word." The same was Mr Hewitson's watchword. "Mere hard demonstrations," he added, on the occasion just noticed, "do not win—they only steel the heart."

Cecil speaks of preachers who "plant principles and prove points, but do not reach the heart." And how is the heart reached? Not by the refinements and distinctions of a dead orthodoxy, but by the exhibition of a living CHRIST. "Christ," says the writer

* It is the heart which makes the divine.

just quoted, "cheers the prospect. Everything connected with HIM has light and gladness thrown round it. I look out of my window—the scene is scowling, dark, frigid, forbidding: I shudder —my heart is chilled. But let the sun break forth from the cloud, —I can feel—I can act—I can spring. God," he adds, "descending and dwelling with man, is a truth so infinitely grand, that it must absorb all others. 'You are His attendants! Well! But the KING! There He is!—the KING!'" The reader has not now to learn that such had been the tenor of Mr Hewitson's life and ministry. And, now that he was walking even more immediately in the light of God's face, the axiom flashed on him with so unwonted an impressiveness, that he seemed to himself to have scarcely ever preached at all.

He was not able that evening to join the congregation. Having asked him, as we went to preach, if he had any message to his people on this the first occasion of their meeting since his return —"No," he replied; "no message as their dying pastor: I wish nothing said to draw out their mere natural feelings towards me personally." Then, after a pause, he added, "But you may say something to draw them to Christ. Tell them I affectionately long after them all in the Lord, and that my prayer for them is, that they may be saved." The aspect of the people, as these simple words were spoken, told how much they loved him.

Though unable to leave his room, his eye was not off the flock. "I used to consult with him weekly before my stated visitations," writes Mr Lundie, who acted as his assistant that summer; "and the minute acquaintance he displayed with the state of mind of almost every member of his congregation was surprising. He would tell me who had been converted, who had been under serious impressions, who had fallen back,—suggesting frequently the train of remark he thought suitable for particular cases. When he could no longer see his people face to face, he followed them to their cottages with his daily and earnest prayers."

Left, like Payson, whom in many respects he so much resembled, "a mere wreck of being," he endured for a period of two months the most distressing bodily suffering. Like Payson he suffered in silence. But he was not silent in telling of the Lord's abiding faithfulness; his "tongue sang aloud of His righteousness."

"Meditate much on the love of Christ," he was often saying to those about him; "it is a wonderful love. I love Him with my whole heart. I long to be with my Beloved."

On another occasion he remarked—"I have seen farther down of late into the depths of His amazing love than ever I saw before. It is surely a grievous thing to doubt; it is most dishonouring to the Lord."

One day at table, after drinking a tumbler of cold water, he said—"What a beautiful emblem!" Then, dwelling on each word with evident delight, he slowly repeated, "He shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

"When we reach that river," said a friend who was present, "there will be an end of all our weariness and languor."

"And, what is far better," rejoined Mr Hewitson, "an end of the possibility of sinning."

Conversing on another subject, he said—"I wonder that any Christian can be content while a single stain remains on the conscience, unwashed by the blood."

"Yet how many live," remarked a friend who was present, "as if one washing were enough!"

"One bathing," Mr Hewitson rejoined, "is enough: 'he that is bathed, needeth not save to wash his feet.' I always press upon young converts the necessity of daily washing in the blood, as of primary importance, and as indispensable to holiness. When the believer washes daily, the very repetition of the act keeps the conscience sensitive to sin."

Another day, contemplating the glory of Christ, he said, "'Without me ye can do nothing:' what a close and pleasant connexion with Christ in all—all—that we can do, even the smallest things! These hands, these eyes, these ears, these feet—they are not ours, they are bought with a price. I cannot do this, because Christ would not have done it. I cannot look on that, because Christ would not have looked upon it. This is a very safe rule of conduct."

On another occasion, assurance was the subject of conversation. His views on that point were very clear and decided. Now, as at the outset of his Christian course, it was whilst his eye was turned outward on Christ, not inward on his own faith, that his peace was "like a river." "'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?'" said he. "'Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?' 'Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.' We cannot but triumph."

"Yet how few," said one who was present, "seem to triumph!"

"Ah!" said Mr Hewitson, "it is want of faith. It is not a cunningly devised fable which we believe; the thing is true—of course we must triumph. I can testify to the glory of God's grace," he added, with a smile of lowly thankfulness, "that no night do I confess my sin without absolute confidence that it is forgiven; I know it to be so. If any one asks me how I know it, I just answer—'If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' I believe in God's truthfulness, that is all. All that tends to unbelief, is of Satan; all that tends to faith, is of the Spirit."

"I am glad," said a venerable minister who had come from a distance to pay him a farewell-visit, "that you have such pleasant experience of peace in your soul."

"It is nothing more," replied Mr Hewitson, "than might be expected by a Christian. The righteousness of Christ is my stay. That sustained me in Madeira in the midst of persecution and difficulties; it has sustained me through all my ministry; and it sustains me now."

"It is a great privilege to be enabled to bear the testimony you now do."

"And an humbling thing," rejoined Mr Hewitson. "The more grace, the more self-emptying."

On the visitor withdrawing, Mr Hewitson, after musing for some time in silence, remarked—"Dr Makellar thinks far more of my experience and attainments than I do. What is it but the simple fulfilment of my Father's promise—'I will keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee?'"

He grew visibly feebler, week by week. "I feel," he said, one day, "my fleshly tabernacle decaying." "But we have a house not made with hands," said a friend, "eternal in the heavens." "Ah! that is not all," rejoined Mr Hewitson, hastily; "we know—we *know* that we have a house. It is this 'knowing' which makes us confident, and willing rather to be absent from the body and present with the Lord."

"I fear you are much weaker to-day," said one of his elders who had come to see him.

"Yes," he replied, "but I can lean on the everlasting arm. I find it the same now, when entering the dark valley, that I said it was in the pulpit. It is on that arm that I long to see every member of the congregation resting. I loved my Portuguese in Madeira

so much," he proceeded to say, "that I thought I could never be equally attached to another congregation; but I feel now that I am as much attached to Dirleton."

He seemed to feed continually on the Word. It was truly living manna to him. Lying one day on the sofa, distressed by laborious breathing, he said—"'In Judah is God known; His name is great in Israel.' Sometimes this verse brings exquisite pleasure to my soul—the thought that in this unrighteous world there are those among whom God is known—to whom His name is great!" He dwelt on this thought for some time, says his friend, with all the delight of one whose interests were swallowed up in God's, adding—"'O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth!' What a heaven the world will be, when that can be said of it! How different now! His name is despised."

The "blessed hope" of the Lord's "appearing" was much upon his mind during his last days. "It was a subject," writes his sister, who attended him, "very dear to his heart, and seemed to be even more precious to him as he drew near his end. He did not overlook the blessedness of departing and being with Christ. But his Lord's coming in His kingdom was the subject of his daily prayer, and his most blessed hope. 'Every day,' was his frequent testimony to us, 'I feel more and more comfort from it.'" So concerned was he about this matter, that, only two days before he died, there were read over to him the lecture he had delivered the preceding winter "on the Kingdom of Christ," * and also an essay on "Communion with God," † which he had read during the winter before the Presbytery. These he desired to leave as his matured views. His object in thus combining them was to shew that the "blessed hope," as he held it, was truly a doctrine according to godliness.

"The native energy of his character," remarks a friend who saw him frequently during his last illness, "was remarkably displayed in his unwillingness to yield to his disease. It was amazing to see him, with his pulse upwards of 120, sitting daily at the dinner-table, and joining in the conversation, almost as if in health. I was frequently struck with the perfect ease and freedom with which he always entered into my own affairs and those of others, as if he had not a pain or care of his own to occupy him. His remarkable acuteness of mind never forsook him. The preci-

* See "Remains." † See "Remains."

sion and even subtlety of the distinctions he was so skilled in drawing were most striking in a dying man. The perfect peace he enjoyed no doubt contributed greatly to this."

No trial affected him so deeply as his silent Sabbaths. "Another silent Sabbath!" he used to say, as each of them went past. On the communion-Sabbath especially, the privation was very trying. "Ah! that was my work," he said to the brother who had been officiating, as he was telling him, on his return, about the sermon; "but it is my Father's will—*γενήθητω τὸ θέλημα τοῦ Κυρίου* (the will of the Lord be done)."

The quotation from the original Greek is characteristic. "You should read," said he one day to a young minister, "a chapter of the Greek Testament every day of your life. I have long done so; and now, when I read the English, I know what the original is without referring to it." Those who knew him will remember the happy use he made of this accomplishment in his conversations on the Word of God. We give a single specimen. "What a blessed thing it will be," a friend was remarking to him one day, "to be delivered from the bondage of the flesh!" "Yes," was his reply, "and, instead of bondage, be introduced into the liberty of the glory. Our translators," he added, turning to Rom. viii. 21 in the little Greek Testament which lay always beside him, "have spoiled the antithesis in that verse, by imagining a Hebraism which does not exist—'The creature shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of God's children.'"

One day, sitting in a contemplative mood, he fell into a train of thought which not unaptly illustrated his own hidden life. "There is a gravitation," said he, "in the moral as in the physical world. When several bodies are collocated near each other in the heavens, that which has the greatest weight takes the central place, and the others move round it as satellites. So when several desires are operating simultaneously in the soul, that which is strongest occupies the governing place of will, and the rest give way. When love to God is habitually in the ascendant, or occupying the place of will, it gathers round it all the other desires of the soul as satellites, and whirls them along with it in its orbit round the centre of attraction—GOD."

On another occasion, he remarked concerning prayer:—"Prayer is heard, when it passes from the believer's heart to the Redeemer's heart, and is appropriated by the Redeemer, or made His own."

The biographer of Payson observes, that "prayer was eminently the business of his life." The same may be said of Mr Hewitson. "My heart," was his meek testimony one day in the midst of severe bodily suffering, "is ever above with Jesus." At frequent intervals in conversation, his soul seemed to be lifting up itself in silent prayer. The effect was that peculiar heavenliness which sat upon him continually.

"Once I overheard him in prayer," writes Theodorus of Martin Luther; "but oh! with what life and spirit did he pray! It was with as much reverence as if he were in the felt presence of God, yet with as much confidence as if he had been speaking to a friend." Such, it may be gathered, was Mr Hewitson's secret praying. And his praying in the pulpit or in the family was in the same strain. He prayed not as an alien or as an inquirer, but as a child of God. He did not pray at the people, or for them, but with them.* It was, however, with believers that he prayed; in regard to others, he was the believers' mouth in seeking their conversion.

"A man of spiritual discernment can scarcely open his lips to one who has none," was his remark another day, "without incurring the unmerited charge of uncharitableness, of captiousness, of censoriousness, of assumption, or something similar. He must, in the presence of the ungodly or carnal, 'withhold his mouth even from good,'—or his 'good will be evil spoken of.'" This observation explains not a little of his way in his intercourse with men. His very silence sometimes brought on him reproach.

If his silence brought on him reproach, his words sometimes not less offended. Alluding one day to an erroneous construction which a brother had put upon some expression used by him respecting the state of his people, he vindicated the exercise of his spiritual judgment as to the presence or the absence of grace, thus:—"To discern, is not to act the part of a censor,—it is an act of perception, not an act of judgment at all in the forensic sense. We may spiritually discern a man's words and doings to be carnal, and yet not be sitting in judgment on the man, in the offensive sense of the expression. Just as we discern colours, saying, that this is red and that blue,—so does the man

* Mr Newton, in one of his letters, writes:—"The prayers of some good men are more like preaching than praying. They rather express the Lord's mind to the people, than the desires of the people to the Lord. Indeed this can hardly be called prayer. It might, in another place, stand for part of a good sermon, but will afford little help to those who desire to pray with their hearts."

of God, who has spiritual perceptiveness (αἰσθησις), discern the character of moral actions, saying that this is of the spirit, and that of the flesh—this is of God, and that of the world. Discernment," he proceeded to say, "does not imply an imputation of motives—it only appreciates the general character of the motives as carnal or spiritual, without reference to the question, what be the particular motive or motives in each case." Whilst cautiously abstaining from uttering, in the presence of others, an opinion concerning any particular person's spiritual state,—he found this exercise of his spiritual judgment of the greatest value in the work of the ministry. It enabled him to regulate with a rare skill his dealing with individual souls, indicating where encouragement was needed, and where warning—where probing of the wound, and where binding up.

On another occasion, referring to the same subject, he remarked:—"It is vain to argue with a man whose perceptions are not like your own. What you see to be yellow, he sees to be green; and he will believe his own eyes rather than yours, thinking you unreasonable in soliciting his judgment against the evidence of his senses. That your judgments may agree, you must first have similar powers of perception." And, following out the train of thought, he deduced this corollary:—"No man will believe one-thousandth part of what God says in the Bible, until he be 'born again,' and so be, not only brought into God's light, but likewise endowed with a perceptive eye like God's."

Nor was this all. Even where the perceptive eye is given, there are degrees of fineness in the perception,—some, in virtue of the first touch from the Lord's finger, "seeing men as trees walking"—others, whose eyes have been touched again and again, seeing more and more clearly. His eye had been often touched; hence his so singularly vivid perception of the objects lying within the domain of spiritual vision in the Word, and hence also the little sympathy he met even from many brethren.

"If there be nothing between God's wrath and the sinner's guilt," he said, speaking on another subject, "these may be kept apart during a time of long-suffering: but every moment they are mutually drawing nearer, this to that. The moment of collision will be—who can tell how—terrific!"

The other side of the antithesis he put thus:—"If the blood of Christ be between the sinner's guilt and God's wrath, these two will approach it on this side and on that. The blood, meeting on

the one side with the wrath, will extinguish it for ever: the blood, meeting on the other side with the guilt, washes it away, and makes the soul whiter than snow."

"Did you ever notice the fact," was his remark to a visitor "that John was a priest as well as a prophet? As a priest, he baptized Christ,—in this typifying His death on the cross, which Christ himself calls His baptism. Thus, emblematically, he led the Lamb up to the altar for sacrifice,—leaving Him there in God's hands, for God himself must smite this sacrifice. In this way, John performed the last priestly act required of man."

Again:—"The smitten rock and gushing water tell us that life and gladness come all from the suffering Christ. Never forget, when drinking pardon, peace, joy, newness of life, from the streams of salvation, that you press your lips to the wounds of Jesus—that you drink the life-blood of the Son of God."

And again:—"It is said that Paul and Barnabas '*so* preached' that many were saved. There is a kind of preaching which is peculiarly blest to the awakening and conversion of sinners. Much may be done by the 'so preaching.' I have often been much impressed with the statement, that they preached the gospel 'with power and with much assurance.' When this expecting spirit, this assurance of success, is given, the blessing will surely follow."

This expectation of success he continued to the last to regard as not the least weighty element in his own successful ministry. President Edwards observes, in closing the life of Brainerd, that "his history shews us the right way to success in the work of the ministry. He sought it as a resolute soldier seeks victory in a siege or battle, or as a man that runs a race for a great prize." Mr Hewitson resembled Brainerd in this. "How fully you express," a friend had written him in 1846, in reply to a letter from Mr Hewitson on the point, "what I have often felt about the glorious duty—privilege is scarce explicit enough—of looking for present fruit from present labour in the Lord's vineyard! Indeed, I am free to say, to the praise of glorious grace, what I am pretty sure your experience goes along with, that it is since I began to look for and expect a present blessing, that the Lord has been pleased to bestow it." Mr Hewitson often reverted to this subject with great emphasis in these conversations of his last days.

Another feature of the successful minister was often noted. "Truth," said he, "if it be not in the heart as well as on the tongue, is truth denied by the speaker, and therefore truth suspected

by the hearer. To persuade—to be effective,—not only speak the truth, but feel it, and so as to make it manifest that you do so." Mr Hewitson's ministry had been eminently an earnest one. He had "so preached," that, whether men believed or no, they felt that the preacher spoke because he believed. It was not the earnestness of the flesh,—not vehemence, not noise, not physical fervour,—but the deep, calm, solemn, gentle earnestness of the Spirit. There was no scolding, no impatience, no angry upbraiding, but the tenderest pity; he warned and besought with tears. This was his "unanswerable argument."

He often spoke of man's natural depravity. One day his thoughts on this subject fell into a train like the following:—"Judas was the representative of human nature, of fallen man. In him 'the flesh' enjoyed advantages greater than it ever enjoyed before or since,—the advantages of early religious culture—of being called to discipleship—of being placed in the highest office of ministry—of being admitted to the personal acquaintance and friendship of the Lord—of being treated by Him with condescension, familiarity, and kindness. The 'flesh' never had so favourable an opportunity for self-melioration and self-recovery. It was put to the test under the happiest influences,—but only left to itself that its real character might be manifested. And what was the result? Enmity against God—hatred of Love Incarnate. Judas betrayed his Lord!"

His views of the absolute sovereignty of grace became more and more decided as he advanced. "The gift of Christ to die as a sacrifice," he remarked one day, "was not more truly and entirely a free-will gift of God, than is the gift of the Spirit to regenerate." "It were as easy," he said again, "to make an atonement for our own sins, as to effect a regeneration of our own hearts. He who does not admit the need of a regenerating Spirit, will soon deny the need of an atoning Saviour; that man has a root of Unitarianism under ground, which will ere long sprout and shew itself above the surface." And further:—"No man who denies the necessity and the freeness of regenerating grace, can possibly have right views on the subject of the atonement."

But, in preaching, he had handled this delicate theme with a tact and a tenderness which made the sinner feel that, whilst himself utterly depraved and helpless, his inability to love the Lord was, not a palliation, but an aggravation of his guilt. Often did he revert to this subject, urging the necessity of following God's own pattern in His recorded messages, and deploring that mistaken

zeal for orthodoxy which hinders a full and free gospel under the idea of maintaining God's sovereignty. Finding God in the Word presenting a naked appeal to sinners to come to Him, unaccompanied by any caution about the danger of supposing they could come of their own free will,—he was content to be not wiser than God—not more jealous of His sovereignty than He is Himself. Even his direct statements of the Divine sovereignty, when this topic was handled, were made with a heavenly sweetness, which, as Cecil says of Traill, "while it rendered it almost impossible not to receive his sentiments, left nothing on the mind but a religious savour."

"The iron chain," he remarked on another occasion, "which binds the believer's heart to the world, is, under the file of Divine grace, being gradually worn away; and by and by it will become too weak to hang together. Meanwhile, the golden chain which binds the believer's heart to heaven is waxing stronger—its links are growing more firm and massive; all the powers of hell will not prevail to break them!"

Towards the end of July, it became apparent that the links of "the iron chain" were at length to be severed. His weakness now confined him entirely to bed. The agony of pain was at times so excruciating, that for hours he could not utter a word. One night, after five hours of such agony, during which not a feature of his countenance had been distorted, he said—"If I could have spoken, I should have asked you to pray that I might have grace to endure to the end. But I have got the victory. The Lord is good—very good.

'I long to mount and soar away
To yon bright realms of endless day.'"

"I fear your shortness of breath causes much suffering," said a friend to him on another occasion.

"Very," he replied. Then, asking for a glass of wine, which revived him a little, he added—the effort to speak making him struggle violently for breath:—"I shall soon be in the presence of Jesus."

"What a change it will be from this sad struggle!" rejoined his friend.

"Yes, yes," he said quickly, as if anxious to correct an erroneous impression; "but it is not for that I wish it. I am willing to bear all this from my FATHER. It is working for good. I

long to be with Jesus—to be holy as God is holy,—that is what I long for."

His thirst for holiness appeared to grow in intensity, day by day. "One thing I have learned in this illness," he said—"to know more of the intrinsic loveliness of holiness, and the intrinsic hatefulness of sin. How glorious it will be to be with Jesus!—how suitable for the pure in heart!"

When he was taking his little meals, he used to say—"I long for the time when I shall have no more need of these things. I long to be holy as God himself." He appeared never to swallow his medicine or his half-glass of wine without pausing to give God thanks.

His patience was remarkable. "This is very trying to the flesh," said a visitor to him, after a violent and protracted fit of coughing. "Yes," he said "the flesh does not like it; but it is the Lord's will I should suffer it, and that sweetens it a good deal." And at another time, after a similar attack, exhausted and struggling for breath, he whispered—"This is one of the rough places of the road; but then it's the right road." "The Lord has ever been with you," said another visitor; "and He will not forsake you now, in your hour of trial." "He never will," he replied firmly; "I know it, I know it."

The Word was, in his sufferings, as it had been in his whole life and ministry—the abiding source of his strength. His method of "feeding" upon it was characteristic. A friend had been quoting to him texts illustrative of God's faithfulness: "Texts like these," he remarked, after his friend had withdrawn, "do not give me so much comfort as—'God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;' or—'He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?' Plain doctrinal statements, exhibiting the heart of God, are more sustaining to me than mere promises. I like to get into contact with the living Person."

On another occasion, during one of his paroxysms, a brother in the ministry repeated to him several texts in succession. "You gave me too many texts," he remarked afterwards: "I like one at a time, unless it were another illustrating the former one; I like to feed on the Word: when a new text is given, the other is lost."

At three o'clock in the morning of Monday, July 29, he became suddenly worse. A paroxysm more severe than any he had yet

suffered, seemed to threaten almost immediate dissolution. The paroxysm, after a few hours, passed, but left him so oppressed that he could no longer lie in bed, but was obliged to sit up in it, almost in an erect posture. "On seeing him in the morning," says a brother, who had been assisting the previous day at the communion, "I observed a great change. I was about to leave for home, but he said, 'Can you not wait a little? I am scarcely breathing. I am dying!'"

We saw him that day for the last time. It was truly an affecting, yet—praise to the God of grace!—a most comforting and joy-inspiring scene.

"I saw him when the time of his release was come,
And I longed for a congregated world to behold that dying saint.
As the aloe is green and well-liking, till the last best summer of its age,
And then hangeth out its golden bells, to mingle glory with corruption—
Such was the end of this righteous.
His filming eye was bright with love from heaven;
His every look it beamed praise, as worshipping with seraphs:
What honeycomb was hived upon his lips, eloquent of gratitude and prayer!—
What triumph shrined serene upon that clammy brow!—
What glory flickering transparent under those thin cheeks!
What beauty in his face!"

If the poet had been picturing the dying-chamber at Dirleton, he could not more truthfully have delineated the scene. Our dear brother was unable, from exhaustion, to speak at parting. A look conveyed what was in his heart.

During the rest of the week, he lingered on in the same exhausted state, suffering at intervals great agony, but waiting patiently for his change. One or two of his people were allowed to see him for a little. He was not able to speak to them; but his eyes spoke, following them as they departed. One morning, about two o'clock, he said to his sister—"Oh! was not that a wonderful thing, the agony which Jesus suffered in the body for our sins? And that agony was only an index of what He suffered in His soul!" The dying love of Christ seemed to be filling his whole heart.

At the end of the week, as a friend was taking leave, and was referring to his great sufferings, he said—"The Lord has never forsaken me, and He never will—never! It is the best, the kindest, the most *Fatherly* way. Faith receives it now; sight will soon behold it."

The next three days, his sufferings continued unabated. On the Tuesday afternoon, they were agonising. But the Lord gave him grace to endure. Towards evening, the pain was relieved.

At length, about midnight, lifting himself up in bed, he raised his hands and eyes in prayer. "Oh, my people!" he cried. These were his last words. A few minutes afterwards, he calmly "fell asleep."

It was on 7th August 1850.

On the following Monday, his remains were committed to the dust, amidst the tears of sorrowing brethren and of his bereaved flock. And next Sabbath, from the words, "My flesh also shall rest in hope," the eye of the mourning congregation was pointed to "that day"—so dear to the heart of their departed pastor,—when, the Lord himself descending "from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God,"—"the dead in Christ shall rise first,—and then we who are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air,—and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

The "living epistle of Christ," now before the reader, is written by the Spirit in characters too legible to need the aid of an interpreter. May He who inscribed it bless this memorial, so that the departed, though dead, may yet speak!

Let the man who, having "the form of godliness," is consciously "denying the power," listen to the silent protest of the holy life here faintly sketched. Let him who is reconciled to God and brought nigh, learn at once the blessedness of walking worthy of such a fellowship, and the method of so walking.

The Spirit of the Lord is not straitened. What He wrought in Mr Hewitson, is He not willing to work in us? Not in vain shall this humble tablet have been reared, if, stimulated by it to new love and hope, some way-worn pilgrim hasten forward with new alacrity towards "the day of Christ."

"The altar of his heart is lighted, and burneth before God continually;
And he breatheth, conscious of his joy, the native atmosphere of heaven:
Yea, though poor, and contemned, and ignorant of this world's wisdom,
Ill can his fellows spare him, though they know not of his value.
Thousands bewail a hero, and a nation mourneth for its king;
But the whole universe lamenteth the loss of a man of prayer."

THE END.

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